THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1909

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

Don't have to Apologize for your Tea

When your friends gather round the table, isn't it humiliating to have to offer excuses because the tea doesn't taste quite right—so hard to get a kind you like, and so on.

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Almost any good grocer can supply you.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

VOL. X. No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1909

THE FATHER OF HIS SON.

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE.

"You've come to see me about Pat, haven't you? I'm glad of that."

THE little school teacher had a sense of humor so keen that when William Fayne made an important announcement in regard to Pat O'Quinn's father, she was able to see the matter from his point of view. She realized that his unfeigned joy in the tidings he bore was only the exudation of a boy's instinctive delight in a row, not a malicious pleasure in her coming downfall. That anouncement was the following, delivered in a breathless voice, the words,, because of his haste, slightly run together:

"Say, teacher, Pat O'Quinn's father's comin' up to school this mornin' with Pat. He's dead mad with you. He says he's going to break your slats."

The little school teacher stared blankly for a second down into William's irradiated face, and William stared with guileless glee back into hers. But it was evident that under her absorption, she was thinking hard.

"All right, William," she said, after a long pause, "you may clean all the front blackboards and water the plants"

William set to work on the boards with a zest that threatened to dislocate all the bones in his body, and soon covered everything in sight with a fine white chalk dust. The teacher, with less ado, went about the work of arranging her desk and getting out the materials for the day's lessons. It was perceptible, however, that her mind was not in what she was doing.

It was the first year of her teaching, and her lines had fallen in difficult places: in a congested Boston school. The district was a poor one, the population largely Irish Catholic. The other teachers in the building were old. Most of them had been teaching from periods ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five years. They had become the machines that such a routine, and years of it, is bound to make of the most ambitious mentalities. They had little sympathy with her youth, and even less with the new ideas of teaching and discipline that she was gradually introduci gninto her work. She had not had much trouble with the children themselves, with the exception of Pat O'Quinn, but he had become a veritable thorn in her flesh. He was idle, disorderly, insolent, and maliciously ly so, it seemed to her. She had tried all the tricks and devices of her slender experience to bring him into line with the rest of her well-disciplined little class, but as yet she had not succeeded. In fact, she had very definitely failed. Pat's surly insubordination had culminated yesterday, when he had refused to obey her, and she had sent him home with the admonition not to return until his mother came with him.

Pat's father was one of the local heroes. He had been a good average working man until the unlucky day dawned when in a bar-room scrap he had had the felicity to knock John L. Sullivan down. From that day onward he had lived in the fame of his great blow. He gave up his work and lived a furtive saloon existence, sinking gradually in deeper and deeper strata of idleness, unnoticed except when a sudden visit to town of the famous pugilist revived memories of the great moment and brought him into prominence again. He was, it happened, and rather unaccountably, a favorite with the famous man. During the pugilist's brief stay he lived a splendid life, moving grandly from saloon to saloon, in one day's-long protracted spree.

The little teacher thought all this over, and it is not surprising that her face sobered. For a moment she wondered if she had better ask the advice of some of the older teachers in regard to the matter. But her pride came to her rescue, urging her to meet the difficulty unaided. Finally her sense of humor got the upper hand, and she smiled.

Simultaneously, a line of dimples, that lived a subsidiary existence about her mouth, flashed into prominence. She went to the closet door and looked at herself in the mirror hanging there. She was a little round person, curly and dimply, with a dewy mouth, and soft brown eyes that seemed to grow vivid when she laughed. She had no features to speak of, but to make up, her complexion was fresh, and her expression changeable. She was glad, as she surveyed herself in the scrap of looking glass, that she did not happen to be wearing her regular school uniform, that she had dressed thus early for the tea she expected to attend late that afternoon. Her brow lightened as she turned away, the little figure was so dainty in the soft pearly-gray gown with the globe of fluffy white chiffon at its neck.

* * *

The children came into the room when the quarter-of bell rang, in the orderly way in which she had trained them, but there was an air of subdued excitement about them. They glanced eagerly at her where she stood at the hall door, watching the filing, and their sense of the importance of the things they knew was only outrivalled by the recognition of the fact that teacher was wearing some pretty new clothes. They examined her closely before they exchanged the knowing looks of their secret delight.

The nine o'clock bell rang. The class came to position, each pair of hands folded on the desk, every back as straight as if a ramrod had, without warning, been run into it. The teacher closed the door, walked deliberately to her desk, took from the row of books there her Bible, opened it and sat down. And suddenly there reverberated through the room the tattoo of a stern and commanding knock. Every child in the class jumped, although each one of them had been secretly anticipaitng this summons, and their unalloyed joy in the prospective row ran over every face.

The teacher went to the door and opened it.

Mr. O'Quinn was short and thickset. He had a burly figure and burly battered-looking features. A nose, several times broken, had destroyed all his pretences to a classic profile; and linen which it is a kindly euphemism to call soiled, a skin that might be charitably described as swarthy if it had not had to accommodate itself to blond coloring, a pervading odor of whiskey and cheap tobacco put him, at once, out of the category of the well-groomed. But to her surprise, the teacher discovered at the back of all this, and in a sense apologizing for it, a pair of blue eyes that looked, if their expression had not been angry, as if they might be bluff and jovial. He was holding Pat by the shoulder, and the little teacher, translating the boy's face by means of the father's, found to her surprise that his eyes might be jolly too if they had not happened, as at the present moment, to be openly impudent in expression. He had red hair and so many freckles that further discovery in regard to his features was virtually a work of excavation. She recognized vaguely, however, that the expression that Pat's mother had once used in her presence was fairly descriptive. She had said that Pat was "the spit of his father." At the time the teacher had gathered that the similarity was not confined to physique. She had, in consequence, not until yesterday bothered the mother again.

"Oi'd like Miss Perry," Mr. O'Quinn commanded grandly. His utterance was a little thick, but his manner was that of one descended from kings, as indeed they were, according to Mrs. O'Quinn.

"I am Miss Perry," that lady announced composedly.

Mr. O'Quinn stared. "Shure, Oi t'ought youse was one of the little gurls in the furst class," he muttered. "I t'ought Miss Perry was another wan of thim old maids that's been here since God knows whin."

"I have only been here a year," Miss Perry conceded graciously; "you've come to see me about Pat, haven't you? I'm glad of that. Won't you come in and sit down? I shall have to open school first, and give the children something to do. Then I shall have plenty of time to talk with you."

Mr. O'Quinn's brow had darkened at the suggestion. His lower jaw was protruding in imitation of the most correct type of bulldog. Miss Perry's heart sank. She wondered if the "slats" episode was about to come off.

"Shall I send Pat to his seat?" she insinuated gently; "it was good of you to come." She looked straight into his eyes, dimpling brightly.

Mr. O'Quinn's brow cleared a little. He dropped his hand—it looked like a bunch of sausages, imperfectly separated and a mottled yellow-blue in color—from his son's shoulder. The released Pat, taking this apparently as a command, slouched into the dressing room and out to his seat, his expression that conventionally assigned to the cock of the walk. He threw himself into his chair and sank down into it, his legs sprawling out in the aisle, his hands in his pockets.

Miss Perry took no notice of this. "Won't you have a seat?" she begged her visitor, prettily.

Mr. O'Quinn assented with a grunt, and she followed in the wake of his lordly stride to the platform. He compressed his bulk into the visitor's chair. From this altitude he surveyed the class haughtily.

Miss Perry took her seat at the desk. She opened the Bible and read in her soft young girl voice, "The Lord is my shepherd." Then she said: "Take out your singing books, children. One! Two! Three!"

The fifty-six statues that were her class came to life. The one hundred and twelve hands unfolded. In a hash fifty-six blue bound books flew into the right hand corners of the desk, and one hundred and twelve hands folded themselves again.

"Page 86," Miss Perry commanded.

Tiptoed up to Mr. Quinn and handed him her book.

Positively GUARANTEED to Perfectly Separate OATS from WHEAT

The CHATHAM is made in TWO sizes, fitted with 25-in. and 33-in. Screens

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The Manson Campbell Co., Brandon, Man.
Gentlemen:—
Before purchasing your 1908 Chatham Mill I had several other makes on trial and while they will all do fairly good work cleaning grain I found your mill very much stronger built, has a better bagger, cleans faster and will stand more hard usage than any other mill that I tried.
Any farmer requiring a good mill cannot make any mistake in buying a No. 2 Chatham Fanning Mill. Yours truly,
(Signed) J. S. MILLER

Mr G. Graham, Care Manson Campbell Co., Brandon, Man. Fleming, April 12th, 1909
Dear Sir:—
I did not try the Fanning Mill and Bagger which you sent me until last Friday and we then cleaned up seed wheat with it and must say that we are well satisfied with the mill and bagger. It removes oats thoroughly and fast
I enclose you a money order for the same.
I am, Yours truly,
(Signed) JAS. G. MILLS

Govan, April 9th, 1909
The Chatham Fanning Mill Co., Brandon, Man.
Gentlemen:—
Find enclosed P.O. Order payment in full for No. 2 Chatham Fanning Mill.
I have just finished cleaning up 600 bushels of seed grain and I am well pleased with it and I am satisfied it stands without an equal for taking oats out of wheat and it don't take a month to clean up your seed grain like some other mills.
Trusting this will receive your approval, I am, Yours truly,
(Signed) WM. N. EWEN

Oak Lake, Mar. 1st, 1909
The Manson Campbell Co., Brandon, Man.
Gentlemen:—
I enclose you herewith payment for Chatham Fanning Mill and Bagger and I would say that I have tried two other kinds of Fanning Mills previous to getting yours and I find that the Chatham will take as much barley and wild oats from wheat at once passing through as the others did after putting it through three times. I remain,
Yours truly,
(Signed) R. K. SMITH

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It will not only take **all** the oats out of your seed-wheat and the wheat you sell, but it will **grade** your wheat — separate the shrunken, immature and undersized grains, which you can profitably feed your stock. It will positively add ten cents a bushel to the value of your seed wheat and five cents a bushel to the price you get for what grain you market.

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You can clean your seed-grain this Spring at OUR risk,—take the Chatham on trial, and let it show you what it can actually do. If it doesn't make good, send it back. Isn't that fair and square? Would we make such an offer unless we were specialists in just this work?—building fanning mills for the Canadian Western farmer.

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Sow Clean Grain—Sell Clean Grain—Make War on Weeds

The fifty-six books and the one hundred and twelve hands formed an instant's combination. There was a rapid flutter of leaves. The little girl in the front seat tiptoed up to Mr. O'Quinn and handed him her book, print painstakingly toward him. Then she tiptoed to an empty seat at the back of the room and took the book from it. She passed Pat on the way and he, with no pretense of concealment, tripped her so adroitly that she fell in a blushing heap against little, correct, pompadoured Michael Vincent. The latter virtuously ignored the incident.

"Take out your book, Pat," Miss Perry commanded it sweetly, ignoring it also.

Pat looked at his father and, extracting encouragement from his haughty mien, drew his book with a jerk from his desk, pulling onto the floor in indiscriminate chaos pencils, pens, and papers. He slammed it onto his desk, and then with an air superbly *degage* he collected the scattered articles and put them back one at a time. After this he leisurely found the page and the position he considered the most comfortable. This brought his body across the width of his desk and the upper corner of his book into the neck of the little girl in front of him. She turned and frowned on him. Then indignantly she craned forward out of his reach. Miss Perry waited carefully. Mr. O'Quinn contemplated his son.

The children sang the song through in their earnest, sweet voices, their faces sobered to suit the occasion. Pat kept up a droning monotone through it all, trailing in the rear of his mates by an exact two beats. Miss Perry said nothing, but she waited ostentatiously at the end of each verse for Pat to finish. Mr. O'Quinn contemplated his son.

The hymn sung, the song books disappeared again. The little girl who had given Mr. O'Quinn her book, making this time a wide detour that put her out of Pat's reach, tiptoed up to him and whisperingly relieved him of it. Miss Perry took up a volume of poems that lay on her desk.

It was one of her new-fangled notions to read a poem to the children every day, and afterward they talked it over. They had taken Longfellow and Whittier in this way. They were on Lowell, and Miss Perry hoped to complete Bryant and Emerson before the year was out. She liked poetry work particularly. She was convinced that it was bound to have on the children of poverty an uplifting influence. The children liked it, too. They knew nothing about uplifting influences, but they knew it was "easy," and they did not have to take examinations in it.

Miss Perry read the poem on the dandelion, but she first told the children that each one of them must remember and quote from it some line that he liked.

When she began to read, Pat with an elaborate air of unconcern put his head on his desk and appeared to fall into a swift and unnatural torpor. Miss Perry stopped. "Come to position, Pat," she said tranquilly.

Pat lifted his head. He gave one glance at his father, scowling in lordly possession of the platform. The glance encouraged him. "I don't like poitry," he announced loudly.

"I think you'll like this," Miss Perry informed him politely ;"come to position." Pat dragged himself to a spineless reproduction of the attitude of the other children. He dropped his under jaw, half closed his eyes, and listened to the poem with an excruciating expression of ennui. Mr. O'Quinn contemplated his son.

After she had finished her reading Miss Perry called for questions, for comments for favorite lines. Inspired, perhaps, by the presence of a stranger, the children responded generally, and with considerable animation. Even Michael Vincent's enigmatic choice, "nor wrinkled the lean brow," cast no perceptible gloom on the occasion. In return, Miss Perry told the class the lines she liked and why she liked them. She made many references to the bunch of dandelions in the squatty ginger jar on her desk.

In one powerful hand he clutched the limp remnant of Pat.

"Now, Pat," Miss Perry concluded pleasantly, "what did you think of it?"

Pat stole another glance at the lowering visage on the platform. "I think it was r-r-rotten," he promulgated calmly.

The silence of the instant that followed was death-like. Then Mr. O'Quinn turned to the teacher. "Youse haven't anny such t'ing as a club laying around here loose-like, have youse, miss?" he asked briskly.

There was no thickness in his utterance now. His tones were as clear as a bell.

"I haven't a rattan in the schoolroom at present," she explained. "I don't keep one because I have no use for one. I don't believe in corporal punishment." She paused and her voice sank a little. "I can borrow one though," she added gently.

"Oi'd be obliged to youse for the lend of wan," Mr. O'Quinn pronounced inflexibly.

"Dottie," Miss Perry requested in her most dulcet tones, "go in Miss Hall's room and ask her if she will kindly lend Miss Perry her rattan." Still tiptoeing, her face very serious, Dottie went.

There was dead silence. The class sat so still that the clock's ticking could be plainly heard. Miss Perry looked politely non-committal. Mr. O'Quinn looked grimly determined. Pat looked puzzled, but gradually and noiselessly he pulled his feet out of the aisle, put them together, and conjured from somewhere a ramrod for his back. Dottie returned apace. She started toward Miss Perry with the rattan, a sinewy looking wand about a yard in length.

"Give it to Mr. O'Quinn," the latter said blandly.

Mr. O'Quinn examined the temper of his blade. It bent sinuously under the urge of his thick fingers.

"It's a young club," he muttered, "but it'ull do, Oi'm thinkin'. Come on out of there, ye young divule," he called louder, waving his hand in Pat's direction.

Pat's face had been rapidly losing its look of bravado. He burst suddenly into tears. "I won't do it again, father," he promised futilely.

"Come on out of this," Mr. O'Quinn thundered. And Pat came slowly "out." In fact, he may be said to have crept as he came down the aisle, and he snivelled as he moved.

His father siezed him by the shoulder and looked inquiringly about him.

"In the dressing room," Miss Perry assisted him. She added a directing motion of her hand.

Mr. O'Quinn dragged his son into the dressing room and shut the door. An amateur pandemonium ensued. Miss Perry said nothing. The class listened in silence. There was the steady sound of blows: some that whistled through the air and apparently missed Pat's writhing figure, and others that found with neatness and despatch the spot where they would do the most good. These last were in the majority. Howls, screams, and sobs, in Pat's familiar accents, reached them in a continuous stream; but O'Quinn senior was grimly silent.

After a while Miss Perry talked to her awed little flock. She pointed out to them that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that punishment is bound, sooner or later, to come. She called their attention to the fact that Mr. O'Quinn had come to school that morning feeling that Pat's teacher had been unjust to Pat, but he had had only to stay a little while to see what a naughty boy Pat really was, and how wickedly he was wasting all his time in play. And like all good parents, he realized that the best thing for Pat was to be punished, and punished in the presence of those who had seen how naughty he had been.

Once she was interrupted. The master of the school came in, raising inquiring eyebrows in the direction of the howls. Miss Perry explained the situation. He made no comment, but left immediately. The children observed that his shoulders were shaking. A theory gained ground, when they discussed the matter at recess that day, that he was too afraid of Mr. O'Quinn to stay and see him.

That gentleman emerged from the dressing room after a while, his blue eyes no longer lowering, but jovial in expression. In one powerful hand he clutched the limp remnant of the cocksure Pat, and in the other the collection of splinters that had been the rattan. The former displayed to the class, when at his father's command and dictation he faced it and apologized in much detail for the way he had treated his teacher, a tear stained and dirt grimed face. The children listened breathlessly, and the effect of the episode was not destroyed when, with a resumption of his grand manner, Mr. O'Quinn harangued the class in regard to their duties as pupils of Miss Perry, as future voters of Precinct 14, and as embryo aldermen for the city of Boston. Miss Perry was not confused when he alluded to her as "the purtiest young jool of a teacher in the length and breadth of the whole war-r-rd."

"And as fer whalin,," he concluded, "if there's anny whalin' to be done here sure Oi'm her man and glad to do it, son or no son." That last phrase seemed to please him. "Son or no son," he repeated, glowering fiercely at the class. But he did not glower when he turned to Miss Perry. His blue eyes twinkled, and suddenly one of them screwed up into an elephantine wink.

Toughness Explained.

The other day a gentleman entered a certain restaurant and ordered a chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the gentleman in a state of wrath.

"Waiter," said he, "this chicken is abominably tough."

"Very sorry, sir; but, you see, that chicken always was a peculiar bird. Why, when we came to kill it we couldn't catch it. It flew on the housetop. Eventually we had to shoot it."

"Ah, by Jove! that accounts for it. You must have shot the weathercock by mistake!"

The Christ Child.

"Oh, Brother Christ, come play with me,
And you shall share my Christmas-tree.

"Oh, little Brother Christ, you may
Have all these gifts of mine today;

And what you will, you may take home,
If you will come—if you will come."

And so the little Christ Child came
To him who called upon his name.

The guttering Christmas candles' light
Flickered and flared across the night;

Above the waiting heavens were starred,
But past them came the little Lord.

The broken gift, the gilded ball,
The tinsel star—He loved them all;

And overhead the angel train
Waited the Christ Child all in vain.

—By Laura Spencer Portor.

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It is a clearly printed book of handy size, strongly bound in white oilcloth, telling briefly and simply just what to do, and what to avoid to obtain best results ; how to get most nourishment from foods ; how to combine and serve them attractively. Everything is so conveniently arranged and indexed that any information desired may be easily found. The parts telling about Cooking for Invalids and Chafing-dish Cookery would alone make this book a necessity in every home, and all other parts are equally good.

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Every present subscriber to or reader of **The Western Home Monthly** can, if he (or she) will, secure one NEW subscriber to the paper for one year. This may seem a broad statement, but we think it hardly possible that there is anyone who has not at least one friend, neighbor or acquaintance who would subscribe for this Magazine if shown a copy and asked to do so. It is a very easy and simple matter to secure one new yearly subscriber for **The Western Home Monthly,** and in order to persuade as many as possible of our readers to do it we are about to make an exceedingly liberal and attractive offer. It is as follows:—

To every present subscriber or reader who will send us **One New Subscriber** to **The Western Home Monthly** for **One Year at Seventy-five Cents,** we will send **free** by mail, post paid, any three pieces of music selected from the following list:—

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5 Anvil Chorus (from "Il Trovatore")
6 April Smiles, Waltzes
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8 At Sundown
9 Artist Life, Waltzes
10 Autumn Gavotte, (Merry Bells)
11 Battle of Waterloo
12 Beautiful Blue Danube, Waltzes
13 Black Hawk, Waltzes
14 Bluetts Polka (Merry Bells)
15 Brook, (The)
16 Bohemian Girl
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18 Convent Grand March
19 Convent Bells
20 Chaconne
21 Chapel in the Forest
22 Consolation
23 Daffodil, Schottische, (Merry Bells)
24 Dixie, Transcription
25 Evening Star(Tannhauser)
26 Evening Song
27 Flower of Spring, A
28 Fairy Wedding, Waltz
29 Faust, (Transcription)
30 Fifth Nocturne
31 First Heart Throbs
32 Flower Song
33 Frolic of the Frogs, Waltz
34 Funeral March
35 Fur Elise
36 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz
37 Gipsy Dance
38 Girlhood days, Three-step
39 Hazel Blossoms
40 Heartsease
41 Heimweh, (Longing for Home)
42 Home Sweet Home, (Trans.)
43 In The Country
44 In The Meadow
45 In The Twilight
46 Invitation to the Dance
47 L'Argentine, (Silver Thistle)
49 La Paloma
50 Largo
51 Last Hope
52 Last Hope
53 Last Waltz of a Madman
54 Le Tremolo
55 Lily
56 Little Fairy, Waltzes
57 Little Fairy, Polka
58 Little Fairy, Schottische
99 Little Fairy, March
60 Lilly of the Valley
61 Longing for Home (Heimweh)
62 Maiden's Prayer
63 May Has Come
64 Melody in F
65 Monastery Bells
66 Moment Musicale
67 Morning Flowers, (Gavotte)
68 Mountain Belle, (Schottische)
69 My Old Kentucky Home, (Trans.)
70 Old Folks at Home, with variations
71 Orange Blossoms, Waltzes
72 Orvetta Waltzes
73 Over the Waves, Mexican Waltzes
74 Over the Waves
75 Old Black Joe, (Trans.)
76 Padishah, (Persian March)
77 Palms (The)
78 Patti Waltzes, (Tyrolienne)
79 Pearly Dew Drops
80 Pure as Snow
81 Pretty Picture
82 Ramona Waltzes
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85 Sack Waltz
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89 Secret Love
90 Shepherd Boy
91 Silvery Waves
92 Simple Confession
93 Simple Confession
94 Spring Song
95 Spring's Awakening
96 Spring Beauty, Waltz (Merry Bells)
97 Stephanie Gavotte
98 Storm (The)
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ADDRESS ALL LETTERS

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

AT THE WINDOW OF PARADISE.

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

They sat in a third-story window of Hollis. Her name was Grace; his was Hugh; they had other names, but those don't matter. They were cousins—in a way; the connection was difficult to trace offhand; he couldn't have done it, nor she. Her mother would have explained at once, but just now her mother was conversing with Jack's mother at the other window, and when two mothers get together on Class Day evening they dislike being interrupted. The room belonged to Jack and Billy. Billy was Grace's brother. Both hosts had Class Day duties, and ever since noon they had been coming and going with flowing gowns and rakishly tilted hats, very red of face and rather breathless, but infinitely important. Jack's mother said they made her so nervous, she didn't think she could last out the day. Just now they were absent, and as a result the study was very quiet and peaceful. The gas jets were turned down to mere pin-points of yellow flame. Over by the door the cut-glass bowl and tumblers caught the light in their facets and glowed wanly.

Grace sat on the window-seat, propped with innumerable cushions. One bare arm rested upon the sill, and the palm above it afforded a nestling place for her chin. None had ever called Grace pretty; it would have been sacrilege. She was beautiful, with a beauty that embraced not only ideal regularity of feature but life and warmth as well. It was no wonder that the man at her side loved her; he would have felt himself disgraced if he hadn't. He had loved her since he had been a first year student in the Law School and she had been a pink and laughing atom of humanity in ridiculously long garments that were forever getting in his way when he was allowed to take her in his arms. Just when his love had changed and intensified to the secret adoration of the present he could not have told; he believed it was that never-to-be-forgotten moment when, glancing idly into the ballroom of the summer hotel, he had seen her swaying over the floor in Jack's arms. He had stolen away into the darkness and counted bitterly the years separating his age from Jack's. Afterward he had steeled himself to see her surrounded at all times by suitors, realizing the hopelessness of his case and doggedly repeating to himself, like a litany of renunciation, that so long as she was happy the rest didn't matter. During three years he had found it necessary to repeat it very often, sometimes without much conviction. Tonight, seated beside her, breathing in the charm of her presence and feasting his eyes recklessly upon her face, the litany had lost its effectiveness.

Below them spread a paradise of soft, swaying lights and stirring branches, a fairyland of joyous sound and changing colors. From their aerie they looked down upon thousands of many-hued lanterns dipping and trembling in the breeze, whose ranks crossed and recrossed in beautiful and bewildering geometrical confusion. Above their heads the branches of the great elms met and whispered, their green depths shot with strange lights and shadows. Other shadows danced prankishly over the turf and the moving throng or marched gravely across the white front of University Hall as gigantic and grotesque silhouettes. The air was filled with a golden haze that softened distant outlines and with the laughter and chatter of many voices mingled with the strains of music.

"Class Day was rather different in my time," the man was saying with a touch of regret in his deep voice. "Things were a good deal simpler then. We had one band instead of three. And we didn't light up over there back of Weld or in front of Sever. We just had a lot of old-fashioned Chinese lanterns and a lot of little red and green and purple buckets made of gelatine stuff that caught fire every now and then and smelled awfully, and we strung 'em helter-skelter between the trees, set a gaslight inscription in front of Holworthy there and were happy. In the middle of the evening someone choked off the band and the Glee Club got up on the platform and sang—sang 'Johnny Harvard' and 'Nut Brown Maiden' and 'Where, Oh, Where is my Little Dog Gone' and 'Fra Diavolo'; and the old Glee Club leaders were chased on to the stand and made to sing or yodel their best, and were paid in cheers. The dance was in Massachusetts then, and the old building used to shake so we could scarcely keep step. We had fireworks, too; set pieces, you know, that looked like the college seal if you weren't too particular, and at the end one that said 'Vale' in crimson letters. After that we went home to bed. It was all a great deal simpler, Grace, and—primitive, but—well, it was terribly comfy and jolly."

"It's just that I'm feeling so awfully out of it to-day. Perhaps when you get to forty-three you'll understand, though I hope you wont."

"And how many centuries ago was that?" asked the girl quietly.

"Twenty years," he answered. "Tonight is a sort of an anniversity, you see."

"Only twenty years," she repeated with a trace of irony. "To hear you, Cousin Hugh, one would think you were speaking of things that happened in another existence!"

"It was another existnce, my dear," he answered ruefully. She lifted her hand with a little gesture of irritation and smoothed her hair back from her forehead. "I realize that fact very clearly tonight," he added. "Listen!"

In the centre of the yard the band had started the Blue Danube Waltz. The man leaned forward until the upward thrown light from the myriad swaying lanterns bathed his face in the mellow radiance. The music stirred old memories and present regrets, and the feeling of melancholy which had haunted him all the evening grew suddenly stronger and brought a crease to the broad forehead and a little droop to the firm, well-formed mouth. He turned lightly that he might see her face, warm with the glow and clear-cut against the dark drapery at her back. Her gray eyes were looking dreamily down from under half-closed lids, and her lips, wont to curve in smiles, were thoughtfully straight. Hugh thought that he had never seen her more beautiful, and he knew that he had never found his secret so hard to keep. He turned his gaze from her by a supreme effort as the last strain of music died away on the soft night air. Grace gave a little sigh and faced him.

"Wasn't it sweet?" she asked gently.

"Yes," he replied. "They—they used to play that twenty years ago."

She gave a little laugh that didn't sound quite true.

"Oh, dear, such a doleful Cousin Hugh as it is. Did the music make him sad? Come now, tell me all about it; who was she?"

"She?"

"Of course! The girl of twenty years ago; the one you think of when you hear the Blue Danube. I fear you bachelors are a sentimental lot, after all, Cousin Hugh!"

"There was no girl twenty years ago," he answered gravely. She shook her head as though unconvinced.

"Is the memory too sacred?" she asked in a mocking whisper. "Very well, he shan't be teased." Then, turning again to the window, "Isn't it beautiful?" she asked.

"Very." He fancied he detected something of boredom in her tones. "Perhaps you'd rather dance, Grace? I've a card for Beck, you know, and I'm sure your mother will trust you to me unchaperoned."

She shook her head slowly without turning. "No, I don't believe I care to dance tonight. But don't let me keep you. Jack said he would be back at nine."

"It's a quarter of," he said, holding his watch to the light. "If I'm not boring you too much I think I'll stay until he returns."

She frowned slightly, then laid a slim, cool hand on his. "What is it?" she asked wistfully. "You're not—not the Counsin Hugh I like tonight."

His hand trembled under hers, but he answered steadily though; "I'm sorry, Grace; don't mind me, please. It's just that I'm feeling so awfully out of it tonight. Perhaps when you get to forty-three you'll understand, though I hope you won't, my dear. I think I'm a little jealous, too, jealous of these big, happy youngsters; jealous of Jack especially. May I smoke?"

She nodded and watched him light a cigarette. "Jealous?" she echoed questioningly.

"Yes." He blew a cloud of smoke out of the window and watched it melt into the golden haze. "Yes, jealous with the sour jealousy of a middle-aged old party of forty-three whose hair is getting thin about the temples, who has a bout now and then with the rheumatism, who can't dance any longer, who doesn't know enough slang to talk to a pretty girl and who has no business to be here at all tonight, getting morose and—er—grouchy, but should be back in town priming up for tomorrow'. law suit. My dear, I'm a back-number, and tonight I realize it thoroughly for the first time. I've been trying hard to deceive myself into thinking I'm still a gay young Lothario, but tonight—it won't do, Grace; I'm shown up in my true colors."

"Ah, please don't!" she cried. "It isn't so, Hugh dear. You're not old a bit; you're lots younger than some of the boys I've met here today; it isn't years alone, Cousin Hugh. And you dance beautifully—"

"Like a bear on a chain!"

"And anyone might have a touch of rheumatism—"

"Two weeks of it the last time!"

"And girls don't like slang; nice girls, at least. And as for Jack—"

"He's the best fellow in the world," he interrupted heartily. "As clean and healthy and good-souled as the old college ever turned out. If I'm jealous of him it's because—"

After a moment of silence, "Because?" she prompted him.

"Because I'm a regular old dog in the manger, Grace; because of his good-fortune."

"Good-fortune? You mean about Uncle Nat's taking him into business?"

"No, not that. The fact is I'm not sure that I've any right to speak about it. Just shut me up if you like."

"But I don't know what you're talking about," she said despairingly. "Don't be mysterious, Hugh. What good-fortune?"

"Well, perhaps I'm making a fool of myself, Grace," he answered uneasily. "But I gathered from something your mother said this after-

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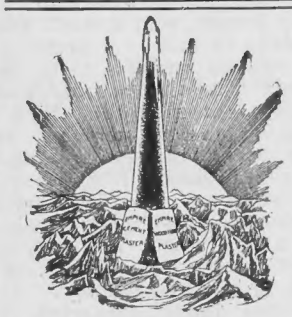

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MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

noon that—it was understood—settled, that is—you understand?"

"Not the least bit in the world!"

"Why, that you and Jack were—"

"Ah! To be married, Hugh?"

"Yes."

"So mother said that, did she?" She glanced toward where the two older ladies, hidden from her sight, were still talking sibilantly at their window. She smiled, but the smile was a trifle hard.

"I don't think she quite told me," he answered judicially, "but she gave me to understand it."

"I see." She turned back to the window and lantern-gemmed twilight without. "Well, she was—premature, Hugh."

"I shouldn't have mentioned it, anyhow," he answered slowly.

"I'd rather you didn't—yet," she said. Then, after a moment during which the band started full swing into a two-step, "I don't quite see, however, why that should make you jealous," she continued.

"Don't you?" he asked in tones that sounded tired and discouraged. "Well, ever since you were two or three months old, and I used to carry you in my arms and pretend I didn't like it, I've always felt—felt a sort of proprietorship, considered myself a kind of self-appointed guardian. No one likes to have his occupation taken away, of course, and after you are married, why, then I shan't have any purpose in life, you see. I suppose that's why I can't help feeling a little jealous."

"Is that all?" she asked.

"All?" he faltered. "Why, I think so."

"Oh," she said. She was looking out of the window. He watched her a moment in silence, then stirred uneasily and turned a troubled gaze to the green-banked stand whereon the band was still sending forth the rollicking two-step. A minute passed. Someone lighted red-fire below them on the gravelled path, and the light flooded up through the casement, dyeing her face and neck and arm with tints of rose. He drew a deep breath such as a swimmer draws before the plunge into the water.

"No," he said gravely, "not all, Grace. I lied there. I—love you."

He thought there was a tremor of her shoulders, but his sight for the moment was untrustworthy. At all events she didn't turn, but only asked, after an instant and very quietly:

"Much, Hugh?"

"Very much, little girl." His voice trembled. "Perhaps I shouldn't have told you, but it can't matter, can it? You won't let it trouble you, will you? I think the lights—and the music—and your beauty, dear, are to blame. Heaven knows I tried hard enough to keep still, just as I have for three years past, but it would out. Well—my dear, I want you to be happy; that's all I ask. And—and don't mind what I've said; try to forget it, Grace."

"I'm afraid I can't," she answered softly.

"But you must," he cried, genuinely distressed. "It's all my fault, you know. And, besides, after a while perhaps I shan't mind—very much. And, anyhow, I'm old enough—"

"Oh, stop!" she cried in a sudden passion of anger. "If you say 'old' to me again I'll—I'll—" His look of amazement and dismay turned her anger to soft laughter. She clasped her hands in her lap and leaned toward him. "Cousin Hugh," she said severely, "you've dinned your age into my ears until sometimes I wanted to scream—or pull your hair! 'Old, old, old!' You're not old! And if you were, do you suppose I'd care for a moment if—if I loved you? You're forty-three and I'm twenty-one—almost, but if you were eighty and I loved you and you asked me to marry you I'd say yes! Do you understand? Yes—yes—YES."

"Thank you," he said simply. "I think now I'm glad I told you."

"So am I," she answered.

There was something in her eyes, a look that was almost a challenge, that sent the blood rushing to his heart. He seized her hands.

"Grace," he stammered hoarsely, "if it wasn't for Jack—!"

The door opened noisily. He drew back with a sigh. The rosy glow faded from the room. Jack was beside them, leaning over her.

"It's all right!" He laughed exultantly. "Ive been and gone and done it, Grace, and—and it's all right!"

"Oh, Jack," she cried. "I'm so glad! When? Where? How?"

"Ten minutes ago, between the Yard and the Gym! Hooray!" He wrung her hand, seized Hugh's, squeezed it madly and hurried across to where Billy had joined the ladies at the other window. Hugh turned a bewildered gaze upon Grace.

"I—I don't understand!" he said.

"Don't you?" she asked, with elaborate carelessness. "Jack's proposed to Madge Hilliard and she's accepted him." She turned her eyes away.

"Then—then—!" He seized her hands again. "Grace, did you mean what you said, dear? Did you? That you were glad I told you?"

She nodded her head, her hands trembling in his.

"I can't believe it!" he whispered. "Are you sure, dear? If you are only sorry for me—if it's only that—"

She turned her face to him, and the soft glow of the lantern made her eyes wonderful. With a little gasp he leaned toward her and their lips met.

"If I were only younger, dear—for you—only a little younger!" he murmured incoherently.

"Hugh! Hugh!" She laughed softly, happily. "Don't you understand that if you were younger you wouldn't be the man I—love?"

"God bless you, dear!" he whispered.

With clasped hands, silently, they sat looking through the window into Paradise.

The Modern Way of Loading Hay.

The Idyl of Monterey.

By ELIZABETH G. ROWE

"WILL you send me away like this, Dona Modeste?"

There was an impatient ring in the young man's voice. Had he not pleaded his cause long and earnestly? Was not this his last day? And the Carrillos were never known for their patience.

"Oh, no, Don Bernardo, I would not think of sending you away."

The fringe of dark lashes lifted, and she gave him a mirthful glance.

"But you know I leave at sunrise," he persisted. "I have sold all the horses except the ones we return on, and I have arranged with the agent on the Catalina about the hides and tallow for my uncle. I should have gone three days ago but that I wait your answer."

"Yesterday was a saint's day," she said musingly, as he paused. "Doubtless Don Bernardo was loath to take part in the sports. The foreigners, I hear knew not which to praise the more for horsemanship, Don Bernardo Carrillo or Don Antonio Feliz." She caught a disdainful look on the listener's gloomy face and smiled; but she went on, innocently enough: "Don Bernardo, it is extravagance to spoil such a beautiful new sombero. You will twist it out of shape."

He flung it on the floor of the corridor.

"Tell me," he fiercely demanded, "do you care for that hollow-faced bantam?"

Dona Modeste pulled a thread in the linen she held before answering.

"Don Antonio is a very gallant gentleman," she thoughtfully answered "His father and mine are very old friends."

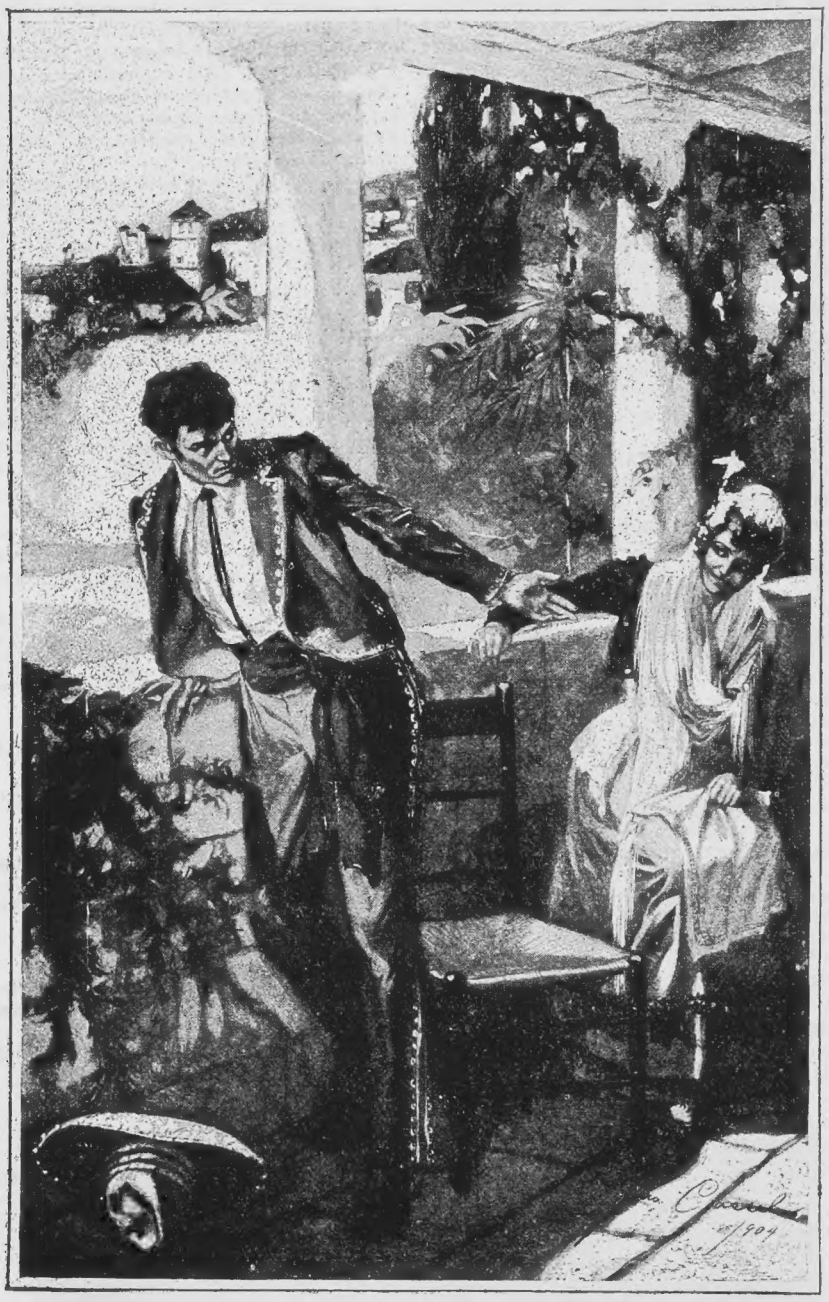
Don Bernardo picked up his fine new sombrero and put it on.

"I must be going," he said in a melancholy voice. "I may not come up again to Monterey this year."

"But he did not start. Her eyes lifted from her work and rested on the sparkling blue water of the bay spread out before them. They were soft and melting now.

"The sun is getting low," she observed.

His hopes sank again. He followed her glance from under the shade of his broad brim and repeated:



"Tell me, do you care for that hollow-faced bantam?"

"Yes, it is getting late. I must be going."

Still he did not rise. Dona Modeste snipped her fine threads carefully. He sat moodily silent. A crimson rose gleamed in her dark hair, and he watched the delicate glow in her cheeks deepen and darken under his scrutiny, as if absorbing all the color in the petals above. She put the shining scissors down. It would not do to make mistakes in cutting the threads.

"Dona Modeste," he murmured softly.

She hastily moved her chair away from the plastered wall of the house, and near to the edge of the corridor, where the light was better. Her fingers trembled slightly as she picked up her work.

"You must miss the water when you are at home," she remarked sententiously. "I think I should not like to live where I could not see the ocean."

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"We look at the mountains," he answered, "and our canyons are beautiful."

"It must be very quiet," she continued. "We have much going on in Monterey. Don Adam Watson says—,'

"I wish he would have nothing to say to you, or you to him!" Don Bernardo broke in irritably. "These foreigners have too much power in our towns!'

"But Don Adam means to settle down here and come into the church—"

"And marry one of our women," the young men fiercely added.

"So he says," she acknowledged. "He gave Father Perato of El Carmelo a new bell for the mission. He is a rich man."

"And so he thinks he can buy his position, his religion, and even a wife from one of our noble families," the jealous lover exclaimed scornfully. "*Senorita;* if I thought—"

Dona Modeste laughed merrily.

"Don Bernardo is very fierce to-day," she gaily cried.

"I must go," he said shortly, rising as he spoke. "I have arrangements to make with my *vaqueros* for an early start."

"Will you not wait until my father returns?" she asked politely.

"I shall doubtless see him at the Presidio as I pass," he answered stiffly.

He had risen, but still he did not go.

She carefully folded her work and laid it on the chair he had left vacant.

"Dona Modeste," he entreated, "have you forgotten the question I asked you? If you will not answer it now before I leave——"

"What will you do?"

He raised his head proudly.

"I shall never ask it again."

She pulled a rose from the bush above them, and held it to her face. The dark eyes were full of tenderness, but he could not see them in the wavering shadow.

"Farewell, senorita," he said.

"Adios," she murmured.

He flung himself down the adobe steps without one glance behind.

A week passed. After all, Dona Modeste did not find it lively in Monterey. Don Antonio had serenaded her once, playing on his guitar and singing in his high tenor; but Don Antonio's voice was truly bad. Only one new boat had reported at the custom-house, the Mexican brig Fazio, and it would soon leave. If there would only come another saint's day, or a wedding, or——

She looked down the dusty road toward the Presidio. A horseman was approaching. If it were Don Adam Watson she would go inside. He was tiresome, and he spoke the Spanish so poorly. But no! Don Adam could not ride like that. It could not be so soon—and yet it must be—Don Bernardo Carillo!

She laughed happily as she whispered to herself; "Back, and so soon!"

Don Bernardo tied his horse to the post and walked past the abalone shells straight to the steep adobe steps.

"You made a quick journey, Don Bernardo," she began.

"Yes," he answered. "I did not expect to return, but I leave tomorrow morning on the Fazio for Mexico. I must go on board at sundown. I stopped to say good-bye."

There was a quaver in Dona Modeste's voice when she spoke.

"You go to Mexico?"

"Either that or fight the Indians."

"Is there trouble?"

"Yes, there has been trouble north," he answered. "The governor has given orders for more soldiers, and the general sent out recruiting squads to draft the young men. A friend of mine rode over to warn me of their approach. I hurried back to Monterey, for I knew the Fazio was expected, and she sails to-night."

"It is too bad you must leave California," she said musingly.

"It is no glory to fight Indians," he said stubbornly.

"I know it," she answered. "Is there no other way?"

She knew there was, and so did he.

"Not for me," he replied.

She looked across at the quiet bay and saw the Fazio at anchor, with a rowboat alongside waiting to come ashore at sunset.

"Is it true?" she began, making a visible effort. "It seems to me I have heard——" She hesitated.

"What?" he asked tensely.

The hot blood dyed her cheeks, and she turned again toward the boat. If the Carillos were only not quite so proud! If he had not said—all at once she noticed that the small boat was pulling toward the beach. The time was short.

"I have heard my father say," she continued in a low, husky voice, "that they do not draft married men as soldiers."

"It is true," he answered quietly.

She looked out toward the approaching boat with unseeing eyes and waited. Surely she had said enough.

"Dona Modeste," he said softly, for the Carrillos were tender as well as proud, "you know that there is only one condition on which I would dare to stay—or care to."

She did not speak.

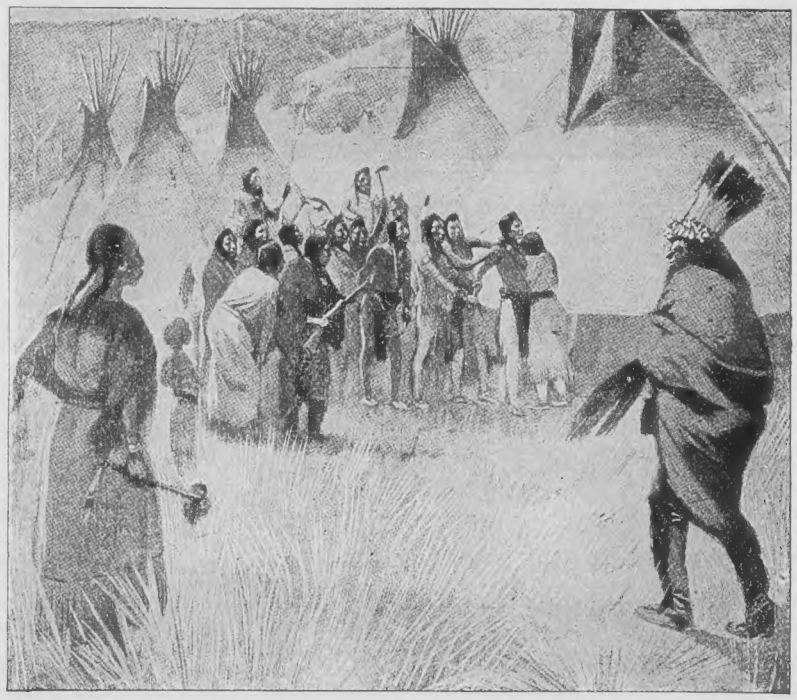
"See," he urged gently, "the boat is nearing the beach."

Her head drooped humbly. He bent forward—waiting.

"Stay!" she whispered.

Across the broad bay, gleaming with the colors of the abalone shells, the little boat pulled back toward the sunset.

Col. Sam Hughes, M.P.: It is inspiring to hear from the lips of an Australian that the victory at Quebec in 1759 made a British Australia possible.



A Scene from "Hiawatha"

Progress and the Performing Bear.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

STRICTLY speaking, Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale, belongs to the old order of things; but, as he quaintly put it, he has allowed the new conditions to lap over the old in his mind until now it would be difficult to find the seam that joins them together—difficult to tell t'other from which. So far from being surprised by the great changes that have taken place in the South during the past twenty years, he has done his best, so far as his own town and country are concerned, to hasten their advent. The industrial improvement and the material progress in which the South has shared in common with the rest of the country—the spread of the spirit of commercialism, which has met with some criticism from the more conservative—these things, and others that might be mentioned, have found Mr. Sanders not only blandly tolerant but actively sympathetic. He is old enough to be venerable, but he seems to be as far from this, the last stage of longevity, as a man in the prime of life.

With respect to the great industrial movement that has been going on, Mr. Sanders declares that he had been expecting something of the kind long before it came. Nevertheless as he says, his attitude is similar to that of the young fellow who was looking forward with some pride to the advent of a girl baby with curly black hair and big bright eyes, and who was suddenly informed that he was the parent of twin boys, with red hair and blue eyes, and a complexion in which the freckles could be counted by anticipation. All that Mr. Sanders regrets is that some of the more impatient young fellows of his acquaintance are inclined to bite off more than they can chew when the price of cotton begins to soar.

"There ain't a man in the world," says Mr. Sanders, with one of his Middle Georgia smiles," but what can put more on a wagon than he can pull, and there's mighty few that won't try it ef you give 'em half a chance. Accordin' to my notion. there ain't a sadder sight outside of a graveyard, where there's weepin' willows on the tombstones, than that of a young feller that's gone and sprained his abilities.

"It ain't been so very long ago that a young friend of mine named Harry Lawson—you all know him e'en about as well as I do—took a notion that he wanted to start a bank; not one of these here cosmowollopin' banks, but jest a modest country bank, warranted to be open for business every mornin' as soon as the sun had dried the dew on the grass. Well, Henry started the bank, an' it run jest like it was greased. It was sech an easy job that Henry had plenty of time to spar' an' in no long time he tacked on a coton fact'ry to the bank. The fact'ry begun to pay as soon as he could git the machinery started. Then he started a tannery, an' that paid from the jump; as the neighbors said, it was lots more profitable than it smelt. An' then nothing would do but Henry must have a knittin' mill.

"You'd 'a' thought from the way he talked that it was the biggest thing on the face of the yeth, but when it was up an' in runnin' order it looked to me as ef you could put the whole concern in a two-bushel basket, an' have some room to spare'. But when the little concern got down to business there wasn't nothin' in seven counties that could hold a candle to it; nothin' like it was ever seed in this part of the country. Lively! Why, it walped up the dry ones in little or no time; forty vats of green hides and a stack of dry ones as big as the tavern wasn't skeersly a mouthful for it. An the fust thing anybody know'd it had swallered the cotton fact'ry an' was a-chawin' on the bank.

"Well, it got so that a receiver had to set down on it for to keep it from eating up the town an' all the innocent wimmen an' children. There was a little piece of the bank left when the receiver got the knittin' mill choked off, an' Henry's down there now, countin' other people's money, an' pretendin' to be the biggest financer this side of Philadelphy, I never think of that knittin mill that it don't put me in mind of Jim Lazenby.

"Jim was a mighty man in a scrimmage, an' them that was afeard of him claimed that he could lick any man in seven counties except his wife. Natchally, this kind of left-handed braggin' gits tiresome ef a man has to live up to it, an' Jim was constantly a-doin' fool things that he never would 'a' thought of ef there had been nobody to agg him on. Business kinder got slack in the fightin' line after so long a time, an' Jim hardly know'd what to do to make the boys talk.

"One day our thrifty little community happened to be favored wi' a visit from a gentleman Dago, from somewheres or 'nother, who was walkin' through the country for his health, an' for such dimes as he could pick up. His only reckermendation, as fur as I could see, was that he had in tow one of them performin' bears that you've heer'd tell on before now. I reckon maybe you've seed bears in your day an' time, but ef you ain't seed this one you may as well say you ain't seed nothin' but runts, bekaze he was as big as a Jersey bull, an' mighty nigh as playful. Brit Wiggins, who had

"Give Jim a frailing' that laid him up for mighty nigh a month."

KALEDEN, B.C.

THINK IT OVER.

IT'S well known among fruit growers that the large profits in fruit farming are chiefly confined to high grade commercial orchards. The demand for quality is never filled. Prof. Lake, Horticulturist, Washington State Agricultural College, visited Okanagan Valley in fall of 1907 and made special trip to Dog Lake (now Lower Okanagan Lake) to secure some of the famous Yellow Accotoron Pippin apples grown in Jno. Mattheson's Orchard, Kaleden. He pronounced them the equal of the Hood River Apple of the same variety which sold at $3.15 per box ($10.00 ffl.) for the entire district's crop. At the great Spokane Apple Show, November, 1908, one of the largest exporters of England pronounced them superior to the Hood River apple and would buy hundreds of car loads of them at fancy prices. 43 of these trees grow on one acre and Mr. Mattheson says they yield about 15 boxes per tree at 10 or 12 years old—begin to bear in four years. Apricots and Peaches show astonishing results at Kaleden, seven year Apricot trees yielded in 1908 over 20 boxes per tree, 135 trees are grown on one acre. Apricots sell for 75c. to $1.25 per box wholesale. Figure it out. Peach trees at Kaladen will bear second year and bear all the limbs will carry in third year. The essentials for high grade fruit are

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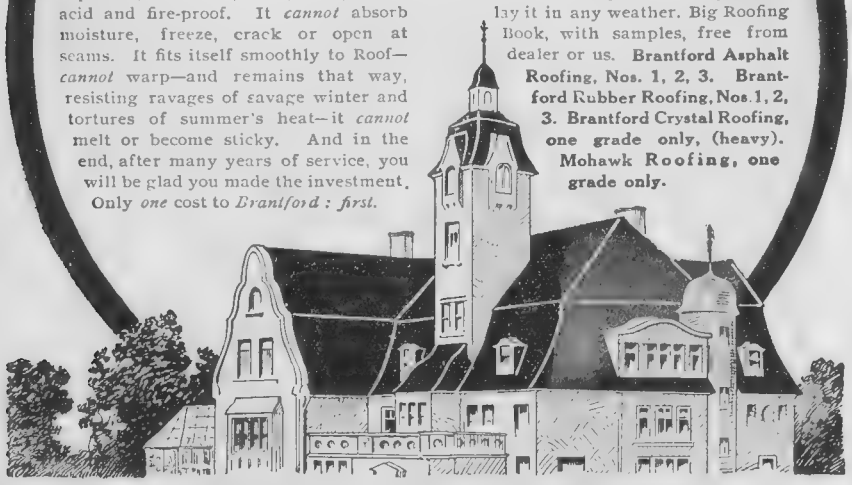

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been out to Californy for his health an' to save court expenses, said this bear was away yonder bigger than a grizzly—an' ef I ain't mistaken he said it was a Persinnamon bear.

"Well, Jim Lazenby happened to be in town when Mr. Dago an' Mr. Persinnamon come marchin' in, arm-in-arm, as you may say. Mr. Dago stopped in the road to wipe the dust out'n his face and eyes, an' before he could put on his hat ag'in he had a crowd aroun' him that would 'a' made a circus agent swell wi' pride. Then and there the performance took place. Mr. Persinnamon stood up on his hind legs like a man, with a pole in his arms, an' marched like a soldier, an' waltzed an' sasshayed aroun'. Then Mr. Dago tied padded gloves on the creetur's paws, an' they had a boxin' match. Then they rastled, an' when Mr. Persinnamon had gone through purty nigh all his tricks, an' Mr. Dago was passin' the hat aroun', some fool fellow had to up an' remark to Jim Lazenby that his match had come to town at last.

"It would 'a' been all right ef Jim had 'a' been cool an' sober, but he'd had a drop too much. The flowin' bowl tipped the beam, an' Jim Lazenby shucked his coat red-ripe for trouble. Satan couldn't 'a' been one bit politer than Mr. Dago was when he seed what the game was. Jim tiptoed to'rds Mr. Persinnamon, an' says, 'Will your Whatisname fight?' Mr. Dago flung up his hands like a Dutchman in a dry-goods store. 'Fide?' he says; 'oh, no! heem no fide; heem play wiz you. Oh, yes, heem play!'—Mr. Persinnamon had on a muzzle, an' his claws was covered wi' padded gloves.

"Jim Lazenby got purty close to Mr. Persinnamon, an' made a pass at 'im, but he sidled out of the way lots quicker than a man could 'a' done it. He swung aroun' a-pantin' an' a-bowin', an' Mr. Dago grinned like a little gal wi' a trip's worth of candy. This an' the boys a-laughin' kinder errytated Jim, an he went in a leetle closer an' made another pass. This time Mr. Persinnamon didn't dodge; he ketched the lick on one of his pads, an' then he fetched Jim a biff that would 'a' knocked him into the next county ef there hadn't 'a' been a wall handy for to stop him. Mr. Persinnamon kinder sasshayed aroun' an' looked like he was feelin' good, but when Jim made at him ag'in he jest opened his arms an' took the young man to his bosom an' helt him there while he waltzed aroun'.

"Some of the boys wus afeard that Jim would be squoze to death, an' they up'd an' said so, but Mr. Dago flung up both his hands an' shuck his head. 'Heem makin' dat love,' he says; an' I believe in my soul his smile was as long and as sweet as a stalk of Lowndes County sugarcane. There they had it Jim Lazenby and Mr. Persinnamon, up an' down, aroun' an' aroun'. Once Jim tried to bite, an' got his mouth full of hair; then Mr. Persinnamon tried to bite, but the muzzle was in the way. Mr. Persinnamon could pant louder an' snort more than Jim could; the way he went on you'd 'a' thought there was a donkey-ingin' in the neighborhood.

"Heem makin' dat love."

"It was play for Mr. Persinnamon, an' a sight of fun for the boys, but Jim was in dead earnest from the word go. Mr. Persinnamon had the advantage when it come to right-down hard huggin', but Jim was some pearter on his feet, bekaze he was a born rastler ef there ever was one in the world. They had one or two dog-falls, as the sayin' is, an' Jim thought he was gettin' some of the best of it ontel he foun' that Mr. Persinnamon would jest as soon be on the bottom as on top, an' maybe a little ruther.

"There ain't no doubt that Mr. Dago done his duty when he was educatin' Mr. Persinnamon, for the show that him an' Jim put up was every bit as good as a circus, an' didn't cost a cent except what the boys wanted to put into Mr. Dago's hat. Jim Lazenby couldn't make a riffle but what Mr. Persinnamon would meet him more'n half way, an' the more Jim cuffed, and scuffled an' rastled, the closer Mr. Persinnamon helt him to his palpitator, ef you'll excuse the ready reference. An' all the time the bear was holdin' Jim he was nosin' an' nozzlin' him, an' sneezin' an' snortin' an' snufflin' in his face an' eyes, an' wheezin' in his y'ears, ontell it got so that Jim couldnt take a breath he could call his own. He done his best for to git

away to keep from bein' smothered to death, but the affection of Mr. Persinnamon appeared to be the gennywine thing, an' showed no sign of coolin' off, an' nuther did his breath, which was every bit an' grain as hot as if it was comin' from a busy smokestack.

"Mr. Dago seed mighty well that the boys was takin' the thing serious, an' jest at the nippin' minnit he gave a little yank to the rope, an' the show was over, wi' Mr. Persinnamon a-bowin' an' a-pantin' jest as natchel as life. Jim Lazenby stood there like he was dazzled. He was white as a sheet, an' as wet about the head an' neck as ef he'd been souzed in the mill-pon'. Mr. Persinanmon was in for havin' another whirl, but Jim made a break for the hoss-rack whar his hoss was tied, wipin' his hands an' hair as he went.

"But the worst was still to come for Jim. When he got home his wife seed that some un had give him a whippin'. She tried to make him tell her who it was, but all the answer she got was that no man had done it. 'Oman-like, she took a notion that ef it wa'n't no man it must 'a' been a 'oman. This made her mad, an' she got the battlin'-stick an' give Jim a frailin' that laid him up for mighty nigh a month."

One among those who had listened to the story declared that it was the first time he had ever heard a knitting mill compared to a bear. Mr. Sanders beamed upon him with a smile that was worth seeing. "Maybe you didn't hear me mention Jim Lazenby's wife," he said.

HANDSOME DICK.

By JEAN MIDDLEMAS.

THEY had been boy and girl together.

Later on, the current of events had parted them, drifting him into a marching regiment ordered to India, and rushing her into society's vortex.

He had not dared to ask her to be true to him, since he had only his sword to offer her, but his eyes spoke the *au revoir* his lips refused to utter, while she turned away with a sob; and the first cloud of sorrow darkened the morning of her life.

"Marry, of course she would marry." Her mother, Lady Goodrick, was not the sort of woman to tolerate an unmarried daughter; thus the girl was forced to do her bidding, and all romance about handsome, dashing Dick Barlington was set on one side as foolish and unprofitable.

It was the old story of the *marriage de convenance*, and Virginia Goodrick, when she became Lady Mauleverer, was neither more nor less unhappy than others who have sacrificed their feelings for the glitter and show that gold and position bring. Of course, she often thought of Dick with affectionate interest, and when his name appeared in the newspapers she became excited, and read all reports about his advancement over and over again, but she never spoke of him. Almost as if he were dead she cherished and respected his memory in silence.

Her husband, Sir Thomas Mauleverer, was a very good sort of man, considerably her senior; he was exceedingly kind to her, but he died when her daughter was sixteen, and the boy, who was now the Baronet, was two years younger.

Lady Mauleverer mourned the good Sir Thomas with no little regret. How could she do otherwise, as he had been kindly to her, even as a father. At times, however, during the solitude she had forced on herself for a while, the thought of Dick Barlington would raise a sudden flush to her face.

He had remained unmarried during all these years, and perhaps—perhaps—. No, she dared scarcely hope that it was on her account—but, oh how she longed to see Dick again now that there was no indiscretion in the meeting. Once or twice he had been in England since their youthful partinging, but he had kept very carefully out of Lady Mauleverer's way!

Sir Thomas had been dead just a year when his widow, on reading the military paragraphs in the World, ascertained that General Barlington had retired from service, and was on his way home.

With what a heart-throb these tidings were received! Nor did she attempt to check the pleasant sensation that was so exquisite it almost amounted to pain.

No reason now to set up a barrier between her heart and Dick's. Oh, the joy—the joy that it would be to see him again and talk over the dear old times when they rambled hand in hand along childhood's happy way!

She was alone at the pretty place Sir Thomas had left her for life, when this news reached her, so she had no occasion to suppress her emotions in order to hide them from the observant eyes of her children—she could revel in them with all the more enjoyment since they had been so long suppressed.

Tom was at Harrow, and Virgy had gone to stay for a week or two with her father's sister, who had a large house-party of young people, and had begged that Virgy might set aside some of her mourning habiliments and come and join them. It was the first time she had left her mother, and Lady Mauleverer missed her exceedingly, but she would not for worlds have selfishly interfered with her child's pleasure. She adored her children. Even the remembrance of Dick Barlington would, perhaps, be banished for the sake of either Virgy or young Tom.

But she saw no reason why this should be—a good, kind step-father would be an advantage to them both.

Nor was Lady Mauleverer altogether reckoning without the man, whom for more than eighteen long years she had not seen.

The day following that on which the paragraph in the World had relighted a dormant fire, she had received a letter from General Barlington. It could not be called a love-letter, but it was friendly, even affectionate. He was coming home for good, and he hoped their old relations might be renewed. He had so often, so very often, longed to see her again, and he signed himself, "Your old pal, 'Dick!'" When he would arrive in England or where he was going to stay, he did not tell her; but what mattered details, since the fact was there that Dick was coming home and had not forgotten her!

Many times during the day when she received that welcome letter she consulted her looking-glass—not from vanity, but simply to assure herself how time had dealt with her, and whether she looked so very, very different from the girl who had said good-bye to him all those years ago.

She was not an old woman, barely forty, slight and girlish in figure, altogether what is called "well preserved," but for all that there were wrinkles, and there was just the autumnal tinge of fading in the once lustrously golden hair.

Ah! if Dick should be disappointed when he saw her, what a heart-breaking sorrow it would be! Day after day she dwelt on this subject until the constant worry of it was beginning to tell.

If only something would happen to change the current of her thoughts, if only Virgy would come home. She was sitting in the garden under a tree, trying to amuse herself with some embroidery, when Virgy came

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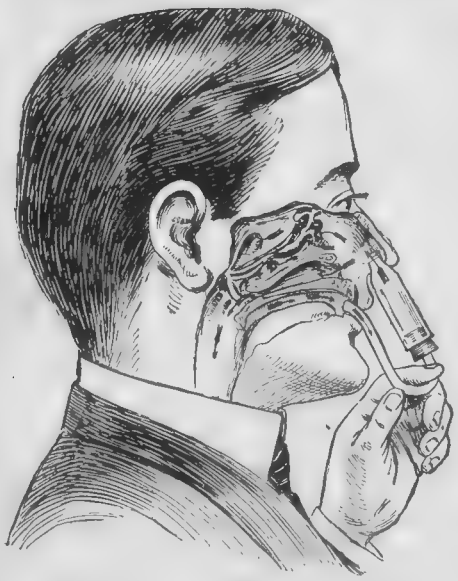

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unexpectedly running along the path from the house, and threw herself in her mother's arms.

"What is it—what is it, dear? Why have you come back without notice?"

"I believe I was homesick. I wanted to see you, darling. Why, mother, you don't look a bit like yourself. What has happened, dearest?"

"Nothing—nothing, Virgy. Perhaps I have been bored; but you, child—you, too, look different!"

"Well, I am grown up," said Virgy, laughing. "I was not grown up when I went away."

"Oh, that is it?" And the mother laughed too, but somewhat constrainedly.

In her present mood it was scarcely a pleasure to be reminded that she had a grown-up daughter.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself," dear child," she said. "Who was there? You never told me anything in your letters."

"Oh, well, there were a lot of people—cousins, you know, and we danced and had picnics and—"

"Go on, dear—and—"

"We were all in the wood one day, when a gentleman arrived I had not seen before. He was not young—that is, not a boy like the others—but I don't think he is old—"

Lady Mauleverer could not help laughing.

"What did he say and do?" she asked.

"At first I thought he was very rude, for he stared at me till I felt quite red and uncomfortable; then he looked about for Auntie, but she was not there just at that moment; then he went up to Cousin Mira, and said something to her; finally, he walked straight up to me. 'Your name is Virgy?' he said. It was a funny self-introduction—but he looked so nice and kind that I could not be angry, so I answered him quite prettily, 'Yes, I am called Virgy.' I suppose I ought to have drawn myself up with a dignified air and said, 'I am Miss Mauleverer,'—but I didn't. And it was all right, for he said, 'I love the name of Virgy.' I made him a little curtsey and laughed. And do you know, mother, I thought I saw the tears come into his eyes, and he murmured, 'So like, so like. I could almost believe time had stood still.' But, mother, how white you look—why should my little story affect you so much?"

"Not the story, Virgy—the day is hot and you have come upon me so suddenly."

"Poor dear mother, it was too bad of me to forget that you have been leading so quiet a life of late that a surprise might startle you."

"But go on, dear, tell we who was this?"

"Though he had asked me my name, I did not like to ask his, but as soon as he had done talking to me, or rather staring at me, for he stared more than he talked, I went to cousin Mira and asked her who he was, and she told me he was General Barlington, and that he had won the V.C. in India, and was altogether a great man. I could not believe her, because he does not look like a General—he is too young, for when he came and talked to me again later on, he told me to call him 'Dick,' but I couldn't, you know. It seemed so funny and informal. Was it not odd that he should wish me to call him Dick, when I had never seen nor heard of him before?"

"General Barlington is an old friend. Before he went to India—"

"Yes, he said you knew him, mother. Why did he not tell me so at first? It was stupid of him."

"Perhaps he thought you were aware of it."

"Exactly. Why have you never spoken of him, mother?"

"Why should I? There are many people I have known in the past that you have never heard of, Virgy. But run away, dear, and hurry up Tomkins with the tea. I daresay you would like some, and I have a bad headache today."

"Yes, you look horrid. I wish I had never left you, if I am to come back and find you like this."

So saying, Virgy started off to the house, and only just in time, for Lady Mauleverer felt that she could not endure much more of her daughter's gay prattle, and go on keeping the secret that had been so carefully guarded for years.

For a long while she sat quite still; she did not feel as if she had the power to move; but thought did not rest tranquilly because the body had no power of movement. The self-communing was scarcely peaceful.

"What did it all mean? To what would this meeting with Virgy tend?" At last she roused herself and tried to chase away doubt and perplexity. "Of course, Virgy was her child—naturally he would be attracted to her . . . . It would be all right. She herself would see him soon, and then—"

Even as an echo Virgy's voice came clear and joyous from the open drawing-room. "Mother, tea is ready, and I forgot to tell you that General Barlington is coming to call tomorrow."

"Tomorrow. Thank God! she had till tomorrow to recover."

She would laugh and talk with Virgy, try and catch the infection of joy and gaiety and lightness from their exuberance in her child's youth and spirits—then perhaps he would not see so plainly how years had fled. But it was very difficult even to make the effort to be gay, for Lady Mauleverer felt heavily weighted by a depression which she could not throw off, yet the real reason of which it would have been difficult to give.

"Tomorrow—how was General Barlington coming there tomorrow?" she asked Virgy, with as much indifference as she could command. "Where was he staying?"

"At the hotel at Snaresbrook" (which was their nearest town) was the answer.

"Why did you not ask him to come and stay here?"

"Mother, how could I?"

And at her child's surprised exclamation Lady Mauleverer colored up, for she felt that she had been justly chidden.

"No, I forgot," she said, hesitatingly; "of course, you did not know how old a friend of my people Dick Barlington is."

Then she set the subject of this man on one side and strove to talk interestedly to Virgy of other matters, but the girl who had not the same reason as her mother for avoiding the discussion of General Barlington, was perpetually reverting to him. It almost seemed to Lady Mauleverer as if he had fascinated Virgy, been the first to awaken the embryo love that had hitherto been sleeping so peacefully in her maiden heart. If this were so, how terrible the mother's position would be. All her long life she had been dreaming of and pining for the absent Dick, and if it should be that her child was beginning to love him, God help them both!

All night she lay awake, too excited, too troubled to sleep, and when in the morning she went down to breakfast, and Virgy came bounding up to her from the garden, it was with a cry that the girl stopped short before she threw her arms round her mother's neck in the usual fond embrace.

"What is it—what is it, darling? How ill you look."

"Nothing, dear; only one of my headaches."

"A headache to-day, when General Barlington is coming, and you ought to look your best; oh, mother!"

"He will not come till the afternoon; I shall be better by then."

But if Lady Mauleverer thought the visit would be delayed till late in the day, she was very much mistaken. About eleven o'clock there was a ring at the front door bell, and before the two ladies had quite realized that a visitor had arrived, General Barlington was shown into the morning-room.

Lady Mauleverer went forward to receive him with no little *empressement*, but she was trembling from head to foot. She did not look well, as Virgy had said; still, traces of the old girlish beauty had not been wholly obliterated. Perhaps if she had dared

she would have worn less sombre habiliments on this her re-meeting with the lover of her youth, after twenty years of separation, but she did not wish to attract the attention of Virgy and her household. Besides, the long, clinging black dress with its white muslin weepers was not unbecoming, and she had arranged her hair—the golden hair about which he had so often raved—with more than usual care.

He took her hand, pressed it warmly, then raised it to his lips and imprinted a kiss—an act which she could not help but feeling was more courteous than lover-like. Perhaps she expected him to take her in his arms—it would not have been the first time. But, of course, the child was standing by. Presently when they were alone, old things would be revived, and the much-longed-for Dick would be all her own.

"So pleasant to meet you again, dear Lady Mauleverer," he said. "Ah, Virgy, you mischievous puss—always laughing—the very image of what your mother was at your age." Then turning once more to his old friend, he went on: "Do you know I recognized this child at once by her resemblance to yourself."

"Yes, she is always supposed to be very like me."

The statement was coldly made. Lady Mauleverer was wondering why, during the first five minutes of their reunion, he should talk of Virgy.

For the first time in her life she wished the child anywhere but where she then was.

They sat down and the conversation became general. He told them of his Indian experiences, his battles, his adventures; and the time seemed to dawdle pleasantly away, if only Lady Mauleverer could feel quite satisfied.

"Of course, he was going to stay to luncheon—why not stay with them for a few days? She would send the man over to the inn for his portmanteau."

He demurred at first, but finally accepted, and it was at last arranged that they should drive through Snaresbrook in the afternoon and themselves call at the inn.

Lady Mauleverer felt much happier and more contented now that the first interview with her old friend Dick was over, and that she was to have him staying in her own house for a fews days, only—there was, as there had been for many years, some one between them. For the first time since she had lain as a baby in her arms, Lady Mauleverer wished that Virgy was not there.

Virgy, meantime, stayed peristently by her mother's side. She was fascinated by this handsome, young-looking General, and she hung on his words and smiles, and behaved as though it was a misery to her to be out of his sight.

Lady Mauleverer was utterly dismayed as she wondered how it would end.

She looked at the General when he was talking to Virgy, watching him with anxious eyes. His face and manner were, however, absolutely enigmatical; she could learn nothing, and she was bewildered.

The life *a trois* was becoming somewhat strained when unexpectedly Lady Julia Travers, who was Virgy's greatest friend, arrived to luncheon with a party of young people who were staying with them at Crosby Hall.

Lady Julia was a bright, merry girl, who was the life and soul of every reunion in which she found herself. Virgy was devoted to her, and the two girls, while the others were playing tennis, strolled down the garden to indulge in some of the confidences so dear to young hearts.

Virgy, of course, had it in her mind to talk about "Dick," as she invariably called him, but before she had time to broach the subject, which she was about to do with some caution, Lady Julia herself broke the ice.

"General Barlington is most captivating," she said, "Mother always said he was charming, but I did not picture him as quite so nice as he is."

Virgy's eyes brightened, but she said nothing.

"What a happiness for Lady Mauleverer to have him here after all she has gone through, poor dear."

"Gone through? Oh, you mean my father's death."

"Well, of course, that was very sad—but I meant her marriage. You know she was engaged to Dick Barlington, as everyone calls him, before she married Sir Thomas."

"Why, then, did she not marry him?" asked Virgy, almost indignantly.

"Because he had to go to India, and Lady Goodrick took advantage of his absence to insist that she should marry Sir Thomas."

"What nonsense, Ju—you always have some romance on hand. Mother was devoted to my father."

Virgy was making an effort to appear sceptical and indifferent, while Lady Julia was persistent.

"She had heard the story over and over again," she said. "Lady Mauleverer had behaved like a true heroine, with much devotion and courage, but, of course, now self-sacrifice would be wasted—she would marry her first love."

Virgy said no more, she was thinking—poor child, and it was a rude awakening. Lady Julia at once noticed her thoughtful air, and laughed.

"Never mind, Virgy, don't look so grave—a stepfather is not such a terrible affliction; mine is delightful, he spoils me far more than mother does, and I am sure this handsome Dick will spoil you."

"Perhaps, yes, I daresay."

It was evident that Virgy was terribly upset, and could not altogether realise the position. If she followed her inclination, she would have to run away from Lady Julia, up into the privacy of her own room and there indulge in a good cry. But she was Lady Mauleverer's daughter; the brave sentiment of loyalty that had shown so brilliantly in the mother was not absent in her child.

She made an effort to conceal and, to an extent, overcome, the emotion from which she was suffering, such as very few young girls would have been capable of doing, but she did not wish to have any further conversation about Dick Barlington even with Lady Julia.

"Let us talk about something else," she said, "it will take me a while to realize this."

Lady Julia looked at her in admiration—she saw how much General Barlington's marriage with her mother would cost Virgy, though she was quite mistaken as to the reason.

Never before had Virgy been so glad to see her friend depart, and when she and the merry party who had accompanied her were gone, the unhappy girl went upstairs and threw herself on her bed. She did not, however, weep; she merely lay there with wide open eyes, thinking.

When her mother came up to look after her, she said she had a bad headache from the sun, and that she was not coming down to dinner.

Next day she was changed—quiet and subdued, very unlike the bright, frolicsome little Virgy of a few hours ago, but her only answer to the numerous questions put to her was that she was not well. If they would kindly leave her alone, she would soon be all right.

During the day she wrote a few lines to Lady Julia. This epistle was the result of the course of much thinking through which she had put herself. In her most piteous little letter she asked to be invited to Crosby Hall for a few days. Lady Julia understood at once, though she still thought that Virgy's annoyance merely arose from her dislike to having a stepfather. That she believed herself to be in love with handsome Dick never entered into Lady Julia's head. She drove over with her mother in the afternoon, and they very diplomatically suggested that "as Virgy was not quite well, a change would do her good, and why could she not go back with them?"

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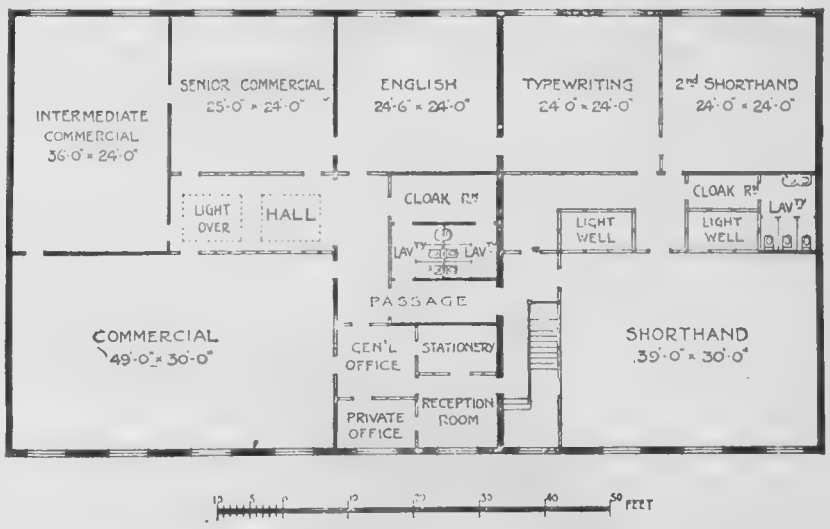

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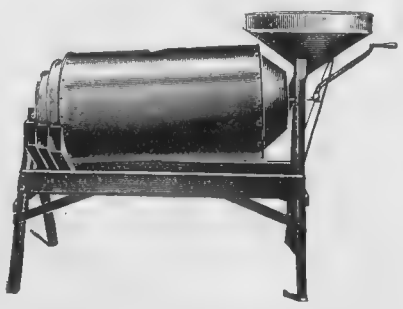

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Lady Mauleverer raised no objection; in her heart, perhaps, she was somewhat relieved to be rid for a time of Virgy's large, almost reproachful eyes. The difficulty of General Barlington staying on alone with the widow, who every one of her own age knew was his old love, was obviated by the arrival of a harmless cousin, who made Lady Mauleverer's house her home whenever she had no visits to pay.

Virgy seemed to recover her spirits somewhat when she was at Crosby. It was difficult to be sad where Lady Julia was, and the long talks the two girls had on the stepfather question, seemed somewhat to quiet down Virgy's perturbed mind, but she never told her secret to Lady Julia or even hinted that she had one.

During the two or three days the news from home was limited, and nothing happend in any way to agitate or trouble Virgy, till one morning there were horses' hoofs heard coming up the drive, and on looking out of the window, the two girls saw General Barlington riding up to the house.

Virgy's face became crimson, then so deadly white that Lady Julia thought she was going to faint, but summoning all her courage she speedily recovered herself, and, brave little woman that she was, she went down to meet Dick with a smile on her face. Ay, she was brave, no one, not even Dick himself, knew how brave!

He took both her hands in his and looked tenderly into her eyes.

"Will you love me for her sake?"

Had he known the girl's feelings, the question would have been brutal, but he was as ignorant as Lady Julia.

"Love you! why should I love you?" asked Virgy, flippantly, but the tears that nearly betrayed her came into her eyes.

"Because"—he looked at her and hesitated a moment—"because your mother has consented to become my wife. It is an old story, Virgy—dates from long before you were born."

"It was true, then—no invention of Ju's!" she thought.

She pressed Dick's hand as he still held hers and said, softly:

"You will not rob me altogether of my mother's love."

During the protestations this speech evoked, she managed to recover her composure, and all the time General Barlington stayed at Crosby she was calm and self-possessed. Lady Julia was delighted with her and helped her loyally through the ordeal, without, however, realising what a real heroine Virgy was.

It was some months before the marriage took place, and by that time Virgy had sought to conquer, and had won.

She stood at her mother's side without flinching. Sparkling with smiles and repartee, she was the life of the wedding party, while among the guests a whisper went round that there would soon be another wedding from that house, for an engagement was talked of between Virgy and the great *parti* of the country. He was young and manly-looking, and more suited to Virgy, if he could not altogether vie with handsome Dick.

Fire Protection.

Kyle-Fyre is a fire extinguisher of British manufacture, which is about to be placed on the Canadian market. It makes strong claims to being the most effective of all such inventions. Its claims, however, do not appear in the least extravagant when one look up the unanimous endorsation it has received from the British press. One million Kyle-Fyres are now in use in the Old Land, and that fact alone is a great tribute to its worth. The device is a dry powder contained in a cylindrical tube, and its manipulation is simplicity itself. In case of fire, the tube becomes uncapped by a mere pull and the contents can be speedily thrown at the base of the flames. The collision between powder and heat generates a powerful but harmle gas, which, by displacing the oxygen in the air must extinguish the flames. Kyle-Fyre numbers among its patrons many of the large city corporations of England, leading hospitals, hotels, factories, theatres etc., and what has given such satisfaction to the thorough going Britisher should find favor with Canadians.

A Good Day's Sport near Winnipeg.

The White Father of Ungava.

By CLEMENT KEYES.

EARLY in January, 1903, the following item appeared in the press of the American cities, being apparently an Associated Press dispatch from Montreal:

Montreal, Jan. 3. — The schooner Belle Nancy, arrived at Quebec yesterday from Rigolet, Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, brought dispatches telling of the death of Father Gaspard, better known as the White Father of Ungava. He died at Fort Naskopie, on Petbauliskopau Lake, in December. He was brought to that point by a party of South River Mission Indians who found him wandering on the plains between Leaf Lake and Seal Lake, N. E. T. He had left the former point early in the month to minister to the spiritual needs of the Seals, the Indians of the Seal Lake district. His attendant Indians had all been swept away by the smallpox, and he was left alone in the wilderness. When the Indians found him he was dying. His feet and hands were badly frozen, and Dr. Clark, the Presbyterian minister at Fort Naskopie, found it impossible to do anything for him. He died two days after reaching the mission.

By his death the Roman Catholic church loses one of its pioneer missionaries in the great wilderness. Father Gaspard has labored for twenty years in the barren land known as Ungava. A mystery surrounds his early life and his parentage. He was a mysterious being. The records of the Jesuit College at Montreal alone contain the true story of his early years, and could possibly throw some light upon the motives that led him into the Great Lone Land.

As I read this item of news I knew that the closing sentence was not strictly true. The records of the Jesuit College at Montreal may contain the true story of the motives that actuated Pere Gaspard, but even that is doubtful. I heard the true story from one of the actors in it. It was on a Christmas night, 1878, and in a log cabin in the woods at the head of the French River that the story was told French River runs into the Georgian Bay, that northern extension of Lake Huron, far north of the American frontier. It comes down, by sleepy stretch and tumbling rapids, from the pine lands of the Height of Land. They call the upper waters of it Wahnipitae. It creeps down from the great land now called Algonquin Park, in those days a lonely wilderness known only of the wild. Near where the Wahnipitae loses its Indian name and becomes the French, our hut lay beneath the pines That was where I met Pere Gaspard and heard his story.

In those days he was the new chopper in the gang of lumbermen ruled by Jean Ribaut. He was a loosely built young fellow, tall, broad shouldered, dark haired, dark eyed. He had come out of the forests in the summer time, no one knew whence or why. The men of the deep woods are not inquisitive. He asked Jean for a job, and Jean had taken him on, having a rare eye for a man when he saw one. By instinct he was a natural woodsman, but he lacked strength, as the term is known in the timber lands. His great height and broad shoulders were not the blind to hide a constitutional weakness of lung and throat that robbed him of persistency, and left him faded and weak after long effort. Old Pierre Laussan, mere composite of tanned leather and gristle, could outlast him—and Pierre was near seventy in years

Jean spared the quiet recruit all he could. He tried to persuade him to give up the axe and take the driving of a team instead. Gaspard was not to be coaxed. His heart was strong as his body was weak. He would come into camp at night time, weary, aching—too tired to talk. He would "roll in" while all the rest sat around the open grate and told their wonderful tales.

"Pierre walked round the circle to Gaspard

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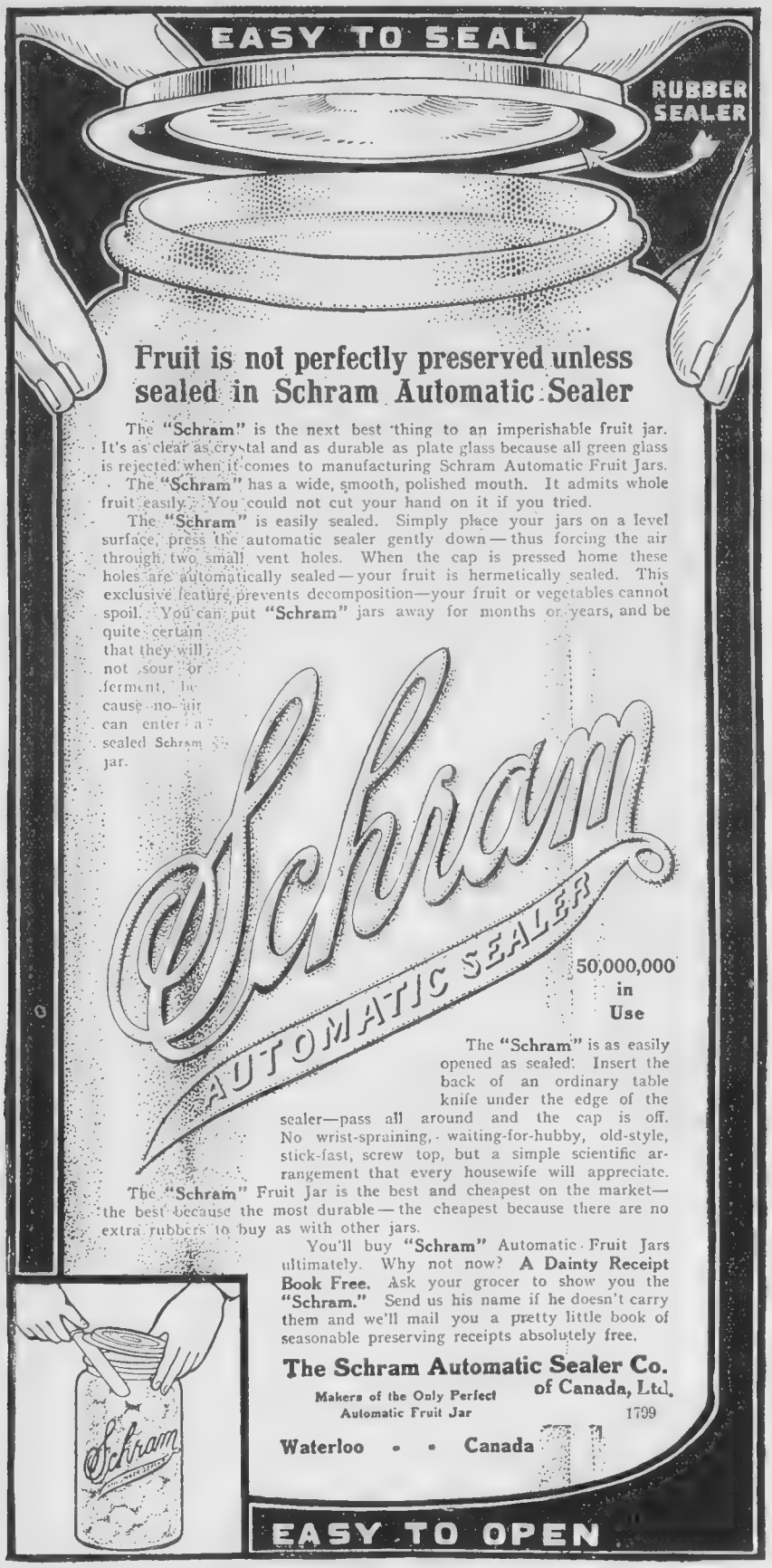

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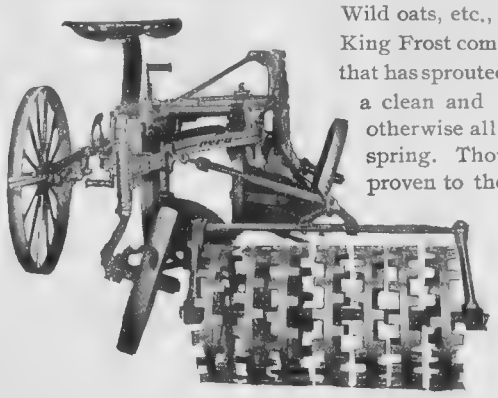


THE HAMILTON PULVERIZER CO., LTD.

346-352 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg.

The woodmen liked him well. His was always the ready hand and the warm, quick heart of sympathy. When little Joli Peticourt was lost in the deep woods it was Gaspard that led the weary, aimless hunt for him through trackless miles on miles of forest. It was Gaspard that found him too, finally, pinned beneath a fallen tree, half-starved, more than half-frozen. It was Gaspard that tried to nurse him back to life, sitting up with him all the night, patient as Joan herself, la belle ange de Jean, "Jean's beautiful angel," the little wife of Jean Ribaut. And it was Gaspard that sang over the snowy grave of little Joli Peticourt. At that hour, men say, who know, was the beginning of Pere Gaspard, the missionary of the Great White North. But the tale halts.

On the morning of this Christmas day Gaspard and Rene Jollisson had been picked by lot to see to the sharpening of the axes. It was a holiday job. They divided the work and took it by spells. One time Gaspard held the axe and Rene turned the stone. Then Rene held the axe and Gaspard turned the stone. Meantime I sat on a log near by and communed with old Pierre, who was engaged in the other holiday labor of pulling an oily rag up and down through the barrel of his shotgun, an ancient weapon but well beloved.

I saw a little trinket fall from the breast of Gaspard as he turned the stone. He had grown hot, and had unbuttoned the throat of his blue flannel shirt. The trinket had worked its way out. It had swung back and forth as he swayed with the turning of the wheel. I could see that it looked like a locket and that it appeared to be golden. Pierre saw it, too, as it fell. He peered hard at it. Then he got up and went over to Gaspard.

"You will catch this chain on the wheel, maybe, and break it perhaps, Gaspard. Better put it back. It is a pretty charm."

He had caught the locket as it swung, and held it in his hand as he spoke. Gaspard took the charm and put it back, buttoning his shirt over gun.

"A charm, I suppose, or a token—a locket, wasn't it?" I queried, idly.

"Non—non—I shall sometime, maybe, tell you!" said Pierre, shortly.

At that I was doubly surprised, first at the fact that he spoke only about six words, for he generally talked an hour in answering one question; and second at the fact that he spoke with a very decided French accent, for generally his English was beyond the most carping of criticism. I looked at him, but he seemed absorbed in his gun. I wandered away to Jean and Joan, who were getting ready for a tramp after wild turkeys.

It was late that night that Pierre told the story that I am going to try to tell in his own words. It was after the late Christmas dinner, when all the men gathered around the pine knot fire on the hearth, smoking their short black pipes, telling their tales. It is just at that hour that one comes near the heart of things that really are.

Pierre was a famous raconteur, even in that wide, wild and poetic land. He was never known to boast or lie. Men listened to his stories, went away and told them to their comrades in another camp as gospel—the gospel of the Great White North as told by Pierre Laussan. His range of time ran back into the years when North Ontario was a wilderness and South Ontario a newly opened farmland. He had traversed Labrador, being, it is said, the first white man that ever saw with his own eyes the White Veil Falls. With Massan, the nephew on the great Tecumseh, he had tried all fortunes of the woods and plains. As I have said, he spoke the English tongue perfectly, though I was to discover that in the interest of his tale he would lapse into quaint idiom of the French, and picturesque extravagant phrase of the Indian.

"It was in the winter of '60," he began, "that we of the fur brigade heard a tale that filled our hearts with sadness. In those days I was of the H. B. C., trading for pelts away up into Keewatin, beyond the rivers that run into the Hudson's Bay. Late in the fall I and Massan come down by Montreal, bringing a message of Alec Hamilton, him that was the factor at Moose Fort, to the governor at Montreal. When we came into Montreal we heard this talk. Pere Ramon, they said, was lost in Labrador. Now, not a man of all but loved Pere Ramon, Out on the long trail with us, down in the huts on the shores with our women, comforting them in their trouble—and that God knows, was often; nursing our babes when the spotted sickness swept them away in the summer time—he lived with our hearts—he was part of us. So when the governor told us that Pere Ramon was lost we grieved, Massan and me, and were bitter maybe, thinking God is not just. Pere Ramon had gone into the north in the summer, hearing the scattered Algonquins crying aloud in their sickness—for it came upon the North that summer—and he had promised he would return by November. Now it was late in December. The iron cliffs of the Laurentides they crack in the great frost, and the falls of the rivers they freeze up and stand like a white hill all winter.

"Then that Massan, the Indian, he came to me, mourning like a dog that

"Pierre shivered; his audience shivered with him."

loses his master. That Massan — ah, Massan he knew how it was to love and to lose. He loved Pere Ramon. You know how Massan was, you men, Sandy, Jean, Louis— you know how he could love a man. Joan here, she know how Massan loved her father, Devil Murphy, and how, at the last, he gave away his life for him. It was just so he loved Pere Ramon.

"'Pierre,' he say, 'Pere Ramon he is los' in Labrador, in the white lan's. I go an' fin' heem. You go with me an' maybe we fin' heem, maybe no. The governor he maybe let us go, maybe no. Alec he will not be anger if we come not back, for he will say —he love Pere Ramon, too, an he's heart it be sore when he hear. I can res' here not at all. Pere Ramon he out there—out there!,

"Massan he sweep his arm around the great big world. Out there,' he says. Then he go away so I cannot see how he grieve for Pere Ramon. So, after a while, we go to the governor, me and Massan, and we tell him we are going out into Labrador for look for Pere Ramon.

"But you are crazy, you two,' say the governor, blinking his eyes. 'No man can live up there in the winter—you know that, Pierre. You would just throw yourselves away. I can't

let you go. You belong to the H. B. C., and I am its governor. You can't go. That's final.'

"But, sir,' says I, this Massan, this Indian, he goes all the day long with his head bowed down and his eyes running water. His han's and his face they grow thin like the alder stems in the winter. And me—I grieve too —for you know how Pere Ramon he come through the great blizzard las' winter to anoint my Marie as she die. So we must go—we mus,—we shall go!'

"An' the governor, he good man, he let us go at the last. He know we go anyway, I suppose. We start the nex' day. You mus' know that the way was mos' long, an' we go away north, not knowing where we go, exact. We travel by the north many weeks—it is so many I forget at the time how many it is. Massan—you know, my frien's, how Massan was quiet—and it is so col,— so col'—br-r-r-r-r-r!"

Pierre shivered. His audence shivered with him. I know not whether it was done on purpose, but I do know that Pierre cast a quick eye over the crowd as he shivered, and smiled quietly as he saw the sympathetic tremor pass over the crowd. Jean Ribaut got up and piled three big logs on the blaze. Pierre went on with his story. From this point on, his tenses, final consonants, and English grammar quickly disappeared He talked a language very near the Indian-French patois of the Upper Saguenay in our day, a diction colored and relieved with idiom and comarison; a construction full of odd forms, rhythmical, almost blank verse at times; a tone level, monotonous, yet very rich and deep and full of weird suggestion.

"An' so we go on. The world it grow col' an' hard an' bitter, yet we go on. In a week time we come by the Lac du Monovan, where is set the shrine of Ste. Auguste. A night an' a day we stay there in the pines, an' listen at night to the gray wolves that howl in the great timber. My heart it grow heavy an' col' as we work away north, north over the foothills of the Laurentides. You know what it is, my fren's. The worl' she get so big an' so col' an' so rough that we know we never shall fin, Pere Ramon. That is it to be discourage But Massan he bring me the heart back in my breas'. All the day he slide along the snow among the little mountains. He look in every corner for smoke or sign of a man, an' he listen at night for the barking of dogs. Those nights we sit beside the fire in the spruces—for very soon we get beyond the pine lan's— an' we would smoke our pipes—so silent like death. Then I would lie down an sleep, while Massan he watch the fire for scare the wolves away. At las' when the time come, he would wake me—an' I would watch the fire while he slept. In the morning we go on an' on, walking beside the dogs.

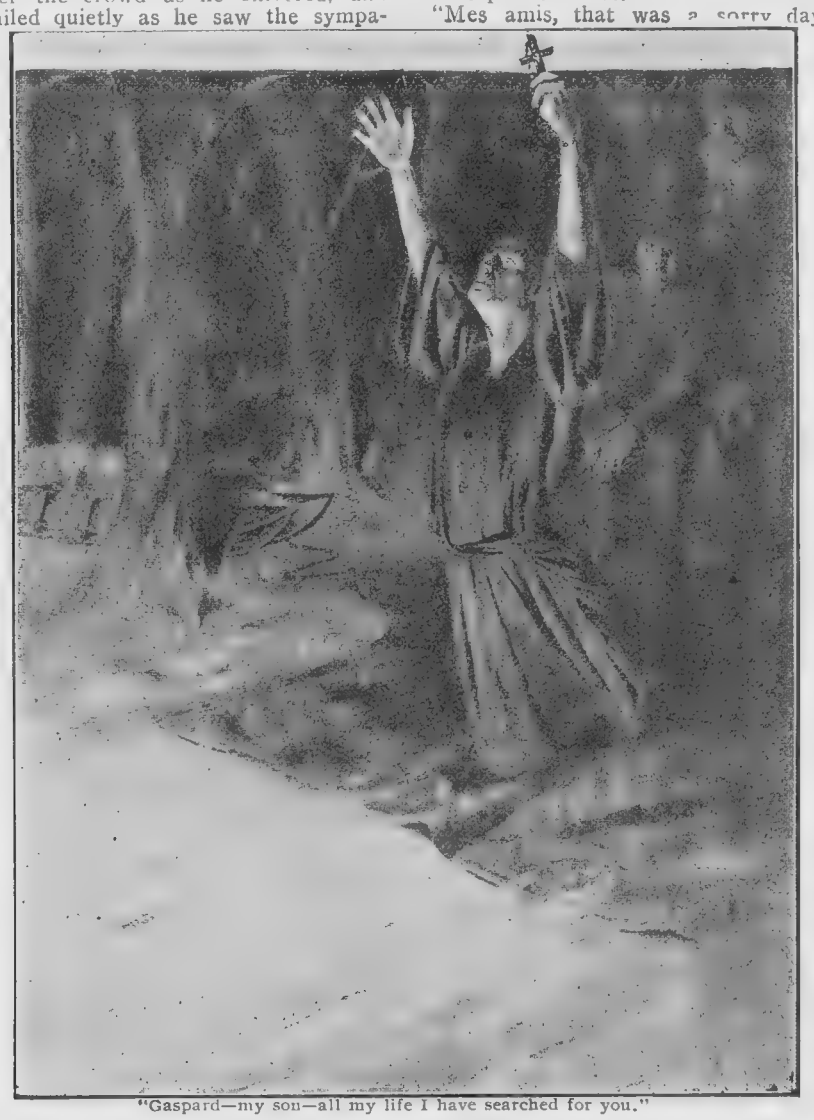
"At the Lac Chibioguma, where the waters split, at the foot of the Laurentides, we fin' Algonquins. Twenty days we spend passing the rocky walls where men lie down an' die because their hope it die. The Algonquins they say they know Pere Ramon. He leave them in October for go to Great Whale River, for try an' save a white man from the Seals, the tribes of the plains of ice.

"Mes amis, that was a sorry day for Massan an' me, when we hear that news. Massan he's head it fall down like the eagle's when he hear the rifle speak. The fires in the lodges of the Seals it is that make he's lef' han' white an' scarred You know it—you that know Massan in ol' time. That night, as I sleep in the hut of the Algonquin chief Massan he come by me.

"'To-morrow we go on,' he say, 'even to the sea where the ice mountains they tumble against the shore. Pere Ramon, he maybe need us if he be with the Seals. Massan, he not afraid.'

"But, I, my frien's I see Massan shake as he say he not afraid, an' I knows that he thinks of the fire in the lodge of the Seals—an' I wonder me wether he be better man that tremble and yet go on, or that go on fearing not.

"In the morning when I tell the Algonquins we go on they wonder. The chief he say, 'Death he breathe across the plain. He turn the rivers into ice. He make the air go blue



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"The basis of the delicious goodness which you enjoy in Christie's Biscuits is the unvarying goodness of the raw materials that go into them.

"When I see how our orders for butter have to be steadily increased, to keep pace with the demand for Christie's Biscuits, I have the best kind of evidence that our jealous guarding of Christie Quality brings results."

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and cracklin' like the cedar log in the fire. He stiffen the heart so that no life is in him. Better wait here till the White Death pass, an' Life she come again.'

"But we go on. A month we travel north, more than two hundred leagues across the snow. Pretty soon the woods they grow thin, an' then they are no more, an' nothing is in the worl' but snow, an' snow an' snow. It is like the palm of your han' my frien's, so level, so smooth. No life seems to be in the worl' but Massan an' me an' the dogs. Soon the dogs they die, one be one, an' we pull the sled ourselves. The wolves they follow us up that month, for dig up the dogs we bury in the snow, at the place we stop. The heart of Massan it is very sore when ol' Jacques, the leader, he die. But it all pass by. Five rivers we leave behin', rivers of ice with the snow many yards deep over them, like they been frozen very long time.

"One time, when we stop at night an' buil' fire with wood we bring from the las' river—for always the birch an' tamarack she grow along the river bank—Massan he say to me, 'In two day we see Great White River an' the Seals. They Seals they no love for Massan. Maybe I say good-by to you, Pierre.'

"Well, ma friens', that give me no joy. I think I near lose heart an' say, 'Let us go back.' But Massan, he say go on. So we go on. It half day light for near all de time that time. One day de win' she sweep over us, an' we must bury ourselves in de snow for live at all. It was like you throw pebbles in de face. No man can stan' against it. All the night the red and purple flame she dance in de sky, like you see great bush fire along the Height o' Lan', so that the night she bright as the day. We stop only when we mus', for we are too tire' for go on.

It is at de Lac Apecac dat at de las' we fin' heem, an' ah, c'est terrible, mes amis, de way what we fin' heem! We lie, Massan an' me, close together at de leetle fire. Sudden we hear de wolves come howlin, down de lac. We ron out an' look across de snow. De snow she is all purple an' blue an' red for de light dat fall on it from de north. In dat light we see a man dat ron, an' behin' heem, like de shadow on de snow, a long gray line dat follow heem, an' get closer an' closer. Dat is de wolves. Dey not eighty paces behin' heem. Massan he buckle on hees snow shoes like he is mad, so quick, an' go ron across de lac. Me, too, I go quick. De man he see us ron, but we in de shadow an' he think us wolves dat ron for head heem off. He drop down an' put hees han's over hees eyes an' scream. It is mos' fearful ting. Massan he reach de man, an' drop on hees knee, an' shoot an' keel de big gray wolf dat lead the pack. Me, too, I keel wan. Dey all stop ron howl much, den turn an' sneak away in de shore. De great gray wolf he beeg coward.

"We carry de man to de fire, de man we come so far for fin,' Pere Ramon. I hope dat you never will see de man like so. He lie beside de fire like he is dead, quiet, in hees black robe, an' we two pray dat he will die an' never wake again. For we know dat he is dead man, dat Death he breathe on him in de plain an' stiffen hees heart, an' we pray dat he will suffer no more. But God—ah, God is hard, ma frien's sometime. Sudden, in de red an' purple light he start up, he call out:

"'Gaspard! Gaspard!'

"Den we know he is mad, what you call crazee, wi' de col' an' de red eyes of de wolves. I speak to heem an' Massan he stand over heem, but he know us not at all. He forget Pierre Laussan an' dat Massan what he love. He try for stan', but he only get to he's knees. He raise he's han's above he's head, hes black han's. Aht, dat is pitiable, dem two sad han's dat face—black like the belt, dried up, wrinkled like de black birch in de winter time, when she die. Two fingers dey are not dere. Den he speak like a dream, like he choke,

wheezy—ah, de voice we love it is die! We know he's lungs dev is froze an 'he die. He hol' he's gold cross up by de chain dat hang on he's wrists.'

"'Gaspard—Gaspard— my son —I have search—for you—all my life I have search for you—Renee—God is not good—I die an' I fin' you not—I ave sin—I have sin—de great sin—an' God he punish—mea culpa Domine—mea maxima culpa!'

"He stop an' he turn he's poor blacken' face to de fires of de Nord—an' we see dat de lids of he's eyes dey are froze, so dat dey cannot close. So, kneeling, he die an' he's eyes dey are open.

"Den Massan he fall down an' he lie dere with he's face on de knees of Pere Ramon. I t'ink maybe dat I be lef' alone on de plains. But dat Massan he get up an' he say: 'Pere Ramon he is dead. Pierre he still live. Massan he help Pierre. Den Massan he go home to Pere Ramon—maybe no. Dat son of de Pere Ramon—but Pere Ramon he have no son—maybe so. Massan he see.'

"We bury Pere Ramon deep in de snow. I take de cross and de locket I give dem to de governor at Montreal. Den we start home. We never know where Pere Ramon he been. Maybe he with de Seals, maybe no. We never know how he happen to be ron down de Lac Petbauliskopau when he near dead, an' how he happen be chase where is Massan an 'me. I t'ink maybe it be for purpose. I t'ink maybe God he know."

Pierre stopped for at least three minutes, and slowly filled his pipe. There was hardly a move in the crowd. When he resumed the story he dropped half his pigeon tongue. Either the thrill of the memory of years in his civilization or Pierre was the most consummate actor in the world. I confess a belief that there was no acting.

"It take us two months to get back by Montreal. The Spring is come on when we see the city. We go straight to the governor an I tell him of Pere Ramon. He whistle when I tell him of the son of Pere Ramon. He ask for the locket. When he open it he whistle again. There is a paper in it, fold' up small. He read that quiet, an' then he say: This tells me there is papers at the house of Pere Ramon that will tell us all about it. Let us go there.'

"So we go to the house, the governor, Massan an' me, all quiet like funeral. The governor he read out of the paper in the locket where we shall fin' the papers. So we fin' them. The governor looks over them an' say they are deeds to a great lan' in Brittany. At las' he come to one paper in the writing of Pere Ramon.

"That paper it tell a wonderful story. It tell how Pere Ramon he is the Seigneur de Farcy, a great man an' how he love Renee Lassar, but may not marry her because his father say he mus' marry another, a great lady. But they love an' they sin, an' when Renee her trouble it come, Pere Ramon he break forth an' he swear he will not marry at all unless he marry Renee. Then they marry quiet. Only the old Seigneur know they is married, for Pere Ramon tell him . The boy is born. When he is five years ol' he is stole. Pere Ramon he hunt for him. The ol' Seigneur hunt too, but they never fin' the boy. Renee she die of grief. Later the ol' Seigneur die too, but before that he tell Pere Ramon he steal the boy an' send him to Canada. The Pere give up the Seigneury an' go away, no one know where.

"He come out to Canada. He take counsel with Pere Ramordaine at Montreal, and Pere Ramordaine tell him to be missionary. He cannot be full priest. All the time he keep the marriage papers, an' the deeds, so the boy he will be Seigneur if he ever is foun'. But Pere Ramon die as I tell you."

Pierre paused to pull out from his breast a locket of gold, on a chain.

"The boy he have a locket like this. I tell you this story because I think that I fin' him!"

The men jumped to their feet. Pierre walked around the circle to Gaspard. The man had turned pale as Pierre pulled the locket out, and had started, but the crowd was not watching him.

"I see the locket when it fell from your breas' this morning, an' I think it maybe the same like this!" said Pierre.

The after story, concerning the White Father of Ungave, is, perhaps, written only in the records of the Jesuits of Montreal. Of it I know nothing. I did not know until I read it in the papers that Gaspard had ever taken up the Seigneury. He gave his life to the God that refused his father comfort, and, by a strange coincidence, died almost in the same spot where his father died, and in the same way.

The Great Atlantic Liners.—Some very interesting figures concerning the great Atlantic liners are given in 'Engineering.' Twenty years ago, when first vessels of twenty-knots were introduced on the Atlantic, it is said that the cost for each voyage was about £9,000 to £11,000 ten years ago, when 22½ to 23-knot ships were put on the service, this was increased to about £19,000; and now it is calculated that the expense of a 21½ knot Mauretania or Lusitania trip cannot be short of £30,000. As to the total population of Atlantic liners, the larger figures apply to the emigrant ships from the Mediterranean. For 1907 the average is 1,089, whereas in the previous year it was 1,056.

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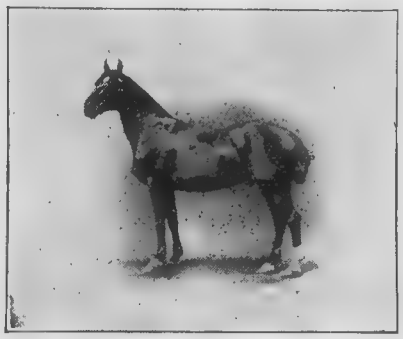

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Correspondence.

A Toast.

To her, the girl we love, a toast, a toast!
There is none like her in the world so wide;
That she is fairest fair each makes his boast,
Be she the wife of years, sweetheart, or bride:
All other beauty soon must fade beside
Her loveliness. Then fill them up, mine host!

To her, the girl we love, a toast, a toast!
There is none like her in the world so wide!
With her beside us there is not the ghost
Of any care; stern fate we may deride;
Laugh in the face of sorrow; yea, almost,
With her for pilot, stem both time and tide:
To her, the girl we love, a toast, a toast!
There is none like her in the world so wide!

—Celia Myrover Robinson.

In Fair Canadie.

(Written in Scotland.)

O bonnie, bonnie mune in the lift sae hie,
Wham saw ye in the Nor'land awa ayont the sea?
Where stars like diamonds shine an' a fervid sun glows fine
On the grapes that bend the vine in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye bonnie mune? an' what said he?
What message sent my ain love to me frae ower the sea?
Said he ne'er a word ava?—will he no come when the snaw
Fa's deep an' covers a' in fair Canadie?

O mune that winna tell, tak this kiss frae me,
An' when his sleep ye smile on ower there ayont the sea,
Loote to my love fu' fain, be kind an' dinna hain,
Till he dreams o' me again in fair Canadie.

—Jessie Kerr Lawson.

A Letter From Afar Off'

Palmarito, Oriente, Aug. 7, 1909.

Editor.—When I see so many of the young folks express their opinions in the columns of your delightful, instructive and helpful paper it makes my fingers fairly itch with "schreiflust," so I will try to wedge in a few lines, which I hope to see in print, if the Editor finds it worth while or the wastebasket happens to be under the table or somewhere else.

Although I am so awfully far away from the old Dominion now, it has been my home for the most part of my life, and the W. H. M. was my best chum and companion long before the interesting and popular, and in some cases, amusing, corespondence section was "borned."

When I get to be hunting for a "pard" in life's trials and tribulations it will be to have her make home happy and life sunny, and not to have her do the chores or be a kind of slave. I don't believe in such tactics, and those who do will not get much real happiness. I don't think milking cows is fit work for women, aside from it's being very hard work; I don't like it myself. I think that the "stronger vessel" is entitled to do all of the most disagreeable outdoor chores when he is able; when there are cows to milk, to do that; feed the pigs and calves, and, certainly "dchob all de vater, an' gcarry all de vood," as the Dutchman said once.

I do not believe in being in a hurry to get married. Even if you bachelors find it very trying to be compelled to get your own meals, and do the housework and mend your clothes or sew on buttons, don't be in a hurry for all that, but wait till you meet the one that you love truly and everlastingly, win her and make her happy. One that will love you in return and make reasonable sacrifices if necessary; that is, if you don't stay away evenings and drink liquor; or when you do stay home, don't swear, squirt tobacco juice or do your best to suffocate her with smoke. The same rule applies to girls, with changes to suit the circumstances. That is, they have faults of their own. You cannot expect your man to love you very well if you are constantly fretting and fault finding, and losing your balance for every trifle that bars the way. Life is certainly not too cheerful without a doleful face and a complaining tongue.

When a farmer marries, he must try to get an economical and frugal wife. Life will not be all honey and milk in company with an extravagant butterfly of a woman, who will only care for fine dress and costly materials, and who is afraid of housework. But on the other hand the girls must beware of a man that is too stingy to keep her supplied with plenty of decent clothes and good grub after marriage. I never saw any happiness where stinginess prevailed, and we must remember that we don't live only to save money nod solely to spend it either but there is a vast difference between stinginess and sensible economy. Money is made for the good and value we can get in exchange for it, and not to hoard for the sake of its glitter.

I see that all the others give their descriptions, but I am afraid that this letter is too long already, so suffice it to say that I am aged 18, 6 feet tall and weigh 160 pounds. The rest I will leave till next time. I live in a beautiful country, where winter never begins and summer never ends, so I ought not to be lonely, but there are few of my countrymen here and far apart, and I seldom get a chance to speak my native language but Spanish and Swedish and the rest of them. I would consider it a great favor if some lonely lass would get busy with her pen for a long-distance chat with me, and the boys, too, for that matter, and I will answer all letters promptly. Come, let's exchange ideas, and souvenirs, if you like. I will now close this time, wishing our dear W. H. M. all the success it richly deserves.

"Palenque."

Tiger Lily is Broadminded.

Wawanesa, Man., Aug. 7, 1909.

Editor.—I have only taken your paper for a short time, yet I find it exceedingly interesting, especially the correspondence columns. I find some of the letters are very sensible, while others are extremely silly.

In the April issue of the Western Home Monthly I saw a letter from a lady who said, few who write remember to say they are Christians. People who are Christians do not go onto the housetops to shout it out; they leave it to be found out by others.

Another thing the women say is, a man cannot be any good if he smokes or drinks. All the best young men that I know do both of these things. By saying drink I do not mean taking too much. As for smoking, I think that it does not look like a home if a man does not do that.

There is also one other thing I think quite right; it is for a wife to help husband with his outside work. I can milk cows, feed calves, pigs and hens, and I do not think myself one bit the worse for doing it. Now I believe I have run other people's letters down enough, but I hope my letter is printed that they may have a chance back at me.

I see it is a usual thing to tell what a person looks like, so I will try to describe myself. I have medium brown hair and dark hazel eyes, am five feet three inches tall and weigh 110 pounds. As for age, I am over 10 and under 20. If any of the bachelors who do the very wicked things I mentioned in the first part of my letter care to write to me I shall be only too happy to answer them. Wishing your paper every success,

"Tiger Lily."

From a City Lass.

Winnipeg, August 7, 1909.

Editor.—I have been getting your valuable paper for some time and would like to be a regular subscriber. I take much pleasure in reading the correspondence column. I read "Sauerkraut Bill's" letter in January number and think he has a high opinion of what a woman should be. I would like to correspond with him. My address will be found with the editor. As it seems the custom to describe one's self, I will do the same. I am 22 years old, 5 feet 5 inches in eight, weigh 140 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes, fair complexion. I am a very good cook (if I have plenty to cook with). I am a Winnipeg girl and live at home with my mother. I hope you can find space for this in your next month's issue. Please send enclosed letter to "Tin Plate." Wishing your paper every success, I remain,

"Happy Maid."

Teeny Boy is Musical.

Baldur, Man., August 10, 1909.

Editor.—Have been an interested reader of your paper, especially the correspondence column, for some months.

Should very much like the address of "Western Girl," "Sweet Sixteen," and of any others who would care to correspond with a very lonely bachelor.

I am English, age 24, height 5 feet 9 inches, brown hair, complexion varies according to the weather. I am musical, educated, full of fun, can ride anything in the way of horses and fond of every kind of sport. Hoping the dear girls won't be shy in answering this appeal, yours in fun and frolic,

"Teeny Boy."

June Bug Has Her Say.

Picton, Aug. 12, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your magazine for some time and wish to express my appreciation of so valuable and interesting a magazine. I have found by reading the W.H.M. that you

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have some very broad-minded people in the West, as some of the letters in the correspondence column are very sensible indeed. I am much impressed with the letter written by "X.Y.Z." in the May number. His love of nature and distaste for fashion and gaiety bespeaks of a kind and loving nature, as my experience has taught me that a nature lover has in most cases a loving nature. He does not state wishing to correspond with anyone, but if this appears in print and should he wish to correspond with a person whose sentiments are similar to his own and merely for pastime and amusement he will find my address with the editor. I will, however, exchange letters or cards with anyone wishing to write. It is a good way of having one's ideas drawn out and of learning somewhat of human nature. I am rather small, yet not too small, dark brown hair, blue eyes, old enough to have a fair amount of common sense. Am fond of amusement of harmless nature and very fond of music. Hoping to see this in print as it is my first letter, I sign myself, "June Bug."

Homesteader Won't Let His Wife Do Chores.

Saskatchewan, August 28, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been a very interested reader and subscriber to your valuable paper and have derived a lot of pleasure and amusement from the letters in the correspondnce columns, I would like to see this letter printed, if the wastepaper basket is not too handy. This is not my first letter to the paper as I have written two or three before, but I guess the waste paper basket received them; anyway I have hopes for this one. I liked the letter written by "Laughing Water" in the April number.

I think the question as to whether the wife should do any outside chores is easy to answer, although some seem to find it hard. I could not imagine my wife (if I had one) doing chores, such as milking, feeding hogs and cutting wood, if I were around the place. Of course, it would be a different matter altogether if I were away and was unable to get back to do them. Now, poultry seems to me to be woman's work somehow, but I would not insist on her attending to them. I would not mind doing that myself as I am very fond of them and could spend half a day each day attending to their wants.

As to getting married through correspondence, I don't like the idea one bit, and if I should gain any correspondents with this letter and take it into my noddle that I would like to marry one of them, I would certainly want to see and talk with her before I asked her the important question, you may be sure. I see "Lily of the Valley" is complaining that the boys won't write to her. Write to me, "Lily of the Valley," and see if I don't answer it; or, in fact, anyone who likes to write. My address is with the editor. "Homesteader."

Wants to Correspond With a Rancher.

Sunny Plain, Sask., Aug. 16, 1909.

Editor.—After reading your correspondence column for over a year, I have at last plucked up enough courage to write to this very interesting paper. I think it is one of the best things ever organized for the young people of the West, especially the young homesteaders.

Now, boys, I am a young girl of 17, but lots of sense for my age so they say. Lots of girls say they don't like men who smoke. I don't mind that. I think it is nice to see a man enjoy his pipe, but as for chewing the rag and chewing tobacco, I strongly object to them.

Riding is my favorite occupation, therefore would like to correspond with a rancher. I have been brought up on a farm, so know how to work. I can keep house fine, and do a little outside work if needed. I should like to correspond with "Lonely Homesteader" and "Bashful Boy," if they will write first. "Justasiam."

Post Cards Wanted.

Melfort, Sask., Aug. 7, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your paper for some time and find the correspondence column very interesting and amusing and have decided to join your circle.

I am 17 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, have dark brown hair and eyes, am fond of all outdoor sports; also like reading, music and dancing. I am of a loving, cheerful disposition.

Although I am not one of those on the matrimonial list, I would like to correspond with some of the Western lads just for pastime as I think it is a fine way of getting acquainted. Would like to hear from "College Kid" in the April number if he would write first, as I am rather shy. Will gladly answer all letters or exchange postcards with anyone.

"Lady of the Lake."

Thelma is Sympathetic.

Melville, Sask., Aug. 10, 1909.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your very valuable paper, I read it every month and am going to subscribe for it. I think some of the letters in it very amusing.

I live on a farm and like it fine, but do not like the wolves as they always come so near. The bluffs are very pretty but what are bluffs or anything else if the home is not happy. So many young men think if they can appear in company with a smile on their faces they are all right. I think boys and girls should be more loving, gentle and kind at home than elsewhere, as one only goes through life once, and why not be kind and loving to every one if they deserve it? I often feel sorry for the Western bachelors and think they deserve credit for staying on their homsteads and also think it must be terrible to be sick when they are alone. Well, I will close, hoping to hear from some of the lonely bachelors, and will answer all letters promptly. Wishing the paper and members every success I will sign myself, "Thelma."

A Letter From Old England.

England, August 9, 1909.

Editor.—Some time since a friend lent me some old numbers of the Western Home Monthly and I was very interested in the correspondence column. If you still continue that column, would you be so kind as to print my letter, and I should be glad of some Canadian correspondents. I am thinking of emigrating and would be glad to know all I can of the people and conditions of life in Canada. I am 22 years of age and thoroughly domesticated, fair, and of a merry disposition. "Sweet Briar."

A Letter From Sunshine.

Manitoba, Aug. 19, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time, which, I must say, I have enjoyed very much, especially the correspondence columns, as they are very interesting. I am a farmer's daughter and like farm life very much. I do not have to work out of doors. Why is it that so many men expect their wives to help them do their work? I think that a woman has enough to do if she does her house work as it should be done. If a woman works out doors, she certainly must neglect her household duties, although it is a woman's place to do all in her power to make her husband's life happy, and a man should try and do the same. How much happier you both would be!

For there's a heart for every one
If every one could find it;
Then up and seek, e'er youth is gone,
Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it;
For if you chance to meet at last
With that one heart, intended
To be a blessing unsurpassed,
Till life itself is ended,
How would you prize the labor done,
How grieve if you resigned it;
For there's a heart for every one!

Two hearts are made, the angels say,
To suit each other dearly;
But each one takes a different way,—
A way not found so clearly!
Yet though we seek, and seek for years,
The pains are worth the taking.
For what the life of home endears
Like hearts of angel's making?
Then haste, and guard the treasure now,
When fondly you've enshrined it,
For there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it.

Wishing your paper every success, and hoping this letter will escape the waste paper basket, I will ring off for this time. "Sunshine."

A Sensible Letter.

Winnipeg, August 1, 1909.

Editor.—Having read the correspondence in your paper with great interest, I thought I should like to correspond and state my case also. I will first describe myself. I am English, just one year from the Old Country. Am 40 years of age, but some say I look 35; height 5 feet, slightly and symetrically built. Complexion clear but dark, eyes dark brown. Nose roman, or sort of Roman; mouth small; hair dark and abundant. Face round with good and kind expression. Even tempered, but can hold my own if driven to it. I am kind, gentle, sympathetic, with refined taste and manner; large reflection and common sense; tender hearted and affectionate, and fond of any kind of animal. Fairly domesticated and clever needlewoman. I can make all my own clothes and trim my own hats.

Now, sir, I will confide the secret you have already guessed. I am quite alone in the world and sometimes think I should like a nice, kind husband, the best man in Canada. He must be a good, kind, sympathetic, conscientious Christian man, strictly upright in all his dealings, living to please God and at peace with man. Must be refined, fairly educated and in comfortable circumstances, a member of any branch of the church of Christ, holding sound Bible truths. My own views are very broad, but very sound. I do not want to correspond with any one unless he is in earnest and comes up to the standard I have set up. I am sure, sir, if you think this worth publishing you will also furnish my address to any enquirer. Hoping you will be able to find space in your columns for this, I remain, "Last Rose of Summer."

Not So Very Shy.

Saskatoon, August 27, 1909.

Editor.—On taking up your paper while visiting at a friend's we became very interested in the correspondence columns. We are sorry to see there is a blushing, lonely bachelor in Saska-

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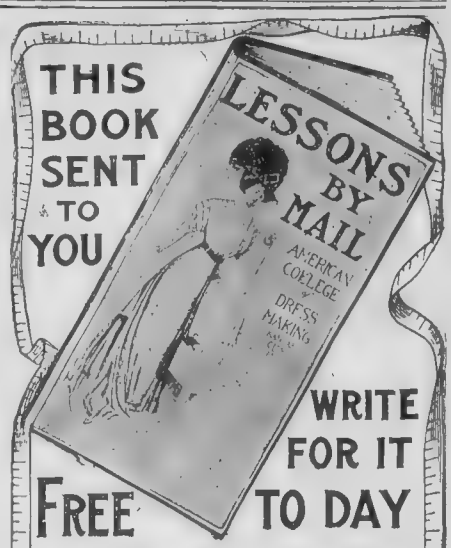

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toon who signed himself "Saskatoon Turnip." What we know ourselves about Saskatoon bachelors, we don't think they are very blushing. We would very much like to hear from the person who calls himself "Jethro," also "Handy Andy," and any of the boys and girls if they will write first, as we are shy and quiet. We thought "Rugby's" letter was just swell as we, too, like good sensible reading. We won't give any description of ourselves as we are considered better looking in the dark. Of course, you cannot expect us to write very much as we are trembling and shaking at the thought of writing, seeing we are not used to it. I suppose we had better conclude or maybe you will say, like the rest of the people who know us, that we are not so very shy. Wishing your paper every success.

"Two Shy Lassies of Saskatoon."

Another Lonely Biped.

Saskatchewan, Aug. 27, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for some time and I like it first-rate. I enjoy reading the correspondence columns for it cheers up a lonely bachelor.

Well, as all the rest give a description of themselves I will follow suit. I am 25 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weigh 160 pounds, have dark hair, blue eyes, and am very jolly and full of fun, and not too bad looking. I can play the violin and organ and like dancing and all kinds of sport. Now, won't some of the fairer sex take pity on a lonely bachelor and write first, as I am a little shy. My address will be with the editor. Hoping this will escape the waste paper basket and wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself "Pine Ape Pete."

Wandering Pilot Waxes Eloquent.

Saskatchewan, June 14, 1909.

Editor.—Since reading the June issue of the Western Home Monthly in which so many good sensible letters appeared in your correspondence columns, I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to your interesting and beneficial circle.

I wonder how many young girls after reading the kind advice written by "A Young Wife and Mother" really realize their situation if they were among the many would-be matrimonialists. Surely such a letter would be a credit to a page in any paper, as far too many correspondents become too intimate in their letter writing without stopping to consider the grave situation that may be before them. If they begin with the sole intention of making personal acquaintanceship before placing themselves under any obligations it is all right, but otherwise it is all wrong, as they may be laboring under a wrong impression for it is an understood fact that character cannot always be judged through correspondence.

Now, girls, I hope that my writing has not led you to believe that I am married. I am still enjoying the pleasures of single blessedness and will correspond with any of the young lady members who will write first just for the sake of pleasure and pastime and what may follow. My address is with the editor.

I would like to express my thoughts on the new, original and interesting subject opened up by "A Calgary Sufferer," but will leave a chance for some of your clever readers as I have already encroached on too much of your valuable space. Best wishes for continued success from

"Wandering Pilot."

A Voice From Ontario.

Ontario, August 2, 1909.

Editor.—I am coming again to your columns and hope this letter will have better luck than the former, which must have visited the waste paper basket. I did not see it in print. It is raining out of doors and as I was rather lonesome, I thought I would call here a few minutes this evening and have a chat with some of my friends, eh? Some of the letters are very interesting to me, telling as they do, of the writers field of labor and their experiences. As for me, I have lived in the country all my life except about three years which I spent in town attending school. Some prefer the town to the quiet country, but I like it best as it is: my home in the country and able to visit the town when I wish. I am an Ontario farmer's daughter, living on a large farm, where there is lots of work to be done, though I generally try to steal an hour or so during the day in which to practice my music-lesson.

Perhaps some one would like to know what kind of person it is who is penning these lines, but I do not think I will stop to tell you here, but all those who care to write to me shall know "what a cheerful, sunny disposition I have and what a good little girl I am."

I think there are some fine young men in the West and these columns have been favored with some very interesting letters from many of them. Now, I would like very much to hear from some of the Western boys or any others, anywhere, and I promise all letters received a prompt answer. I am very fond of letter-wrting and most of my spare time is spent in that way except when I am studying music.

Perhaps I had better bid you all good-night now, and leave room for some one else. "A Diamond."

A Critical Correspondent.

Marquis, Sask., Aug. 25, 1909.

Editor.—I have often read the correspondence column in your very interesting paper but so far have had no desire to correspond with any of the ladies who write such gushing letters for the perusal of the bachelors.

In comparing these letters, one finds a distinct aim at the ideal and the manner in which some of them express themselves is, to say the least of it, ludicrous. The ordinary bachelor with his everyday faults, the majority of which are the outcome of bachelorhood and would become extinct if comfortably settled with a wife, is totally beneath them. Fancy a girl saying that her man must not smoke, drink, swear or chew. Who ever heard of such rot, such silly sentiments?

I am an Englishman, 30 years old, and have travelled round the world and have naturally met all classes of men, and I beg to inform your lady correspondents most emphatically that in the majority of cases where men have these vices more or less the finest specimens are to be met with. Men who are honest, generous to a fault, ever ready to put themselves out for others, and last but by no means least, courteous to the weaker sex. How often one hears of a man who is heard to use bad language or seen somewhat the worse for drink put down as a low blackguard. Why, Mr. Editor, all these vices are but an incrustation! The real man is seldom seen and only a good woman's influence can break through this incrustation and bring the man out to show himself as he naturally is. We hear again of girls who have set themselves this task, failed miserably and have lead a most unhappy life afterward. Admitted; but do we not find the same result with those who have mated with men who have none of these so-called vices? I venture to say that there is very little difference if the averages are compared. If some of the ladies would speak a little more to the man himself and cease throwing his faults at him, I think it would show a little more womanly feeling and bring much more comfort and pleasure in this lonely and at times, miserable life led here in the West. Please accept my apologies, Mr. Editor, for using so much of your valuable space. Delighted to answer any lady who cares to write.

"Common Sense."

An Eastern Correspondent.

Ontario, August 2nd, 1909.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper but have had the pleasure of reading it a few times. I am deeply interested in the correspondence column and would enjoy receiving letters from some Western bachelors. If any care to correspond they will find my address with the editor. As for giving a description of myself, I will leave it till some future date. Kindy forwardly forward enclosed letter to "American Boy," whose letter appeared in the December number. "Rosebud."

From the Land of the Shamrock.

Dublin, Ireland, July, 6 1909.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber, I am a very interested reader of your magazine. I get it from a friend. I will be pleased to exchange picture postcards or letters with any of the boys or girls who care to write to the Old Country. I will not take up your valuable space in describing myself as I think it will be sufficient to say all Irish girls are lovely. Please forward enclosed letter No. 1 to "Fatty Jim," Sask.; No. 2 to "Royal Homesteader," Viscount, Sask., in March issue; and No. 3 to "A Lone Star," Fraser River, B. C., also March issue. Thanking you in return. "An Irish Colleen."

A Nice Letter.

Cupar, Sask., Aug. 21, 1909.

Editor.—Having read your paper for the last two years, I thought I would join in the fun of the correspondence columns which I enjoy reading very much. Some of the letters are very sensible, while others are just the reverse. As every one gives a description of themselves I will follow suit. I am about 5 feet 8 inches tall, weight 125 pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes. I am not what anyone would call pretty but would pass in a big crowd. I am an English girl, 18 years old. I have been in this country five years so I know the ways fairly well. I came out here with my people. My father and brother took up homesteads when they came out and I kept house for them for two years. I am not afraid of work and would help the right one do chores when he comes in from a hard day's work in the field. I can ride horseback, hitch up a horse and drive, and can milk cows. I am very fond of music but cannot play any instrument. I like dancing and skating. I am looking for a nice young gentleman not more than 23 years old; he must be about 5 feet 10 inches tall, must not chew tobacco or drink, but I would not mind him smoking once in a while. I would like to correspond with "Marshmallow" in your February number or any other young man if he will wite first. Anyone wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the editor, whose paper I wish every success. Hoping this escapes the waste paper basket, I will sign myself,

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The Rev. G. C. H. Hasskarl, Ph.D., Pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Summit Hill, Pa., U.S.A. in a letter to Prof. Roxroy, says: "You are certainly the greatest specialist and master of your profession. Everyone consulting you will marvel at the correctness of your detailed personal readings and advice. The most sceptical will consult you again and again after corresponding with you once."

If you wish to take advantage of Roxroy's generous offer and obtain a free reading, send your place and date of birth, state your sex, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:—

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Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a postcard. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Problem of Behavior.

The prize problem for this month is found below. Answers must be in by first day of next month. The prize will be a book to the successful correspondent. We invite problems from those interested.

A young Welsh miner and his fiancee are living a rough and godless life, and are in deep poverty. Both are converted in a revival. The young miner immediately shows signs of great power in preaching.

In a short time he goes to a theological college, where he is thoroughly trained.

On leaving college he is a most eloquent and powerful preacher, and is sought after by the chief vacant churches of his denomination. His fiancee meanwhile has received no education whatever, and is quite unsuitable to be his wife.

He feels this keenly, and has lost his love for her.

Yet she still clings to him, and expects him to marry her soon.

What must he do?

The Winner of the July Problem.

The problem in July was as follows: Mrs. Gray writes Mrs. Bell to visit her in the country for a week. She does not include in the invitation the daughter Lucy who is an only child of ten years and spoiled. Mrs. Bell, in accepting the invitation, begs that Lucy be allowed to come. She will be no trouble. Yet Mrs. Gray is afraid of Lucy's influence over her own children. What should she do?

The winner is Mrs. Matheson, Nova Scotia, who gives the following answer:

"An only child is generally more or less spoiled. Mrs. Bell may not like the idea of leaving her little daughter to the care of others during her visit to Mrs. Gray. The companionship of well behaved children may have a good effect upon Lucy, and I think Mrs. Gray should try the experiment—it may turn out much better than she thinks for."

Among the other answers are the following:—

"Immediately upon hearing Mrs. Bell's appeal that Lucy be allowed to come, Mrs. Gray sends her children to visit their aunt in the city. She then writes Mrs. Bell to bring Lucy with her by all means."

"I think that Mrs. Gray should write Mrs. Bell, saying that she would be delighted to have Lucy's company, but that she was afraid that the child would be lonely, as her children and their governess were preparing to spend a long promised vacation at the seaside."

"I would suggest that if Mrs. Gray is afraid of Lucy's influence over her children that she should send them to her mother's for a week's holiday while Mrs. Bell is visiting her."

Softening Steel.

How do you soften steel?—J. B. Elkhorn.

Heat to a full red for a few minutes; let it gradually cool till it turns black, then quench in warm water.

The Rotating Wheel.

Which turns faster, the top or the bottom of a wagon wheel?—E. K., Manitou.

A rotating wheel of any sort turns about its centre and all parts of the rim move with equal velocity. Otherwise the wheel would fly apart. But if an eye were on the surface just by the side of the rim of the wheel as it turns to the eye, a point of the rim would seem to come down toward it and come to rest by the side of the eye. Instantly that point would move again and rise up into the air to the top of the wheel. As a matter of fact, the wheel has both motions. Viewed as a rotating wheel, all its points rotate equally. Viewed as a body moving forward, there is always a point at rest and others parts moving more or less rapidly.

Cleaning Copper.

I have some fine copper gas fixtures which have been finished with a bright thin coating called antique finish. This coating or polish has been destroyed to some extent by flies and other agencies. I would like to know of a process for restoring this polish to its original condition.—E. Y., Saskatoon.

Thoroughly clean the fixtures with benzine if necessary, and polish with any one of the usual polishes on the market. Then lacquer with the best quality of lacquer to be had, applying it in a thin coat with a soft brush.

Red Nose.

How can I cure a red nose?—W. E., Carman.

A cure for this trouble is very necessary, and, as it is merely a question of circulation, it is very easily remedied. The nose and the surrounding part of the face should be gently rubbed night and morning with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the glands and promote a healthful action of the skin. Do not wear tight clothing of any kind.

Freckles and Sunburn.

Give a recipe for chasing away freckles and sunburn.—D. H., Winnipeg.

You will find that a lotion consisting of ten grains of borax, two ounces of lime water and two ounces of almond oil will entirely remove the tan and sunburn. Try the following paste to remove your freckles: Add as much peroxide to an ounce of lanoline as the melted fat will absorb. Once or twice a week wash your face in water to which has been added a little borax and lemon juice.

Ugly hands and Nails.

How do you keep hands and nails in good form?—W. E., Souris.

An excellent lotion for keeping the hands soft and smooth is made of eight ounces of rosewater, one ounce of pulverized borax, one ounce of glycerine and one drachm of tincture of benzoin. Have your druggist put this up for you. Wear loose white cotton gloves when doing housework, and rubber ones when it is necessary to put the hands in water. Wash your hands several times a day in "oatmeal water." Rub the meal into your hands, allowing it to form sort of paste, then rinse off in first warm, then cold water, rubbing in the lotion mentioned above. Pinch the finger tips of one hand with the thumb and forefinger of the other (alternately). This will make the fingers taper at the ends. Take good care of your nails, keeping the cuticle well pressed back so the moons on your nails show, and always file the nails, as cutting makes them tough. Always file the nails the shape of the fingers. Soak the hands in warm water before pressing back the cuticle.

Cleaning Paint.

Kindly give a recipe for cleaning paint or varnish, so that the dirt will be removed but the paint not injured. Will this same recipe serve for cleaning rugs?—W. W., West Selkirk.

To clean paint, provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had; have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to to it, and apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which, wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap and does not require more than half the time and labor. To clean paint, take 1 ounce pulverized borax, 1 pound small pieces best brown soap, and 3 quarts water; let simmer till the soap is dissolved, stirring frequently. Do not let it boil. Use with a piece of old flannel, and rinse off as soon as the paint is clean. This mixture is also good for washing clothes. This would probably answer for cleaning rugs.

Scratched Furniture.

How can you remove a scratch from the top of an oak table?—M. R., Reston.

If the scratch is only a slight, superficial one, it can usually be removed by rubbing with a rag soaked with crude oil. If a deep scratch, it will be best to rub down the whole top of the table with powdered pumice and crude oil, and then revarnish.

Will it Sink?

If a vessel sinks in five miles of water will she go to the bottom? If not, why? I think she will; the others think not.—M. A. N., St. Vital.

If a vessel begins to sink, it must continue to sink till it reaches the bottom. If it is compressed by the pressure of the water as it goes down deeper and deeper, it becomes still heavier with reference to the water than it was at the surface, and at the surface it was heavy enough to sink. At greater depths it will be able to sink faster, since the water is not compressed to any extent at greater depths than it is near the surface. If anything can sink at all in water, it will go to the bottom before it stops.

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Temperance Talk.

Environment.

A lily grew in a garden far
From the dust of the city street;
It had no dream that the universe
Held aught less pure and sweet
Than its virgin self; so chaste was it,
So perfect its retreat.

When night came down the lily looked
In the face of the stars and smiled;
Then went to sleep—to the sleep of death—
As the soul of a little child
Goes back to the clasp of the Father-soul
Untouched and undefiled.

A lily bloomed on the highway close
To the tread of the sweeping throng;
It bore the gaze of a hundred eyes
Where burned the flame of wrong;
And one came by who tore its heart
With a ruthless hand and strong.

It caught no glimpse of a garden fair
It knew no other name
For a world that used and bruised it so
Than a world of sin and shame:
And hopeless, crushed its spirit passed
As the evening shadows came.

And who can say but the sheltered one
A sullied flower had been
Had its home been out on the highway close
To the path of shame and sin?
And the other forever angel-white
Had it blossomed safe within?

Elizabeth Gallup Perkins.

Cigarettes.

The London "Lancet," one of the most reliable medical journals published in the English language, has recently stated that the most deleterious product in the combustion of tobacco is carbon monoxide, which is the deadly constituent of water gas, and is present in comparatively large quantities in tobacco smoke. This is the poison that is responsible for the utter demoralization of that unhappy individual who has come to be known as the cigarette fiend, whose pale face, shattered nerves and hopeless position in the community is recognized as applying to many of our American youth, whose opportunity for usefulness and happiness has passed away.

'Experiments have demonstrated that this poisonous gas is taken up by the blood when tobacco is inhaled.

A few years ago it was the privilege of the writer of this article to render some service in connection with the administration of the public school system of this city. During the period covered by that service several of the principals complained of a condition that it was difficult for them to understand. Boys of ten, twelve and fourteen years of age, naturally bright, were observed to be losing the power of concentration and application of the mind. Nervousness, listlessness and a tendency to truancy were associated with the names of nearly every one of them. It was found that nearly all the incorrigible truants were cigarette fiends; that is to say, they were almost hopelessly addicted to the inhaling habit. Their nerves were shattered, and the value of public school instruction was greatly lessened in their cases. Further investigation disclosed the fact that very many of these boys stole money from their parents or sold all sorts of articles that they could lay their hands on, in order that they could gratify an appetite that bred on its own indulgence.

'Parents should inform their boys the danger attending the indulgence i this habit before they are likely to contract it, forbid it, and should, in my opinion, visit condign punishment on those who offend against this parental law.

'The city of Chicago, I have been informed, has an organization of business men numbering several thousands, pledged not to give employment to any boy or man who smokes cigarettes, or who has the inhaling habit. There should be such an organization in every city and town in the United States in order that our boys may have the chance at success that God Almighty intended they should have.'

They Should Wake Up.

The saloon men should not be living in the land of yesterday. The good old times are gone: they are living now under a cold sky and with many citizens who are at no pains to conceal their aversion to the traffic. Time was when they laughed at temperance "crank,s" but we venture to say that surprise, and betimes indignation, stifle any of their attempts at merriment. Their indignation, by the way, may dupe the feeble-minded, but to the normal a saloon-keeper, angry because efforts are made to destroy one of the greatest menaces to happiness, is a pitable and thought-confusing spectacle. He should thank any man from trying to save him from the awful fate of spending his days behind a bar. As, however, he is disposed to think that the saloon is not execrated, save in certain quarters, some of our principle societies close the door of membership against him. Upon him they frown in sorrow and anger, and give him no place in their halls. This fact should cause him to decide that liquor-selling, even when productive of fine houses and bank-stocks, is too costly a business when it entails ostracism from Catholic gatherings, and the contempt of their brethren. Close the bar and do something to be proud of. Make anything that is not wet with tears. Use brawn and brains other than to fashion human derelicts.

The Ideal Saloon Keeper.

The ideal saloon-keeper, an upright, honorable, conscientious man, will never sell liquor to an habitual drunkard or to a person who has already been drinking and whom another draught will intoxicate; he will never permit minors, boys or girls, to cross his threshold; he will not suffer around his counter indecent or profane language;he will not violate law and the precious traditions of the country by selling on Sunday; he will never drug his liquor, and will never take from his patrons more than the legitimate market value of the fluid. Upon these conditions being observed, I will not say that liquor-selling is a moral wrong. The ideal saloon-keeper is possible; perhaps you have met him during your life-time; maybe Diogenes, lamp in hand, searching through our American cities would discover him, before wearying marches should have compelled him to abandon the search. I have at present before my mind the saloon as it usually now-a-days exhibits itself, down in an underground cellar, away from the light of the sun, or, if it does open its doors to the sidewalk, seeking with painted windows and rows of lattice-work to hide its traffic from public gaze as if ashamed of itself of the nefariousness of its practices. The keeper has one set purpose—to roll in dimes and dollars, heedless whether lives are wrecked and souls damned. The hopeless inebriate and the yet innocent boy receives the glass from his hand. He resorts to tricks and devices to draw customers to stimulate their appetite for drink. Sunday as on Monday, during night as during day, he is at work to fill his victims with alcohol, and his till with silver and gold. This is his ambition; and I am willing to pay him the compliment that he executes well his double task.—Archbishop Ireland.

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Music and the Drama.

Art is not confined within geographical limits. No one country has a monopoly of the supply of the world's great artists in music, painting or literature. North and south, east and west have each contributed their quota, and Canada, the youngest nation of them all has not been lacking in her representation among these great ones of the world. We have been especially fortunate in our Canadian singers. Latest, and one of the highest among these in power, temperament, purity of tone, perfection of method and unusual vocal range is Miss Edith Z. Miller who has recently been touring this country in concert work. Miss Miller was born at Portage la Prairie and began her musical training in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, afterwards studying under the two foremost exponents of voice culture in Europe, Madam Marchesi and Sir Paolo Tosti.

Returning to Canada to make her debut, Miss Miller was at once hailed as a new star in the firmament of music, and after a series of successful appearances here, she went back to Europe to duplicate her triumphs there. At a concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at which the King was present, His Majesty sent for Miss Miller and personally complimented her, not only upon that performance but upon the recognition she had won among the great singers and musical authorities of London. The same season Miss Miller gave a concert under the patronage of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, at which were present also the Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig Holstein, the Earl and Countess of Minto, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and Lord and Lady Strathcona. The critics throughout the entire United Kingdom and afterwards in the continental capitals were warm in her praise, accepting her as one of the great artists of this new generation.

Miss Miller's voice is of that rare sort which includes full utterance of the deepest contralto tones as well as the high notes of a dramatic soprano. It is called contralto, but in reality it is mezzo, rich in feeling and capable of the most delicate shades of meaning; and her control is of that absolute kind which seems unconscious of itself.

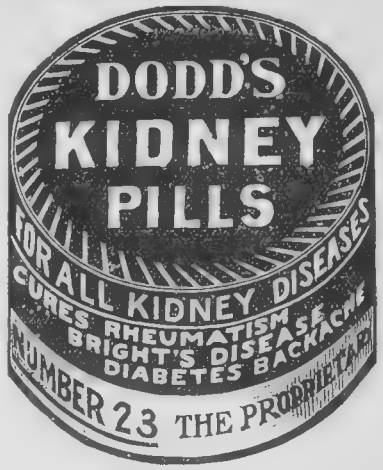
One of Miss Miller's most pronounced characteristics is her loyalty to her native land. On the continent, in the United States or at home, she is invariably billed as the "Canadian contralto" and always her preference is for things "made in Canada." This preference extends even to her choice of a piano, for Miss Miller uses one of the best-known Canadian instruments at all her concerts, declaring that for brilliancy of execution and the mellow richness and sympathetic, singing quality of tone so necessary to successful accompaniments, no piano can compare with this product of a little town in Ontario.

MISS EDITH MILLER.

Among the bookings for the Walker Theatre for the early part of September are Victor Morre, in George Cohan's clever musical play, "The Talk of New York"; Chauncey Olcott, the sweet singer and comedian in a delightful Irish play; "Paid in Full," Eugene Walter's powerful drama which scored so heavily here last season.

The Winnipeg theatre will remain closed for another fortnight, opening Labor day with Corinne, the noted comic opera star and danseuse, in "Mlle Mischief." Following that, Clyde Fitch's clever comedy, "Girls" will be seen.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.



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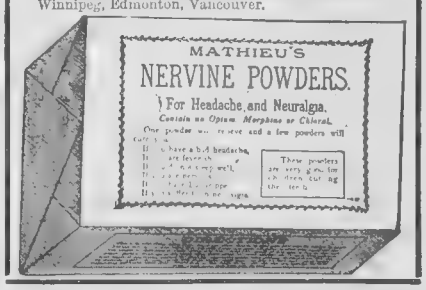

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain ditricts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fify acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Stovel's Wall Map of Western Canada size 32 x 46 showing Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba on one side, the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces on reverse side; printed in 5 colors; price $2.50. Address, The Stovel Co. Winnipeg.

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Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all **Insects.** No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try **This.**" We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill **1,000,000 bugs.** Leaves no **stain, dust, dirt** or disagreeable **smell.** Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and drug trade $1 per dozen.)
DOMESTIC MFG CO., Desk W.H. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

Current Comment.

The Selkirk Centennial.

The committee in charge of the exhibition report favorable progress. It is becoming that everbody in Western Canada should join hands in furthering the project. The occupation of the Red River Valley by the early Scotch settlers is worthy of remembrance. It will do us good to see what a hundred years has meant for the West and for the world. Perhaps the contrast is brought out in the most forcible manner by recalling to mind the social conditions in Great Britain one hundred years ago.

The population was then about fourteen millions. About one million were at war, for war was a common condition in all European states. The wages of unskilled laborers were 11 to 15 shillings a week and of skilled laborers from 22 to 25 shillings. The power loom was just taking the place of the hand loom, thus reducing the earnings of weavers by one-half. There was a high protection tariff in force, so that landlords and farmers were growing wealthy. Wheat had risen from 47 shillings a quarter in 1792 to 180 shillings in 1801. The law-makers were the land-owners and the working classes had no power in legislation. All laws were made for the benefit of the grower rather than to help the consumer. Many lived on short allowance. Many died from starvation. Bread in Glasgow was not sold until it was twenty-four hours out of the oven. This was to save crumbs. The annual expenditure in 1800 was 20 million pounds, and in 1815 was 107 million pounds. So much for war. Everything was taxed. As an illustration the tax on salt was 40 times the value of the article. The hanging of criminals was common. Over 200 offences were punishable by death. The doctrine preached and practised by the judges was that a felon cannot reform. The heads of decapitated criminals were publicly exposed. The prisons were loathsome. The jailors were inhuman. No provision was made for separation of sexes and those of different ages. London had a population of a million. There was no gas, but only occasional lamps. There was no sufficient standing army and navy, but press-gangs were to be found in every port. Disease was frightfully common and the practice of medicine was very crude. Only 2600 were killed by bullets in the Crimean war, but 18,500 died in the hospital or from wounds. Slavery was common throughout Europe, and it was not yet forbidden in the English colonies. Women and children worked in the coal pits and in the factories, and there were no laws to govern hours of labor. Many children worked from 13 to 15 hours daily and were then flogged for going to sleep at their work or at their Sunday devotions. Travel was by stage coach and by sailing vessels. There was no common language but a series of dialects. Laborers were forced to accept a fixed wage and combinations were forbidden. Intoxication among the better classes was common. The proof of manliness was ability to drink companions dead drunk. Profanity was common. Even preachers swore in order to be emphatic. Forty per cent. of the men and sixty per cent. of the women were unable to write their own names. Sanitary conditions were frightful. The streets were filthy. In 1800 one in forty-eight of the people died. In 1820 the rate was one in fifty-seven.

These facts and figures give some indication of life a hundred years ago. When the world makes its showing in 1912 and the West puts forth its best effort what a change there will be! Yet we must be honest. The world has been growing better but there are many wrongs yet to be righted. If we are in earnest, however, we can present in 1912 such results that by comparison with 1812 we need not be ashamed.

A Time of Change.

It seems to be a time when all the nations are wanting a change of leadership. Germany has just changed Buelow for Bethmann-Hallweg, a clos personal friend of the Emperor, and a comparatively unknown quality in politics; Clemenceau, the able leader of the French Chamber of Deputies, has for a time at least resigned the office; the new Sultan is now fairly seated in his chair and is planning for such a tour as will make him known to other European powers; the Nationalists of Persia have deposed the Shah, who will seek refuge in a Russian Palace; in Britain it is just a question whether the government will carry through its policy; and in the United States although it is known which party controls the affairs of the nation, it is not absolutely certain who controls or truly represents that party. In our own country it is resting time for those in political control, but there are evidences of unrest. Probably Mr. Pugsley expresses the sentiments of the government as to a naval policy, but it is more than likely he is speaking his own views, and that other members of the cabinet are not of like mind.

With regard to the changes in Turkey and Persia there will be but one opinion entertained by Canadians. Anything that looks to democratic government,—government by those really and vitally concerned with the country's welfare—will be endorsed by our people. Whether the Young Turks and the Nationalists of Persia are wise or unwise they will at least have the good wishes of Canadians in their attempts to establish constitutional government. The new German chancellor will be watched with unusual interest because he will probably represent more truly than his predecessor the mind of the Emperor. As for France, no one need feel alarmed. The change is one of men, not of policies.

Somewhat Inconsistent.

One of the most sensible utterances of late has been that of President Taft at the Champlain Tercentenary when he said, speaking of Canada: "They cannot have a prosperity that we cannot and must not share, and we cannot have a prosperity that they will not derive benefit from. Therefore each may look to the growth of the other with entire complacency and an earnest desire that the ideals and ambitions they have formed may be carried to fruition. I am glad to feel that these celebrations are a permanent step forward in bringing about that union of feeling, sentiment and neighborship that ought to be encouraged between these two great powers on the North American continent." Yet it is strange that in face of this declaration, Mr. Taft's government is doing its best to erect a barrier between the two nations that interferes with the progress of both and that tends to do anything but develop the spirit of unity. Nor is our own government much better, but such is life.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Lord Strathcona's Visit.

In regard to the holding of the seventy-ninth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in Winnipeg, it is difficult, indeed, to write anything new, after the multitudinous things that have been written about it on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the most striking things in connection with that great assemblage of scientists was the presence of Lord Strathcona, who crossed the Atlantic to be present at so notable a congress in what is now one of the world's important cities, but which he knew, in mature middle life, as the site of a trading post with a vast wilderness stretching away from it, tenanted only by the Indians and buffaloes. A land which he knew when it was the Great Lone Land, which the traveller traversed by means of the canoe in summer and the dog train in winter, he has revisited in his vigorous old age, blest as he is with the length of days beyond what is usually granted to mankind, to find it covered with an ever-growing network of railways and fields of waving grain. Few pages of romance contain anything to match the life-story of the poor Scotch boy, Donald Smith, who is today Lord Strathcona. We can imagine with what thoughts he gazed last week at that relic of the past, Fort Garry gate, standing in its little park in Winnipeg, where, two score years ago, at a crisis in the Empire's history as well as in his own, he stood for hours in the open air, one winter day, negotiating with the head men of the Riel rebellion until his feet were frozen! What a satisfaction it must be to him to look back over the part he played in the history and development of Western Canada and to see fulfilled the forecast he made so many years ago!

Western Canada's Northland.

A well-illustrated report for public distribution has just been issued by the Railway Lands Branch of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, giving an interesting account of exploration work being done in Western Canada's northland during the season of 1908. The territory covered by the explorers is a part of the Dominion in regard to which information has hitherto been difficult to obtain. It includes that portion of Saskatchewan north of Prince Albert as far as Churchill River and extending from Montreal Lake and Lake La Ronge on the east to Green Lake and connecting waters as far north as Portage La Loche on the west. Recent finds of gold and other minerals at Lake La Ronge and northward make this report of special interest and value to those who prefer treasure-hunting to the surer work of developing the fertility of the soil. The report shows that much of the land is suitable for mixed farming, as soon as it is made accessible by roads, and the area of available fertile land can be immensely increased by an inexpensive system of drainage. In a prominent place in the report is given the opinion of Professor John Macoun, the eminent naturalist of the Dominion Geological Survey, who is an unquestioned authority. He declares that there can be no question of the value of the land north of the Saskatchewan, and he is convinced that settlers going in there are assured of three essentials—food, water and hay for cattle. The low altitude and the long days are fixed conditions. More will be heard of Western Canada's northland.

Mr. Hill and Mr. Patten.

That notable Canadian by birth, Mr. James J. Hill, had the people of this Dominion no less than his fellow-citizens of the United States in mind when he said recently: "The price of meat is going up, and the wage-earner will have to turn to breadstuffs for his food." Advice propounded with sage and benevolent paternalism! Coincident with this benign counsel from the owner of all the trunk lines in the United States west of the Mississippi, Mr. Patten had this to say: "My personal property, eh? Well, you can put it down at double what it was last year, and never mind the figures." In this glib fashion did the Wheat King shadow forth his huge profits from his successful cornering of the market, "not to affect the consumer," as he undertook to explain, "because that would be sinful, and I am a member of the church, but to make money only at the expense of the other speculators"—though, of course, the consumer has had to pay, as the flour mills of the continent had to raise their prices. Mr. Patten has the grace not to say, like Mr. Hill, that "now is a good time to begin practising economy." This advice of the railway magnate, coming from one of the richest men in the world, who has but to rub his Aladdin's lamp to have his genii do his will, rings with audacious sarcasm, in its assertion of the principle that the poor must accommodate their way of living to the exactions of the rich.

British Rule in India.

There is no doubt that the whole people of India have benefited to an enormous degree by the British rule of the past few decades. Even the corruption of the old company, a century ago, was as nothing compared to the corruption of the native rulers. No unbiased observer can escape the conviction that the withdrawal or expulsion of England from India would be the greatest possible disaster to the people of India.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Motor Speed Craze.

About all society can do is to assert its right to self-preservation. Men will take risks with their own lives, but they have no right to endanger the lives of others. There are those who drive in motor cars and whose tendency seems to be to take an ell where they are allowed an inch. These are enemies of the community, their pleasure a menace to the lives of pedestrians, and especially of children. The motor car affords its owner new opportunity to obtain the enjoyment that comes from the control of power, but it does not place him above the law. If he gets the idea that it does he ought to be summarily set right. It would be good for his health.—Montreal Herald.

TO THE FARMERS
READ CAREFULLY

GRAIN:—Judging from reports now being received our Western Canadian grain crop shows every prospect for a very large yield this fall Such brilliant prospects may lead many farmers to throw the bulk of their grain upon the market as soon as threshed, thinking that such a large yield will force prices down considerably. We admit that if large quantities of grain are offered for sale early it is certain to force prices down and force them far below its real value. This should not be done. We contend that an absolutely perfect grain crop throughout both Canada and the United States this year will scarcely check an increase in the world's grain shortage, much less reduce that shortage to any extent. Don't get carried away with the idea that because Canada will have a very large yield of grain that the bulk of it will have to be given away. Our largest exportable surplus is really only a drop in the bucket, and at the very outside can only have a temporary local effect in forcing prices down. For three years we have been faithfully warning farmers not to rush their grain on the market too early and those who heeded soon recognised the wisdom of our claims, and we are again trying to warn them. There is not the slighest occasion for selling grain at low prices. We claim that our wheat is worth 120 cents in store Fort William. basis 1 Northern, and it should be held for that price at the very least. Later on in the spring a considerable quantity of our grain will be selling at around 140 cents and even higher. Why do we make these assertions when there is such a magnificent crop in sight? We have been studying the world's grain condition for years (we have been in this Western grain business for nearly twenty-five years) and we find that, leaving out altogether the powerful upward tendency of speculative sentiment, the actual conditions certainly warrant even higher prices than we have had during the last three years. It is the farmer's opportunity to hold his grain until he can get a good profitable price for every bushel he possesses.

If you are in need of money, don't sell your grain but ship it to Fort William or Port Arthur and send the shipping bills to us and we will advance around half the value of the grain as soon as we receive the shipping bill. Then when the car has been inspected and weighed we are willing to advance around 80 per cent. of the value. The grain can then be held until the price reaches a good saleable point.

Like last year we cannot be too strong and positive in urging farmers to hold their grain for high prices. Where is the wisdom of selling below the dollar mark when by simply holding a few months around 20 cents per bushel more can easily be secured? Didn't it pay you last year to hold? Didn't it pay you the year before? It will pay you this year also, because conditions governing the grain market are far more favorable for high prices. Don't allow yourself to be carried away by appearances. These are the things that deceive the farmer most readily and disastrously. We have already this season advised the farmers and we are again advising them to "Hold your Wheat." Make your slogan this year:

"Hold Your Wheat for Dollar Twenty"

It will be a battlecry that will win regardless of all or any opposition,—"Hold your Wheat for Dollar Twenty."

Here is more advice, but we do not in the least mean that this statement be apprehended as throwing any bad reflection upon country grain buyers, because we do not intend it that way. Street buyers, as a rule are not very expert grain judges, and as the difference in market value between the various low grade classes of wheat ranges from four to ten cents per bushel, it is certainly only natural that they try to keep on the safe side when buying low grade wheat. They cannot afford to lose a grade, and besides the price might decline after shipment. The following illustrates what we mean: A farmer shipped two cars of low grade wheat, and the street buyer made him an offer which he did not accept. We sold these two cars for the shipper who claimed that we cleared over $350.00 above the net value of the street buyer's offered price. At that time the spread between the various low grades was practically the widest of the season. The street buyer was not to blame. He could not afford to run the risk. He quoted his price and the farmer could accept or leave alone as he wished. Now, before shipping your grain, samples should be sent to us, which we will grade and advise market value, then the shipper will be in a position to talk business with the street buyer. There is no reason whatever for farmers to accept less than Fort William prices, less commission for their grain at any time. Many farmers and grain dealers have been using the same commission firm for years to handle their grain. Suppose for a test you ship one car to us to handle and another to your regular firm giving both a specified time to sell in, but letting neither know that there is any competition on, and see which firm nets you the most for your grain, bushel for bushel. We have every confidence in our ability to handle your grain to the best advantage for your account. Country merchants buying grain should get in communication with us, that an advantageous business connection may be arranged.

Don't forget to hold your grain for high prices. Don't forget that we are experienced grain merchants and that we are open to handle all your grain for you this season, and, beyond all, don't forget that the advice we give our customers is the best and most reliable we can possibly procure through a careful analysis of the conditions governing the grain products of the world.

"Hold Your Wheat for Dollar Twenty"

It will prove profitable for you to keep in touch with us by dropping us a letter occasionally asking our opinion of the market when you have grain nearly ready to ship or sell.

It is very noticeable just now that the price of our wheat for future delivery—October and December—has been declining daily. This is the result of manipulation by large speculators in New York, Chicago and Minneapolis. These speculators do not want to buy wheat at high prices, and, therefore, just previous to the opening of a grain season, force prices down, knowing quite well that very many farmers, who need money badly, are obliged to sell, and many other farmers, who do not understand the situation, also sell through the fear that prices will be carried lower. This is exactly what these speculators want. They are after cheap wheat; and needy farmers, and many unthinking and uneducated farmers supply them yearly with many millions of bushels. Now, listen:—The grain trade here have lately been receiving reports estimating that our crop will yield around 130 to 150 million bushels of wheat. Is it not reasonable to suspect that it is only those who want lower prices that would dare foist such utter nonsense upon the public? Older grain men here are perfectly aware that our yield at the very most will not be over 110 million bushels, if harvested uninjured. Why are such misleading reports issued? They want the wheat. Therefore, keep it yourself. Don't listen to this nonsense about big yields and low prices. We would gain exceedingly little by misleading our customers, and we cannot possibly be too strong in urging farmers to hold for high prices. Don't hand your grain to a speculator that he may make millions out of your hard labor. Gather in the extra profit yourself. Is there anything we can say that will persuade you to grasp this opportunity? If there is we want to say it.

"Hold Your Wheat for Dollar Twenty"

We have said nothing in the above about oats, barley or flax, but when wheat touches high prices these other grains very seldom fail to follow. Everything advances in proportion because a good demand for wheat seems to create a good demand for these other grains. We do not want farmers to ignore the advice we are giving as it is to their own interest as well as our own to pull together and see that they get everything in it for them. This can easily be done if farmers will have all their grain handled by commission men who are well known and reliable. Become our customer and you will get the best grain advice that can be procured, and this certainly means money.

We feel that there will be many grain dealers through the country who will endeavour to ridicule these advertisements which we are publishing and paying for, but whether they mean it or not, you may be certain that it is your business and money they are after regardless of whether the result proves beneficial to you or not. Don't let wordy influence swerve you. Calmly figure out a definite position and stick to it.

REMEMBER THE SLOGAN:

"Hold Your Wheat for Dollar Twenty"

McBEAN BROS.

AUGUST 12, 1909

600 GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

Pluck versus Luck.

We have no faith in luck. We have infinite faith in pluck. Labor is luck if joined with pluck and steady aim brings down the game. Lucky days, lucky numbers, lucky cards, lucky people and lucky circumstance all belong to the science of Fool-ology. There is a reason for everything. Cause and effect are universal in their application. Only weak men believe in luck. All men believe in pluck. The man who worships luck worships a laughing god. As Sir Frederick Treves once said to the students at the Aberdeen University: "The man who is content to wait for a stroke of good fortune will probably wait until he has a stroke of paralysis."

Keep your Mind Young.

Edward Everet Hale has just passed over the line into the invisible at eighty-seven. Theo. L. Cuyler, dear old soul, passed away at eighty-eight. General Booth of the Salvation Army has passed the eightieth milestone and is doing the best work of his life. Soon we will hear of our great men living to be one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty. Everything depends on a clean life and a youthful mind. Keep your mind young. The *"Brethren Evangelist"* remarks:—

"Susan B. Anthony died some years ago at the age of eighty-six. While not agreeing with all she advocated, yet for sixty years this "splendid old maid" fought with fiercest energy for the rights and privileges of her sex, forever putting at rest the saying that old maids are out of place in our civilization.

"But the lesson of her life, aside from her public work, is the care she took of her bodily health and the hopeful spirit she carried to her grave. Up to a time within a year of her death she never walked upstairs. *She always ran upstairs.* This is the testimony of her relatives and friends. To do that at her age meant a strong body and youthful mind. Miss Anthony gave attention to her health, but above all else she was careful to keep her *mind young.* And herein is the secret of happy old age."

Rubs, Drubs and Snubs.

Never imagine that you are an exception. There are nights when the King cannot sleep. There are days when the President cannot toil. There are days when the millionaire wishes that money had never been created. There are moments when the famous man wishes that human recognition were an impossibility. "Rubs, Snubs and Drubs" enter into the experience of all. No man is trouble proof. No man is care-free. No man is an exception. A writer for the *"Christian Intelligencer"* says:—

"Rubs and drubs and snubs make the man." We have to learn obedience by the things which we suffer, as even Jesus did. "No mill no meal, no sweat no sweet, no pain no palm, no thorn no throne, no cross no crown." Perspiration goes with aspiration. Everything depends on the handle by which we take our tribulations. It is very easy to get worse under the rod. The same sun that softens the wax hardens the clay; the same heat that draws perfume from the flower brings foul odor from the dung-hill. Affliction may be looked on as "the shadow of God's wings," wings that brood over us in tenderest affection, or as the shadow of a thunder cloud laden with destruction."

One by One.

The days come—one by one. Visitors drop in —one by one. Duties present themselves—one by one. Emergencies arise—one by one. Opportunities arrive—one by one. You are not held responsible for the conduct of the universe. What you are responsible for is expressed in the old proverb, "Do the Next Thing." You may not be able to visit all your friends and neighbors—but how do you treat those who visit you. Just a little kindness crowded into every day means a glorious reputation for you, by and by, and a memory sweet with the richest perfume. An English writer says concerning the grand old man, William E. Gladstone: "When prime minister for the last time he brought an old coachman up to London for medical treatment, and, having found suitable quarters, charged his physician to send him word should a crisis come. The end came at an hour when Mr. Gladstone was in an important discussion with Sir Willima Harcourt. In that hour the premier dropped everything, and, hurrying to another part of the city, lent his old servant comfort as he passed down into the dark valley, and even while the prime minister of England was praying to that God who is Lord of death and life alike, the aged servant passed on into realms of happiness and immortal peace."

Social Attention.

Don't spend your time worrying about "social recognition." That's a bubble which isn't worth breaking—a shell which isn't worth cracking. Recognize yourself and your neighbors and you are two-thirds of the way across the bridge. Do not concern yourself about the people who are *above* you. They have no particular need of your thought or consideration. But look well to the people who are below you. Look down to the people who are looking up to you. There are more people below you than there are above you. Look down and lift up!

In Booker T. Washington's biography of Frederick Douglass may be found these words: "An incident occurred at this meeting which showed the President's strong and almost affectionate regard for Frederick Douglass. What these were are best told by Douglass himself. He says: 'While in conversation with him, his secretary twice announced Governor Buckingham of Connecticut, one of the noblest and most patriotic of the loyal governors. Mr. Lincoln said: 'Tell Governor Buckingham to wait, for I want to have a long talk with my friend, Frederick Douglass.' I interposed and begged him to see the governor at once, as I could wait, but no, he persisted that he wanted to talk with me and that Governor Buckingham could wait. . . . In his company I was never in any way reminded of my humble origin, or of my unpopular color."

Get Ready.

Every young man desires to be a public speaker, and there is not one man in a hundred who would not make an effective speaker if he cared enough about it to prepare himself. All a man needs in order to succeed on the platform is, absolute sincerity, a natural manner, a conversational style, a knowledge of the main facts concerning the subject chosen, a head full of clear convictions and—a heart of fire. There you have an equipment which, well handled, will capture the dullest audience. The secret of successful public speaking lies in self-preparation. Prepare yourself! Prepare yourself!! Prepare youself!!! The author of *"Making the Most of Ourselves"* remarks:—

"Lincoln, while still a boy, familiarized himself with the questions of slavery and disunion by reading every newspaper and book he could get hold of that bore on these themes, and by listening to the talk of men around him, and by joining in discussions of these subjects on all occasions."

What is your Life?

"For what is your life?" asks an inspired writer. Let me answer for you. Your life—the gift of God. Your body—the gift of God. Your mind—the gift of God. Your will—the gift of God. Your personality—the gift of God. If thus you regard yourself, then you breathe a heavenly atmosphere. You are a child of the infinite. Every movement is jewelled with a divine responsibility and every movement crowned with a divine prophecy.

"In John Morley's Life of Gladstone he quotes these impressive words of the man about whom he is writng: "Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny." We are not merely to get through with life, come to the end of it somehow, but to make the best of it within our personal possibilities and conditions."

Commonplace People.

"There was not one new idea in the sermon; not one"—So remarked my friend. The preacher was a "perfect gentleman." His discourse was "sound." His manner was "unobjectionable." His social intercourse with the people was "all that could be desired"—but his sermon was dull, common-place and ordinary. There was not one sentiment in it which would make you "sit up." If he had only uttered a sentence which would have awakened doubt and suspicion as to his orthodoxy it would have been refreshing Senator Hoare once remarked: "I know men, who have been in public life more than a generation . . . . who never said a foolish thing, and rarely ever when they had a chance failed to do a wise one, who are utterly commonplace. You could not read the story of their public career without going to sleep . . . . I have a huge respect for them. I can never myself attain to their excellence."

Newspaper Men.

A western town of one thousand population, dust covered, dirt crowned and storm swept, does not always seem the divinest place in God's universe. A post-office—a railroad station—two hotels three churches—four grain elevators—a livery barn and—a newspaper. Keep your eye on that young journalistic establishment. Our future writers, authors, journalists and editors and penmen are hidden, many of them, in these prairie towns. A recent writer says concerning Rudyard Kipling:—

"Take a man like Kipling; he found himself while working as a boy on a newspaper in India. Nobody could tell that he was going to develop remarkable powers as a poet and story teller. He began at the bottom in newspaper work. The Englishmen on the papers in the various cities of India were in the habit of writing verses for their prints; these were copied in the other papers and imitated and added to and replied to.

* * * *

He heard strange tales of the life in India, and saw much of it, and began to write these up for the press, in addition to his regular work as a reporter and as an assistant. He was constantly at work, was industrious beyond almost any of his companions; and thus he found himself, discovered his extraordinary genius for making verses and tales. He found that he was not made for an ordinary newspaper hack but for the making of imaginative literature."

The Main Thing.

The man who is successful in the main issue of his life may be pardoned if he indulge in a side issue or two. To one's vocation may be added an avocation. Change of work affords rest in effort. Gladstone had three sorts of books on his library table—books for the morning, books for the afternoon—and books for the evening. He found a change of books restful to his mind. But in spite of his love of literature he was strong as a statesman and fine grained politician. Watch the main issue. Have you read Gibbon's account of the Emperor Gallienus: "He was a master of several curious but useless sciences, a ready orator, an elegant poet, a skilful gardener, an excellent cook, and a most contemptible prince."

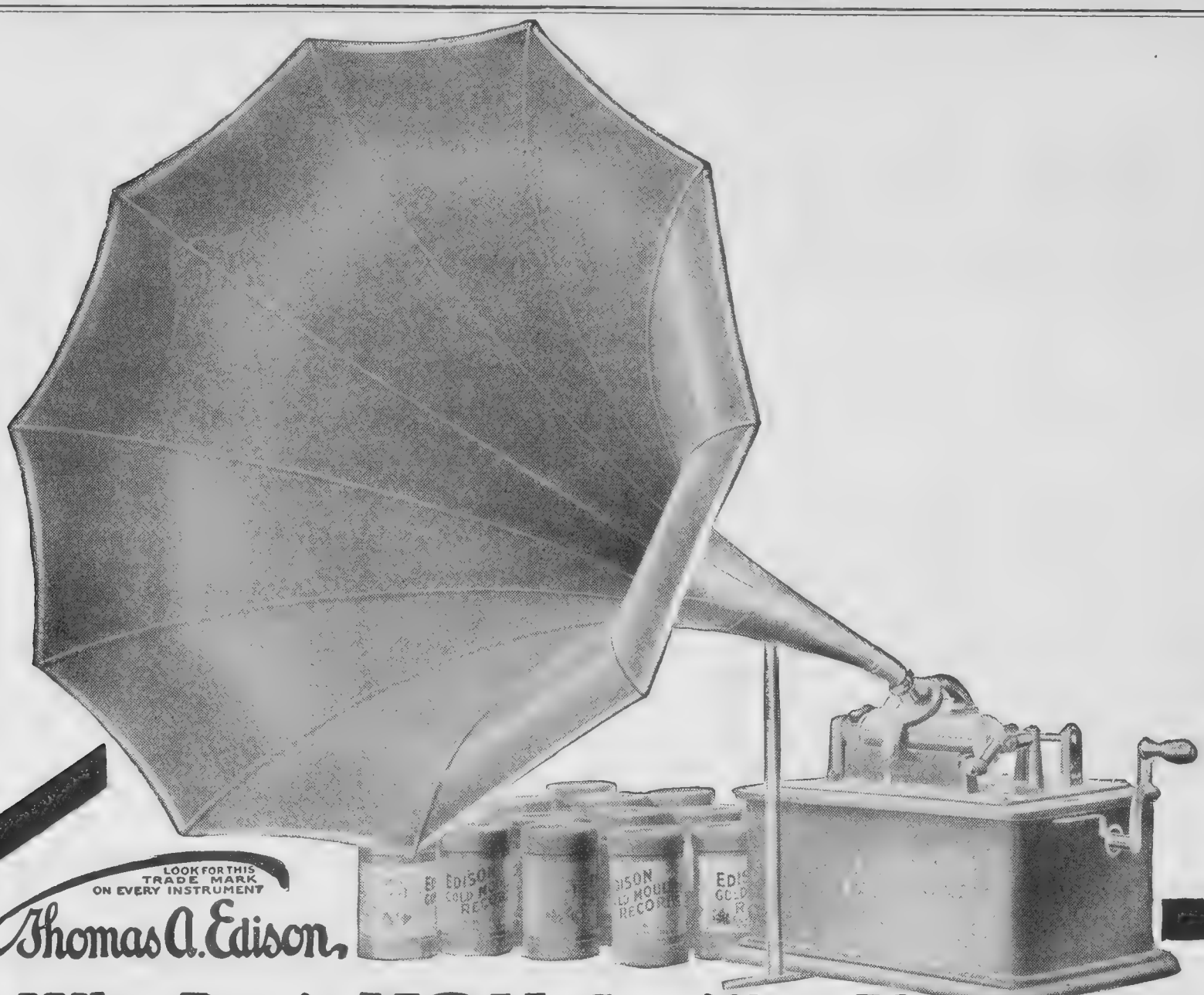
Push Things.

Push things! See how much you can crowd into a day—without crowding yourself. Be cool, but make it warm for your neighbors. Attack the difficult propositions. Get a reputation for doing the necessary work which other people are prone to avoid. As Emerson has said, "Do the thing you are afraid to do." Push things. Execution is better than a bundle of poor excuses. Franklin said that the man who could make an excuse could hardly make anything else worthy of a man. So push things! Work, as a rule, will not worry you, if you work at your work—and worry it through.

It is an old story—Sheridan said to Grant, "If things are pushed, I think Lee will surrender;" Grant replied, "Push things."

Early to Rise.

There is an old proverb which begins with the words "Early to rise——". Doubtless you can complete the couplet. I am not interested in a literal interpretation of the lines but simply wish to project a general principle, namely, that life's successes depend very largely on—a good start. "Preparation" is the word. Be ready! Take time by the forelock. Allow yourself a good margin on the right side. "Sam" Jones once remarked: "I am reminded of that little boy who ran to the train. Just as he reached the platform the train ran off and left him. He stood there panting and watching the train, now in the distance. A man said to him: 'You didn't run fast enough.' 'No,' said the boy, 'I ran with all my might, but I didn't make it because I didn't start soon enough.' Many a man will rush up and find the gates of Heaven closed, and say, like the boy, 'I didn't start soon enough.'



LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY INSTRUMENT

Thomas A. Edison,

Why Don't *YOU* Get This Phonograph On FREE TRIAL?

For almost three years I have been making the most liberal phonograph offer ever known! I have given hosts of people the opportunity of hearing the genuine Edison Phonograph right in their own homes without charging them a single penny.

Think of it! Thousands and thousands and thousands of people have been given the opportunity to hear in their own parlors concerts and entertainments by world famous musicians just such entertainments as the greatest metropolitan theatres are producing.

So far you have missed all this. Why? Possibly you don't quite understand my offer yet. Listen—

MY OFFER:

I will send you this Genuine Edison Standard Outfit (the newest model), complete with one dozen Edison Gold Moulded Records, for an absolutely free trial. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages on the outfit; no papers of any sort to sign. Absolutely **nothing** but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will stop and think just a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

WHY I Want to Lend You this Phonograph:

I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine **Edison** Phonograph. **Nearly everyone** is familiar with the screechy, unnatural sounds produced by the imitation machines (some of which though inferior are very expensive). After hearing the old style and imitation machines people become prejudiced against all kinds of "Talking Machines." Now there's only one way to convince these people that the Edison is superior and that is to let the people actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. **That is why I am making this offer.** I can't **tell** you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison, nothing I can say or write will make you actually **hear** the grand full beauty of its tones. No words can **begin** to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine new style Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the **flute**, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. The wonders of the new style Edison defy the power of any pen to describe. Neither will I try to tell you how, when you're tired, nervous and blue, the Edison will soothe you, comfort and rest you, and give you new strength to take up the burdens of life afresh. *The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.*

You Don't Have to Buy It:

All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful new style Edison. You will want to do that anyway because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument. In fact, we appoint no such agents, and at the rock-bottom price on this woederful new outfit we could not allow any commission to anyone.

Owners of Edisons— 1910 Model Equipments Now Ready! *All those who already own an Edison phonograph can wonderfully improve their old machines, making them almost like the new 1910 machines, and can also get the SUPERB new 1909 Edison* ***Amberol*** *records, the loudest, clearest, most beautiful records ever made, playing TWICE AS LONG as any records heretofore made,* ***Owners of Edisons****—write for free circular* ***AA****, describing all this.—F. K. BABSON, Manager.*

If You Want to Keep

The Phonograph—that is if you wish to make the Phonograph your own, you may do so, but it is **not** compulsory. I am asking you merely to send for a free demonstration. I won't be surprised, however, if you wish to keep the machine after having it in your own home. If you do wish to keep it, either remit us the price in full, or if you prefer, we will allow you to pay for it on the easiest kind of payments.

Our Easy Payment Plan.

There are so many people who really want a phonograph but who do not have the ready cash to pay for it all at once that I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the phonograph while paying for it. $2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely **no** lease or mortgage of any kind, guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary public, in fact, no publicity of any kind, and the payments are so very small and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

Get the Latest Edison Catalogs

Just sign your name and address on this coupon now and mail it to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalog, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded Records (over 1,500 of them) and our Free Trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign this coupon now, get these catalogs and select your records at once. Remember the free concerts. Sign this coupon right now or send a postal card or letter if you prefer. But do it now. No obligations, just get the the catalog. Sign the coupon and mail it to us right away before you forget it. Address F. K. Babson, Edison Phon. Distr's, Edison Bldg., Chicago.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributers, 355 Portage Ave., Dept. 5016, Winnipeg, Canada.

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Ex Edison Block, Suite 5016, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without any obligations, your 1909 Edison Phonograph Catalog, list of Edison Gold Moulded Records and Free Trial Certificate entitling me to your grand offer, all free.

Name.....

Address.....

Sign and Mail this Coupon Today.

What The World is Saying.

Prairie Town's History in a Nutshell.

Prairie a few months ago, a busy little town now, is the nutshell history of Carmangay.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Deplorable Sort of Fool.

If there's a fellow on the footstool it is the fellow who is always anxious to insult the other fellow's flag.—Calgary News.

An Expedition to Hunt for Peary.

Now an expedition is to go to look for Captain Peary, the Arctic explorer. Some men never tire of being rescued.—Duluth News Tribune.

They Captured Everything Else.

As the Canucks did not win the King's Prize at Bisley, there is something left to go back for next year.—Hamilton Spectator.

Unclaimed Bank Balances.

There's the nice cosy little sum of $556,262.11 in unclaimed balances reposing quietly in the chartered banks of Canada. Now, don't all speak at once.—Regina Leader.

Fat Pickings for the Lawyers.

What a pile of money old Mr. Thaw must have stacked in a heap! Think of the way that boy squandered for years and now see the way the lawyers have been slicing at it month after month. —Detroit Free Press.

Ontario Farmers and Good Roads.

City newspapers are urging farmers to help the movement for good roads. Farmers reply that they do not care to build Roman roads for rich men's automobiles which frighten horses and make roadside houses uninhabitable with clouds of dust. Kingston Whig.

Legislating Against Long Hatpins.

Making the wearing of long hatpins a crime in a German city is a precedent likely to be followed elsewhere. It is absurd to permit the requirements of fashion to endanger the sight and even the lives of people who have no means of protecting themselves.—New York Sun.

Milk and Transportation in Labrador.

Dr. Grenfell's reindeer colony in Labrador has grown to seven hundred head. The does furnish rich milk for the juvenile population of the bleak coast, and the deer are rapidly replacing the fierce and treacherous huskies or sledge-dogs for transportation purposes.—Halifax Herald.

A Western Canadian Characteristic.

A very notable characteristic of Western Canada is the active spirit of the towns. Every town is making the most of its opportunity, and all in good spirit. They want publicity, and they want settlers and business but yet they recognize the rights and the place for the next town.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

In Regard to Kansas.

This slab of soil they call Kansas has more prosperity, health and happiness—more sweet girls and sweeter mothers-in-law, and more gimlet-faced, flail-handed, mushroom-footed men who make up in brains what they lack in looks, than any other place on top of earth. Mizpah.—Hutchinson, Kan., Gazette.

Squally Times in Oriental Palaces.

The youthful Shah of Persia wept bitterly when he was told to proceed to the palace, and it is also on record that the baby Emperor of China cried continually for his nurse when he was put on his new job There is evidently a squally state of affairs just now in many of the old lands in more senses than one.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

The Public should Watch Public Business

One of the great weaknesses of the democratic system arises from apathy, and if the people's business is to be conducted in the way the people would have it carried out they will have to learn that they must give it personal attention. In all places where the public takes an interest in their own work it will be found that the work is well done.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A Hindoo Bequest to Poor Girls.

It was in heathen India that a rich ship-builder died the other day leaving behind him a large sum to be used in assisting poor girls to marry. If this had happened in the United States, would the girls have spent it on "rats" and cosmetics, or would they have saved it up to buy a divorce with later?—Chicago Tribune.

Waste of Human Life by Drowning.

Newspaper statistics show that in the past month 1,176 persons met death in the United States by drowning. The returns from Canada are not available, but they must be in proportion to those of our neighbors. A league to teach people to be careful when on or in the water might be as good in its effect on population as an immigration agent.—Montreal Gazette.

Sunny Italy's Government Lottery.

The Italian state lottery last year received $16,680,000 and paid $8,000,000 to the ticket buyers. These ticket buyers are found chiefly in the poorest and most illiterate districts, which is in a way natural. Only the poor and ill-informed would be likely to continuously support an institution which takes from its patrons more than $2 for every $1 it gives back to them.—Victoria Colonist.

Mohammedan Potentate's Troubles.

Mohammedan potentaes have not been having a pleasant time of it in recent years. In Morocco, in Turkey, and now in Persia the sword of the Prophet has been snatched from the hands of him who bore it. As there are other Mohammedan danger spots, where confusion might do more harm, let us hope that it is three strikes and out.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"He only did his Duty."

"He only did his duty" may be the truth about Edward Cahoon, the twenty-two-year-old brakeman who met his death by reason of his own signal, which saved a gang of section men; but what else can be said of many another hero? Some aspects of everday life are sordid enough, but its heroisms are as many as those of war, the super-sordidness of which is often forgotten by reason of medals, monuments, and brass bands.—Toronto Globe.

Does Not Apply to this Country.

The proposed administration of chloroform to men over 60 years of age, which was wrongfully attributed to Dr. William Osler, has now a companion, for Lord Curzon tells us that "every man over 50 years of age is a Cassandra talking of the brave days of old and of the bad times in which we live." That may or may not be true in England; we do not believe that it is; but it is certainly not applicable to Canada. Most of our optimists are on the short side of 50.—Ottawa Free Press.

Sorrows of a President.

Before he became President of the United States Mr. Taft used to spend his vacation in Canada. The rule that the first American shall not leave the country while he is in office prevents Mr. Taft from crossing the boundary now. Whether the fun of being President is enough to compensate him for the loss of our cooling breezes is doubtful, but he obeys the unwritten law and remains on American soil.—St. John Telegraph.

King Manuel in Search of a Wife.

King Manuel, of Portugal, is in search of a wife, one of British blood preferred. This is not a misplaced classified advertisement, but only the statement of a fact which is worrying more than one royal household. To be a queen is a very nice thing sometimes; but it has its disadvantages in a country where dissatisfaction finds expression at the mouth of apistol without previous notice. King Manuel is rather a good-looking fellow, and he is young enough not to have been spoiled.—Vancouver Province.

Strange Complexities of Human Nature.

Man is a queer mixture. A Toronto man who earned distinction as a hero by saving a life during the fire at Hanlan's Point, was subsequently arrested as a thief for stealing a suit case at the same fire. Some cases cease to be extroardinary once there is a clear understanding of the relationship of men to their environment. Men respond impulsively to the influences brought to bear on them. The opportunity to do a noble deed appeals to the nobility that is in one's character, and the response is spontaneous. The opportunity to do a mean thing appeals to what is mean in one's nature. And at bottom our natures are strange complexities.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Ministers and "Calls."

Some writers incline to sneer because sometimes a clergyman moves from one congregation to another which offers him a higher salary. The critics forget that such considerations as a wider opportunity for service often influence the preacher's choice. Where such reasons for a change of pastorates do not exist many ministers have refused the "call." The able occupant of a pulpit in a struggling young Toronto congregation has refused an offer of nearly three times his present stipend to take a charge in the United States. He is devoted to his people.—Toronto Star.

Dominion Legislators should come West

Not only Ministers but every member of parliament should know the country, and the way for them to know it is to see it. The people of the West will be glad to have them all come and see this part of the country. If the whole Dominion Parliament could be brought west in a body—and why not?—and taken over the country and allowed to see for themselves the development that is going on, there would be no lack on their part of realization of the immense advantages that would result to the whole Dominion from the signalizing of the Selkirk Centenary by the holding of an all-Canadian Exposition as a national enterprise. —Calgary Herald.

Canadian Expansion.

The significant information comes from London that a new line of steamships from Naples to Montreal is to be established, with Portland as a winter port. Obviously the promoters of the enterprise believe that Italian emigration to Canada will be important enough to justify it. Canada is expanding rapidly, and her agricultural development depends in great measure upon immigration. The Italians make good farm hands, and their tendency to congregate in the cities is being rapidly overcome All this is interesting to us, because our tarrif legislation is pretty sure to prove a further boon to our Canadian neighbors. While we are shutting out imports by an elaborate system of prohibitive duties the countries affected will turn to those who are willing to do business with them on a fair basis.—New York World.

A Great Experience.

The men who are going to make the most money out of this country are not the men who are doing the pioneer work. Many good, honest hard working fellows, are working themselves ragged and hungry because they are not in right. At the outset all were jubilant. Money jingled in their pockets; equipments were complete; wives and families at home were content to see them go away for a while to the Land of Promise; stories of men as green as they in bush experience having made their pile were continually on their minds. The moment of their disenchantment is at hand. It takes a great deal of money to ascertain what most mining propositions are worth. Companies or syndicates must be formed to develop and mine, and usually after the formation of these Mr. Prospector, after receiving his one-fifth share of the five or ten thousand dollars that his backer received from the syndicate, either proceeds to blow in the result of his season's work or goes back and locates somewhere else. Quartz mining is essentially a rich man's game. Prospecting is everybody's. The experience is great.—Gowganda Tribune.

The Compass Problem.

Mention of the Bellerophon is a reminder that the mass of electrical machinery now fitted to warships greatly complicates the problem of securing correct compasses—a matter already made very difficult by the masses of magnetic metal comprised in the ship, guns, &c. In the Bellerophon the armoured conning-tower, which holds the principal compass, is made of "non-magnetic" steel, and every electrical cable in the ship has been heavily and carefully insulated, to prevent leakage of the current and deflection of the magnetic needle. These precautions, however, will not do away with the necessity of constant watchfulness againt any derangement of an instrument, which is as sensitive as it is important.

A New Compass.

The German navy has experienced similar difficulties, and an attempt is being made to break away entirely from the use of the magnetic compass. For some months a remarkable apparatus has been in use experimentally on the cruiser Deutschland, which will attract great attention among navigators when the details become known. It consists of a gyroscope—the top-like wheel which forms the main idea of the Brennan monoline railway, and is already in use as a steadier of torpedoes. The gyroscope is a queer and mysterious thing. When running the wheel behaves on lines quite its own, and it has been found that when one is set in motion and let alone it always settles down with its axis parallel to that of the earth. Here, of course, we have the north and south position as infallibly as if shown by a magnet. Turning this fact to account in the manufacture of a compass not affected by magnetic currents or the disturbances of neighboring masses of iron, the German naval engineers made a gyroscope capable of of running for long periods with very little attention, and this has given every satisfaction during long experimental trials on the Deutschland. For a whole month the apparatus ran without slackening speed or stopping for oil at 20,000 revolutions per minute, being driven by an electric dynamo. As the new compass does not share with the ordinary variety variations from the geographical pole, which differ in various parts of the world, no elaborate calculations are required in using it, and the instrument will doubtless be heard of more in the future. This will especially be the case if British engineers can make it cheaply. The cost in Germany is estimated at £1,000 each at present.

Dr. William Osler: Neglect of children's teeth by parents is still exceedingly common. The intimate connection between the teeth and the general health is a point that has never been sufficiently impressed upon the masses of the people. In Germany—in all such matters it is the regular thing to refer to German example—even the insurance companies find it to their financial advantage to care for the teeth of their policyholders, for they understand that sound teeth reduce the general amount of sickness and increase the chances of longevity.

THE FINEST LEAVES

From Ceylon Tea Plantations are contained in

"SALADA" TEA

It is packed in sealed lead packets to preserve its fine flavor and aroma. 40c, 50c and 60c per pound. At all grocers.

PURITY FLOUR

"MAKES MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

"ASK FOR IT"

WINGOLD GUESSING CONTEST

To Whom It May Concern:—

We, the Board of Judges, appointed by the Wingold Stove Co. Ltd., to examine their records of all estimates received and recorded in the Guessing Contest on the price of a Merit Wingold Steel Range, find that the persons whose names appear below were the FIRST to correctly and nearest correctly estimate the selling price of a No. 9-20 Merit Wingold Steel Range, complete with high closet and reservoir.

Winner 1st prize—No. 9-20 Merit Wingold Range, JAS. E. STUART, La Riviere, Man. Estimate registered April 2nd, 1909. Amount of estimate $39.85. Correct.

Winner 2nd prize—No. 6 Wingold Cream Separator, MRS. CLARK WILSON, Moose Jaw, Sask. Estimate registered May 25th, 1909. Amount of estimate $39.85. Correct.

Winner 3rd prize—No. 412 Wingold Double Driving Harness, R. A. J. BROWN, Kaleida, Man. Estimate registered March 21st, 1909. This was the first nearest correct estimate recorded. Amount of estimate, $39.90.

Winner 4th prize—Mahogany Parlor Suite, FRANK SUTCLIFFE, Brokenshell, Sask. Estimate recorded April 2nd, 1909. Amount of estimate $39.90. This was the second nearest correct guess to be recorded.

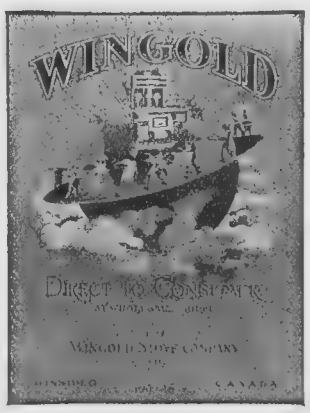
Winner 5th prize—Economy Sewing Machine, F. V. CHAMBERS, Birnie, Man. Estimate recorded April 29th, 1909. Amount of estimate $39.90. This was the third nearest correct estimate to be recorded.

Winner 6th prize—Wingold Ball-Bearing Washer and Wringer, P. H. PURKES, Sidney, Man. Estimate recorded June 1st, 1909. Amount of estimate $39.90. This was the fourth nearest correct estimate to be recorded.

According to the rules governing this contest and the records examined by us, we find the above mentioned persons entitled to prizes and hereby declare the same winners and allot said prizes as specified above.

Yours faithfully,

Signed { JOS. TROY, ESQ., Late Editor Western Home Monthly; CORBIN WELD, ESQ., Manager Farmer's Advocate; W. L. WILLIAMS, ESQ., Nor'-West Farmer } Board of Judges



Grand Oak Heater

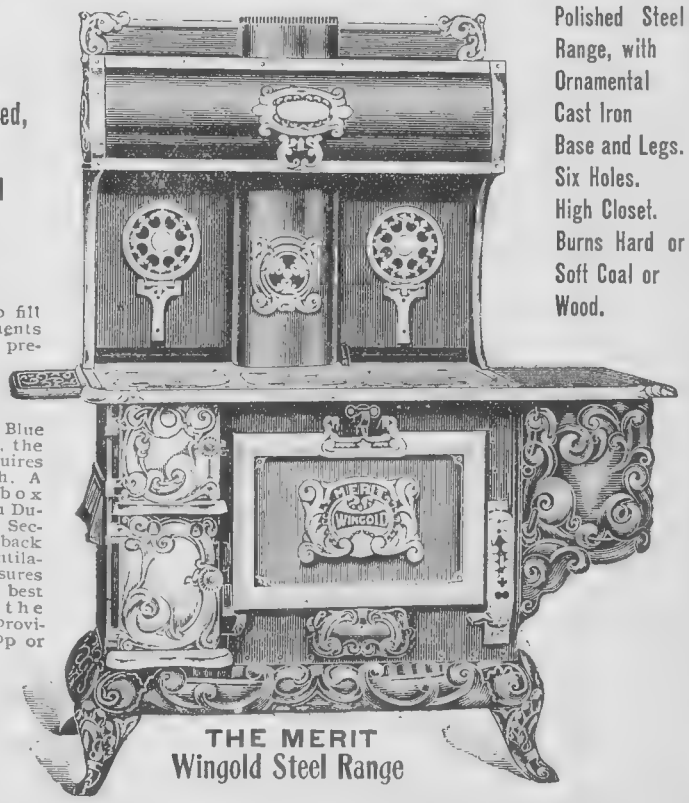
Don't buy a Stove of any kind until you get our wonderful catalog, which tells you all about how the very best stoves and ranges are made, just how each piece and part that is exposed to the fire should be made to stand hard service. **$5** buys this wonderful Oak Heater, its equal cannot be obtained elsewhere for $7.50. Order to-day, or better yet, **send for our big catalog, sent free to any address on request.** This Heater has firepot, 10 in. in diameter, height, 35 inches, weight 60 lbs. Has screw drafts and nickle-plated foot rails and band. This is a very convenient size for small rooms. Burns hard coal, soft coal or word.

Your name and address on a Postal will bring you the Latest Wingold Catalog. Send for it to-day, while you have it in mind. One Free Copy for every reader of Magazine. Be sure to write for yours to-day.

The Merit Wingold

Modern, Practical, Medium Priced, Scientifcally Designed and Carefully Constructed

Polished Steel Range, with Ornamental Cast Iron Base and Legs. Six Holes. High Closet. Burns Hard or Soft Coal or Wood.



THE MERIT Wingold Steel Range

It is made to fill the requirements of those who prefer a range mounted on leg base. The body is made of Wellsville Blue polished steel, the kind that requires no stove polish. A large fire box equipped with Duplex Grates, Sectional Fireback properly ventilated, which insures long life and best results with the least fuel is provided. The top or cooking surface is large and roomy. The body of the oven is made of 16 gauge cold rolled steel, with ends flanged and rivetted to the bottom of the range. We guarantee the Merit Wingold to bake to the entire satisfaction of the most exacting. The reservoir is made of heavy copper and encased. The High Closet is large, conveniently arranged and beautiful.

Catalogue No.	Lids	Oven Measure			Top Surface		Shipping Weight	Price
		Wide	Deep	High	Long	Wide		
9-16-R	4-9 in. 2-6 in.	16	20	13	45	29	400	$35.85
9-18-R	4-9 in 2-7 in.	18	20	13	48	29	450	$37.85
9-20-R	6 9 in.	20	20	13	52	29	500	$39.85

THE WINGOLD STOVE COMPANY, LTD., 181 Bannatyne Ave, WINNIPEG

DEPT. W.H.M.

The Philosopher.

The Drink Bills of the Nations.

The Government returns made public during the past month show that both in Canada and in the United States the consumption of intoxicating liquors is growing less. In this country the per capita consumption of spirits and wine has decreased during the twelve months covered by statistics, and that of beer has very slightly increased. Other things being equal, prosperous times are usually marked by a greater consumption of drink. This does not altogether harmonize with the idea that poverty is the cause of drinking. Far more, drinking is the cause of poverty. The slight increase in the consumption of beer is accounted for by the great influx of population into this country from countries which drink more beer than Canada does. That the general tendency the world over is to drink less seems a justifiable conclusion. The Government returns in Great Britain, like those of this and the neighboring country, demonstrate this tendency; and though in Germany and France the decline in the use of stimulants is less marked, the tendency in all civilized countries is unquestionably towards greater sobriety. Canadians have reason to be proud that the Dominion has stood, and still stands, first in the list of civilized countries as consuming the least per capita of intoxicants. A striking proof of the effect of the prohibition movement in the United States is furnished by the fact that during the last fiscal year the revenue derived from spirits and fermented liquors was $7,691,978 less than in the year preceding, which also showed a heavy falling off. Thus it has been proved that prohibition is practically effective; so that, though there may be ebbs and flows in popular sentiment and endeavor on its behalf, it cannot fail to win on the whole. Behind the wave of restrictive legislation that has already swept over so large an area of the country to the south is the fact that the people of the United States, like the people of Canada, are becoming more keenly conscious of the enormous wrong inflicted upon the general welfare by the liquor traffic, the immorality and degradation, the misery, suffering and irreparable human sacrifice which it occasions. A time is fast approaching when people will wonder that governments, whose first care should be for the public welfare, ever had dealings and partnership with a traffic which contributes so largely to the creation of most of the evils that afflict the body politic.

The Opium Problem.

Following up the enquiry which was instituted by the International Opium Commission, which met last year at Shanghai and at which Canada was represented by Hon. W. L. M. King, there is to be an Opium Conference at the Hague. The Commission embodied its findings in a series of resolutions. Every Government was urged to take steps, in imitation of the Government of China, for the suppression of opium-smoking within its territories. The unrestricted manufacture, sale and distribution of morphine was denounced as constituting a great and growing danger, and drastic regulation was declared to be immediately necessary. Research for the purpose of finding scientific remedies against the opium habit was strongly recommended. In some form or other, nearly every Government regulates the use of opium for other than medical purposes, but a uniform course of procedure was declared desirable. In the case of China, the Commission recognized that the Government's efforts to suppress the opium habit were sincere and productive of real results, and recommended that the Governments of other nations should take steps to prevent the shipments of opium or its derivatives and preparations to any country which prohibits their entry. The campaign against opium may be described as an international campaign. Primarily, however, it is a Chinese and a British question; for China is notoriously the worst sufferer by the drug habit, and India is the great source of opium supply. China followed up her anti-opium edict of 1906 by an agreement with the Indian Government by which the suppression of opium cultivation within China and the importation of the drug from India were to be done away with in ten years. The total export of 51,000 chests annually from India to China the Indian Government was to reduce by 5,100 chests every year, until 1917. The Chinese Government set to work to suppress opium cultivation, but the charge is made that the trade interests in India have succeeded in evading the enforcement of the terms of the agreement by which the opium exports from India to China were to be progressively reduced. The whole matter is to be gone into at the Hague Opium Conference. Surely it can be said that there is getting to be in the world more and more of what may be termed an enlightened international moral sense.

Wonders are becoming Commonplace.

One of the most striking reminders of the way the wonders of the age are multiplying is given in a few casual words which caught the Philosopher's attention in reading the description in a London paper written by a reporter who was on the cliffs of Dover in the early morning watching for Bleriot, the Frenchman, to alight from his flight across the English Channel, which was surely the most notable world-event of the past month. The reporter of the London paper was watching the sky, and as he glanced down to the sea he saw "eight submarines race past at terrific speed, with nothing showing but their small turrets." The man on the cliffs paid no attention to the eight representatives of the submarine section of Great Britain's sea power, which numbers now close upon eighty of these diving, fish-like war vessels. He merely mentioned them, as in the next sentence he mentioned a flight of gulls that passed overhead. Yet here were eight vessels travelling at terrific speed below the surface of the ocean, with only their little conning towers visible. Their crews were not at all concerned with the coming of the Frenchman flying through the air, but were engaged in their regular practice, ready at any moment to disappear wholly from sight and pursue their way beneath the surface. Not so long ago one of these submarines would have been considered a marvel of marvels. But the watcher on the cliffs of Dover that morning a couple of weeks ago regarded the eight submarines as commonplace sights, calling for no special attention. From man's successful rivalling of the fishes of the sea his attention was turned to man's successful rivalling of the birds of the air.

As to Colds, and Nose-Blowing.

It is said to be a tradition in the British Navy that the way to cure a cold is not to blow one's nose. This cure, uncomfortable as it sounds, is strongly advocated in an article in the Medical Record by Dr. Adoniram B. Judson, who declares that the secretion of mucus is part of Nature's plan for defence against a cold. To blow the nose, though it may sound a veritable trump of valiant defiance, is to play into the hands of the enemy, and the same may be said f hawking, spitting, coughing, sneezing and all the like manifestations of distress. All these things, Dr. Judson believes, can be avoided, in great part at least, by the exercise of care and intelligence. If the nose is stopped up, expel the breath forcibly, and then cease to breathe for a few moments. Dr. Judson assures us that breathing will at once become easy, and may be kept so by drawing in little air and thus relieving the congestion of the mucus membrane. Coughing and clearing the throat are largely a matter of habit, and may be controlled by intelligent effort; it is of special importance not to form the habit in the first instance. A sneeze can be headed off by emptying the lungs just before the threatened explosion. But it is the ancient and respectable practice of nose-blowing which comes in for the severest reprehension by Dr. Judson, who is positive that it is a sure way of converting an acute into a chronic catarrh.

Agricultural Education.

In building up their public educational systems, the three Prairie Provinces are showing that they realize the dominating importance of making due and ample provision for agricultural education. Ontario has done likewise, and the States across the line have some of them made immense, and most wise, expenditures for the same purpose. As far back as 1855 the State of Michigan put into practice a system which afterwards developed into what is now the agricultural college; and today, not only in colleges but in high schools and in the secondary grades as well, the theory of agriculture and those studies that pertain to it are included in the regular courses of study. In the corn-raising States it has long been recognized that the children of the farmers are entitled to first consideration, if the agricultural future of the State is to be assured. The temptation to desert the farm for city or town life has created one of the greatest problems with which the farming districts in any of the States have had to contend, and the intelligent and vigorous efforts put forth by State Governments in dealing with that prolem, though it has not as yet presented itself in Western Canada, are worthy of attention by our Governments. Wisconsin has, perhaps, taken the lead in the development of the broader usefulness of the agricultural college. The State University at Madison maintains an agricultural college, branches of which are conducted not only in several towns of the State but throughout the remote districts. Not only the children but the adults may have instruction, and a series of correspondence courses is maintained. Periodical bulletins containing information of importance to farmers are published by agricultural colleges in several of the Western States, extending the benefits of agricultural knowledge in the broadest manner possible. These agricultural schools have shown results of the highest order, and like results are to be looked forward to confidently in Western Canada. Not only the ambition to make two blades grow where only one grew before, but the knowledge of how to do it, and the practical ability to do it, will be found more and more in evidence throughout the country. The years to come will see the dominating idea throughout Western Canada to be the idea of making the fertile soil of the prairies, by means of the advanced methods, yield its fullest possible measure of increase.

The Harvest and the Future.

If the crop which is now being garnered throughout Western Canada realizes even the most sanguine estimates that are made of its volume, it will still, after all, be no more than a promise of what the future will bring. Twenty years ago a phenomenal harvest meant that the wheat in the limited area then under cultivation had come to maturity under exceptionally good conditions, that soil and climate had co-operated in doing their best in producing a crop. But owing to the fact that the area under cultivation was the merest fraction of the whole fertile expanse of this country, the best crop produced then could only be regarded as a presage and a guarantee of the productiveness of Western Canada. It did not attract the attention of the world and help to feed an Empire. A phenomenal harvest in Western Canada now has a direct influence on the markets of the world and is an assurance of food for millions and of wealth for thousands. It is an invitation to the capable and industrious the world over to come to this country and make comfortable homes and add to the wealth of mankind. And it is but an earnest of the vastly greater harvests of the future.

To Annex the United States to Canada.

During the past month Western Canada has been visited by the two men who, of all the men at present holding office as State Governors, are the most notable figures in the national public life of the Republic to the south, one on the Republican side, Governor Hughes, of New York, and the other on the Democratic side, Governor Johnson, of Minnesota. Both gave expression in newspaper interviews to the manner in which their conceptions of the development and the possibilities of this country have been enlarged by their having travelled across it. Only one of the two, Governor Johnson, delivered a public address. To the large assemblage of members of the Canadian Club of Winnipeg that gathered to hear him, Governor Johnson, who once upon a time, speaking at St. Paul, proclaimed that the North Pole should be the boundary, put it more nicely for Canadian ears by saying that Canada should absorb the United States. That wooing which was entirely offensive from a masculine point of view when it implied that Canada should give person and name, looks different when the great Republic is pictured as offering herself as a not very coy bride to Canada. At least it would look so, if that was what Governor Johnson really meant. In that case it would be the name of Canada that would extend from sea to sea, and a far better name it would be to so extend, simply because it is a name, and we do not need to trespass on the rights of other dwellers on this continent when we call ourselves Canadians and speak of Canadian interests, as our neighbors trespass by their assumption of the whole right and title to the name American. Governor Johnson is one of the wisest and best of the public men of the United States, and one who gives evidence of ever-boadening vision. If he wants to write his name enduringly in history by doing his country a great service, he will follow up the happy thought to which he gave expression in Winnipeg, and annex the United States to Canada.

ITEMS.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor.

If we do not advance we go back, and when nothing is gained something is lost.

No man says "there is no God," but he whose interest it is there should be none.—St. Augustine.

There is no secret of success but hard labor. Dr. Holland once said, "Labor—the expenditure of vital effort in some form—is the measure, nay, it is the maker of values." And Jeremy Taylor used to say, "If it were not for labor, men could neither eat so much, nor relish so pleasantly, nor sleep so soundly, nor be so healthful, so useful, so strong, so patient, so noble, so untempted."

The gospel of work does not save souls, but it saves peoples. It is not a Christian maxim only, that they who do not work should not eat; it is also in the end a law of Nature and of nations. Lazy races die or decay. Races that work, prosper on the earth. The British race, in all its greatest branches, is noted for its restless activity. It's life motto is Work! Work! Work! And its deepest contempt is reserved for those who will not thus exert themselves.

"The true doctrine to preach to this nation, as to the individuals comprising this nation, is not the life of ease but the life of effort," says President Roosevelt. "If it were in my power to promise the people of this land anything, I would not promise them pleasure. I would promise them that stern happiness which comes from the sense of having done in practical fashion a difficult work which was worth doing." That, when one comes to think of it, is the promise of the Master made long ago to His followers—not rest, ease, and pleasure, but the joy of the conqueror, "to him that overcometh."

In modern life the realization of a rich and rounded humanity is endangered, not by the urgency of practical work, but by complete surrender to it. No man can escape the task set for him, but no man need mutilate his nature in performing it; the spirit is entitled to an eight-hour day, and if a man works overtime and drains into his toil those spiritual potentialities which belong, not to his task, but to his life, he cannot charge the impoverishment of his spirit to the order of things. The task is assigned; but each generation and each man decides in what spirit and with what regard for the soul it shall be performed. It is idle to condemn modern men for the selection of practical work when that work confronts them on every side; but it is just to condemn them for a complete surrender to its demands.

At a certain place in the Alps there is a monument to a guide who had perished when attempting to make the ascent of the mountain. The simple inscription on the stone is: "He died climbing." It is a noble tribute to a heroic man. He was in the line of his duty. His face was forward and upward. Higher and higher was his aim, not in a vain ambition, but in the way of duty. "He died climbing." The words are a suggestion to men everywhere, an example that calls others to the same fate, even though it may have the same perils. We say he died. No, he reached a point beyond our vision. We see him no more, but he lives, and will live in the hearts of men and with God. Happy the man of whom it may be written, his effort was to be better and nearer to God. Happy the man who dies climbing.

30th Anniversary Sale

BANFIELD'S

30th Anniversary Sale

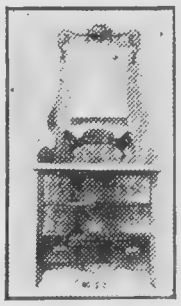
Offering the greatest MAIL-ORDER BARGAINS ever known in the history of the West. Order what you want to-day. Watch Winnipeg Daily Papers this month for further extra values.

This very strong and durable

Kitchen Chair. .

saddle seat, solid hardwood in golden finish well braced throughout Anniversary Sale Price, **41c.**

Empire Oak Dresser



containing three large drawers and large British plate mirror. This dresser is an extraordinary value. Anniversary Sale Price, **$6.85.**

Brussel Stair Carpets

Full width Stair Carpets ⅝-yd. in very fine quality, genuine Brussels, very neat designs, colors are two-tone green and red. Price per yd. **95c.** Samples sent.

This Massive Easy Chair

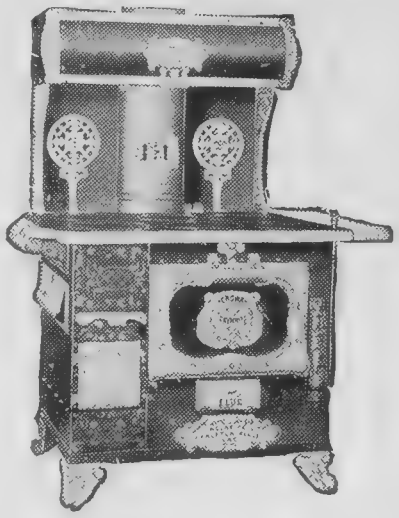
upholstered in drill leather, without fringe, frame made from solid hard wood, making a most durable, comfortable and serviceable chair. Anniversary Sale Price **$14.65**

Cocoa Door Mats

Size 12-in. x 24-in., plain centres with red borders. If you need a door mat here is your opportunity. Each **20c.**

Mayflower Brussel Rugs

A very handsome rug in floral and medallion designs. Colors are red, green and fawn. Size 3 yds. x 2½ yds., at a very extraordinary low price during our Anniversary Sale. Only..... **$4.85.**



This very

Elegant Steel Range

made of blue body steel, rivetted throughout with cone-headed rivets. Cast-iron top fitted with duplex grate and fire back "unburnable." Full nickel trimming, large oven and just exactly as pictured here. We guarantee this stove and if not satisfactory your money back. Regular $45.00 Sale Price..... **$34.50.**

Lace Curtains

In genuine Nottingham lace, 52 in. and 60 in. wide, 3½ yds. long, beautiful patterns in scroll, floral and conventional designs suitable for any room, in white only. These are extreme value at..... **$1.48** per pair.

Samples and prices of Curtain Nets, Madras Muslins, Furniture Coverings, Cretons, etc. will be sent upon request.

WRITE TO-DAY for our MAIL-ORDER BARGAIN BULLETIN. The values are extraordinary.

J. A. BANFIELD
492a Main Street Winnipeg

WHEN ORDERING write plainly, mentioning articles wanted, and enclose postal note, express order or certified check.

Torturing, Blinding Headaches Cured

—absolutely cured—by GIN PILLS.

Ninety per cent of the Headaches—that drive women almost mad — are caused by Kidney Trouble. Heavy housework, washing, sweeping,—strain the back and weaken the kidneys.

It is the duty of the kidneys to take uric acid out of the blood. When these organs are inflammed, weakened, uric acid stays in the blood and is carried all over the body. It inflammes the delicate tissues of the brain and spinal cord at the back of the neck, causing excruciating Headaches.

Gin Pills cure these Headaches because they cure the kidneys.

Williamsdale East, May 9

I cannot refrain from writing you of the benefits I have received from Gin Pills. Before taking Gin Pills I had suffered dreadfully with my back and Headaches and had suffered for 20 years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got Gin Pills. I have taken 6 boxes and now I have not a sign of a pain or an ache. I am now 48 and feel as well as ever I did in my life.

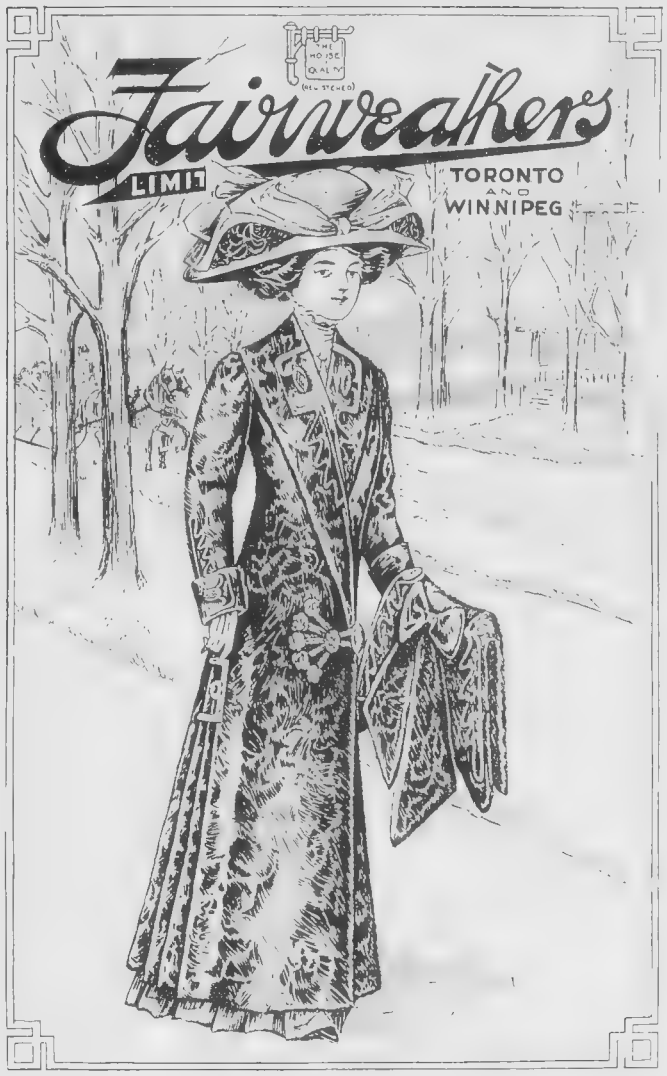
MRS. MILLANOR P. RIPLEY.

Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee of a cure or money back. If, after taking 6 boxes of Gin Pills, you feel no benefits, write us to that effect and we will refund your money through your druggist.

Gin Pills are sold by all dealers at 50c. or 6 boxes for $2.50 or sent direct if your druggist can't supply them. Sample free if you mention this paper.

Dept. M National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto.

Formerly Made By The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 115



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A post card containing your address plainly written brings this Catalogue to you by return mail, and we want to place it in every home in Western Canada. Write for it now to

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and if I do not succeed in convincing you, by a preponderance of evidence, that you can make more money by investing a few dollars in Marconi Wireless Telegraph stock than by any other use to which you can put your money, you will at least have gained a great deal of very useful and beneficial information. You will be under no obligation to me—I want you to know all about it, whether you buy stock or not. Primarily, of course, my object is to sell stock, but I will not expect you to buy unless your own intelligent judgment tells you it is the proper thing to do. All I ask is a hearing. If the facts I present do not satisfy you that it is a safe, sound, conservative and highly profitable venture, then I want none of your money. It will cost you nothing more than a two cent stamp to find out what I have to offer. The only stipulation made is that you shall read carefully all that I submit. Address all communications to, or call upon

JOHN A. HERRON
McIntyre Block
WINNIPEG, CANADA

The Home Beautiful.

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D., Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can;
And lo! before us stands, in state,
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open at their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big yellow kite."

The brow where mighty thoughts do dwell
In solemn secret state;
Where fierce Ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where Science now from hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour—
'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt,
"Are two or three cents more?"

The lips that in the coming years
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words on lightning flash
Form world to world may reach;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control,
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands — those busy little hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To tear all order down;
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 't:s but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp!

Ah! blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone;
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun;
And blessings on the little brain,
That has not learned to plan;
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless "the coming man."

Home Games.

The one word that spells home is communion. Without this, home is but a dwelling house, and not a very desirable one at that. Nothing is more favorable to communion than the games in which the members of the family participate. Beginning with hide and seek in which the mother pulls the handkerchief over the baby's face, and ending with checkers or chess, in which the father matches himself against his growing son, there is a whole series of games that every family should know and practice—Finger games, shadow games, games with toys and games without, games of skill and games of chance, riddles, rhymes, and guessing contests, games of silence and noisy games, games for daylight and games for blindfold, games inside and games for out of doors, games requiring skill of hand and eye, and games calling for exercise of ear, games which appeal to powers of observation, or memory or reason, games for individuals and for groups—there seems to be no end. Why, then, should a home be without them?

The Value of Games.

There are many values in play. It provides for the using up of surplus energy. If it is not used up in this way, it will manifest itself in more objectionable forms. In the next place it prepares for later life activity. Nearly all the great activities of life are symbolized in play. In the third place it is recreation. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. A child who is deprived of play fails to develop the powers of his mind and body. There is always something lacking in his makeup as a man. Nations that encourage play in their children are the ruling nations of the world.

Changes in Play.

The early plays of children are free—without rules. Gradually rules are tolerated, then they become a necessity Early play appeals to the sense, it is experimenting with objects. It is exercise of eye, ear and touch. Later the imagination and memory are called into play. Repetition of jingles and rhymes is a never ending delight. Later still there is a demand for guessing contests and riddles of all kinds in which reason has its play. On the physical side the early games are idle experimenting with objects, and in the later stages they take the form of contests in which individuals act in co-operation. It is well to note this general order, for there is nothing more distasteful to a child than to be asked to participate in games which are suitable only for children of a much younger age.

Material for Play.

It is one of the misfortunes of today that toys can be bought for so little. Home made toys, simple as possible, are by far the best. Here is a list of articles, inexpensive, which will serve as sources of amusement and occupation: Large beads, buttons, colored sticks, blocks of all shapes (large), balls of rubber and worsted, ribbons, braid or paper or cloth for weaving, scissors with blunt points, old magazines for cutting (a family of a hundred paper dolls is a fortune), scrap-books, sand, lead-pencils, cheap memorandum books, colored crayons, paints, bean-bags, empty spools, shavings, feathers, shells, seeds and nuts, acorns, leaves, grasses, a window-box, gold-fish, colored paper, clay or plasticine, garden tools, carpenter's tools, cast-off skirts for dressing up, doll's clothes, calendars, valentines, post card albums, string—and for older boys a jackknife and soft woods, and for older children generally, some simple card games.

Rules for Play.

Play may be made educative if children are taught to care for their materials in the right way. to respect one another's property and rights. Related to the activities of everyday life it may serve a very useful purpose. Think of tools, printer's kit, shoemaker's kit, miniature garden implements, small washing and ironing outfits, small bake-pans, needle-cases. All these things mean play but the play is profitable. Whatever children attempt in any of these lines they should do thoroughly, without wasting time or materials.

The Parent's Place.

The parent should participate in play when possible. It is the joy of a child's heart to have father and mother take part in a game. But parents should not dictate, nor guide too much. Rather should they follow the lead only being careful to act justly and to see that all the par-

ticipants do the same. It is no harm if a father gets down on all fours to act the bear, and no harm if a mother, when not too tired, plays the part of Rachel. It is this participation in activity that has no end but itself, that draws the members of a family together and makes them feel their unity. It is this which makes home. One of the saddest things in life is to see boys grow away from their father because they have nothing in common. There are hundreds of cases right in this country. Fathers! get into the game. Mothers! keep in the game and save your own souls by keeping fresh and bright the lives of your children. No time? You have no time for anything else. Which is first in your thought, children or dollars?

Play Not Everything.

It is a supreme error to permit growing children to play too much. Man never attains to anything without effort or work. He must set himself tasks and labor till these be accomplished. "All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy." There should be enough play to relieve the monotony and seriousness of work. This is true for people of all ages. The tendency of the age is towards amusement rather than work or play. In amusement people watch others play. One of the saddest things in life is to see a man or woman who lives only to be amused. The time will come when all amusements cease to attract. He who keeps himself young through well chosen work and well regulated play will always grow from more to more, and the glory of this life will be at its finish.

Discussing Books for Children.

A question has been asked by a correspondent as to the value of talking over books read by children. These words from Mrs. Birney's "Childhood" will serve as an answer:

"Parents should question their children closely concerning the books they read; not in a dialectical fashion, but as if they were talking with equals. It is so easy to say, 'By the way, George, what do you think of that book? It is so long since I read it.' George will fairly beam upon his questioner and will be only too happy to relieve his mind. He does not realize that as he talks on he is unfolding page after page of his own character. Do not preach too much at this time. Differ if you please and take note for future guidance."

To Young Parents.

It is easy to manage children if they are taken in hand when very young. No child should ever be allowed to master the parent. He should be taught the habit of subordination and obedience. This may take a little time and trouble at the start, but it will save any amount of trouble afterwards. The child whose will has been mastered respects and loves the parent more, is more deferential and respectful to others, and gets along with himself much better.

Many a child has cut short his education and later thrown himself out of positions because he had not learned to master himself and obey others. Many a child has landed in a criminal's cell simply because he was not conquered in the home. Many a child has been committed to the insane asylum simply because he was allowed to pout and fret and be self-willed and sensitive and spiteful and jealous and envious and discontented.

The best thing for the child, for the parent, for the home, for the school, for the church, and for the world is discipline and mastery on the part of those to whom the sacred charge is first committed. The failure and success of parents as recorded in the Word of God, and the sad and bright illustrations of modern life all about us, enforcing this warning. "Correct thy son and he will give thee rest; yea, he shall give

EMPRESS DAFFODILS (HARDY)

RENNIE'S FALL BULBS

If FIRST CLASS BULBS are used, the following sorts are hardy in WESTERN CANADA, and may be planted about October in the beds to bloom next Spring.

All the Tulips, Crocus, Daffodils (see Catalogue for best sorts in the West), Scilla Siberica, Bleeding Hearts, and others.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We furnish instructions for the successful growing in the house of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lillies, Freesias, etc.

If you have not received a copy of our BULB CATALOGUE, send us your name and one will be mailed you at once.

WM. RENNIE CO. LTD.

WINNIPEG —— MAN.

The Drugless Method of Curing Disease

Some people have an idea that the only way to cure disease, chronic disorders or pain of any kind is to swallow a lot of drugs. When you find yourself ailing in any way you run to the drug store and get a bottle of some patent medicine, or have your doctor write out a prescription for probably the same stuff under another name. What good does it do you? Just stimulates, like whiskey, and perhaps gives temporary relief. Couldn't do more than that, for recent exposures by the U.S. government prove that nearly all the medicines sold are combinations of alcohol and poison. You know alcohol is what makes whiskey such a powerful stimulant. It is a poison also. Some other poisons you get in drugs are morphine, cocaine, mercury, arsenic and potash. Medicines containing such poisons wreck the stomach and nerves eat up the vitality and often make dope fiends out of unsuspecting sufferers.

Drugs will kill pain all right, but they kill the nerves at the same time. Just as soon as the poison stops working the trouble returns worse than ever. There is a cause for every pain and that cause must be removed before you can get permanent relief.

Disease always results when you break nature's laws. If you continually overwork the stomach you will have stomach trouble. If you abuse any organ of your body you must suffer for it afterwards. Then the real cause of disease is due to the weakness or inactivity of some part of the body machinery. The reasons any organ breaks down or fails to work properly is because it has not enough vitality to withstand the strain when it is overtaxed. This vitality is nothing more than electricity, the motive power of the human body.

Now to cure disease you must renew the vitality or electricity of the part that causes the trouble. When this is done the disease can not exist, for the cause is removed.

My Electric Belt is the most successful device for infusing electricity into the body. By the use of this appliance you can get the benefit of a steady, unbroken stream of electric life, for hours at a time, without the least shock or burn or unpleasant sensation.

My way of living is a relief from the old system of drugging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means.

Instead of swallowing a lot of poisonous drugs, you apply my belt about your body and feel the soothing, glowing electricity penetrating your vitals, giving strength and energy, to every part that is weak.

The best argument in favor of my belt is the fact that it cures. That's the main thing. I will give you the names of people near you who have been cured by my method, and you can ask them about it.

DEAR SIR,—Your Belt has restored me to health. I have not swallowed a drop of medicine since I got that Belt from you, and I believe I would not have been alive to-day if I had not got it.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE YOUNG,
Brancepeth, Sask.

DEAR SIR,—I can say that your Belt has about cured me completely, although I could not wear it regularly, being away from home a great deal; but it is all you claim it to be and more. It has been a God-send to me, and I can recommend it to any body.

Yours sincerely,
T. M. VANDRY.
Spurgrave.

DEAR SIR,—I purchased one of your Belts some seven months ago. I was troubled then with weak heart, and I find that the Belt has greatly benefited me. I can heartily recommend your Belt to any one who may be troubled in this way, and believe they are even better than you say yourself.

Yours very truly,
W. A. HENDERSON,
Gladys, Alta.

You Need This—It's Free.

You ought to read my free 84-page illustrated book regarding the cure of disease without drugs. This book explains many secrets you should know. It tells all about my Belt, and cost of treatment. It is absolutely free, if you'll bring or mail me this coupon. Cut out the coupon now.

Dr. E. M. McLaughlin

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Please send me your Book, free

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

delight to thy soul." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Home's Many Influences.

The rest places of the earth are its homes. 'Tis there from toil that the father and the son, and it may be the daughter, come to pass their hours at leisure.

To toil for bread and come to a home, however humble, if it be made glad by perfect cleanliness through the ministration of a beauty loving woman, is kingly—man need ask no more; but to toil and come to a place of dirt and ugly disorder is poverty—is degradation. It is in such poverty and in such degradation that discontent and wrath breed vice to prey upon human society.

To make home a place of peace and beauty is every woman's divine right and her highest privilege, and is surely her holiest ambition. But many fail and are blind to the cause. They do not take into account the fact that the home is an expression of the character of its maker. It will be no better or worse than its members.

Children's Manners.

Many things which are comparatively unobjectionable and sometimes even pleasing in children are extremely disagreeable in grown people. It is not sufficient, however, for those having the care of children to look upon all their ways with indulgence, thinking that they will outgrow them with the increase of years. This is not always the case. Many a man and woman has been annoyed and hampered for life by the persistence of habits which fastened themselves on them in childhood. The greatest care and attention in after life could not wholly overcome them.

Multitudes have suffered through life and failed to win the friends and the success that might have been theirs, because in childhood they were permitted to form gross habits of eating or not trained in the fine points of courtesy to others, or in the niceties of social customs. Too often these matters are considered of small importance; but ministers have often failed of invitations to desirable pastorates; professional and business men have lost lucrative opportunities, and women have been disappointed in social recognition, because of apparently slight social lapses, which were really the fault of those who were responsible for their training in childhood.

Bankrupt For a Mother's Love.

Ian Maclaren, the great preacher-novelist, pays the following beautiful tribute to mothers:

"The person to whom you owe more than you ever pay, or even imagine, is your mother. She endured more for you, served you more patiently, loved you more fondly, thought of you more bravely than any other person you have known on earth, or will ever know, save your wife or husband, if, indeed, they can always be excepted.

"If your mother be spared to you, then are you bound to make her a first charge on your life, as you desire a peaceful conscience, and as you shall answer before the judgment-seat of God. She must be encompassed with every observance of comfort and honor and gentleness and love, with sacrifices also, if so be it will please her, of tastes and occupations and time and even friendship; and after you have done all that you can think of, and anyone can suggest, you will still remain a bankrupt for the love wherewith she loved you."

As Children All.

Set not too wide ajar the gate of Truth!
Let not the glory shine upon us yet!
These human eyes of ours might blinded be
And being blind, all light we might forget.

Set not too wide ajar the gate of Truth!
Here in the twilight let us watch and wait;
The narrow ray that from the portal gleams,
Reminds us God is near and very great.

Set not too wide ajar the gate of Truth!
Lest the loud pæan of angelic joys
Benumbs these unused ears of ours, and we
No longer hear—even the still small voice.

O, prating men, who claim to know it all,
O, foolish men, who fain would know too much,
'Twere best that we should reach that wondrous land,
As children all; and learn its ways as such!

—W. H. Belford.

Nearly everything that is worth while, that has been accomplished by men, has been considered impossible by many others. Every man who has ever done anything great has been ridiculed and advised by others to let it alone.

SAY, MR. FARMER!

Granaries for 1909 Harvest

Covered with Corrugated Iron "GALT" Steel Shingles and are just O.K.

Fireproof, Durable and Cheap, saving you Half your Lumber Bills. Write for Catalogue and Prices.

DUNN BROS.
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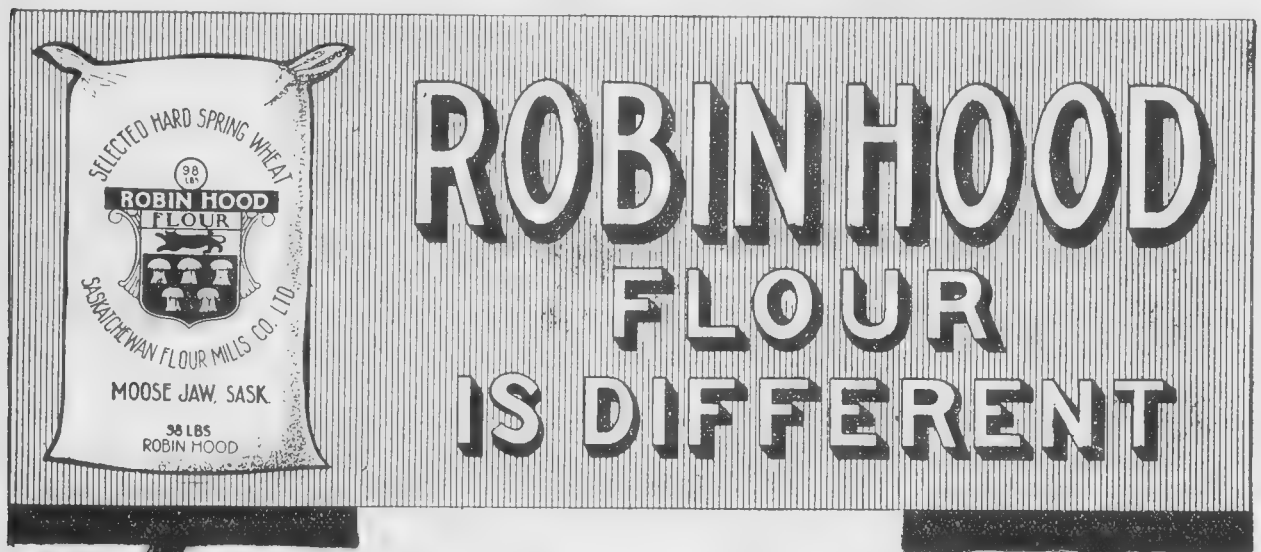

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Made of highest grade Saskatchewan wheat, in the newest, best-equipped, largest mill on the prairies.

Made with the determination to give users better flour-value, greater certainty of baking-success, fuller satisfaction with the final result, whether with biscuits, cake or bread.

Housewives throughout all the West admit that Robin Hood Flour gives all this. Therefore, Madam, it is the flour for you.

This flour cannot be described in an advertisement. We use this paper merely to give the introduction—to say:

"Let us make you acquainted with Robin Hood Flour."

It is the guaranteed flour. If you are not satisfied with it after two fair trials, ask your grocer for your money back. He will give it to you.

Add more water than usual when using Robin Hood Flour. Made of such hard, dry wheat, it absorbs more moisture—producing a larger, whiter loaf.

The difference between Robin Hood Flour and other flours you have to find out for yourself. That there is a difference every woman who now uses Robin Hood admits.

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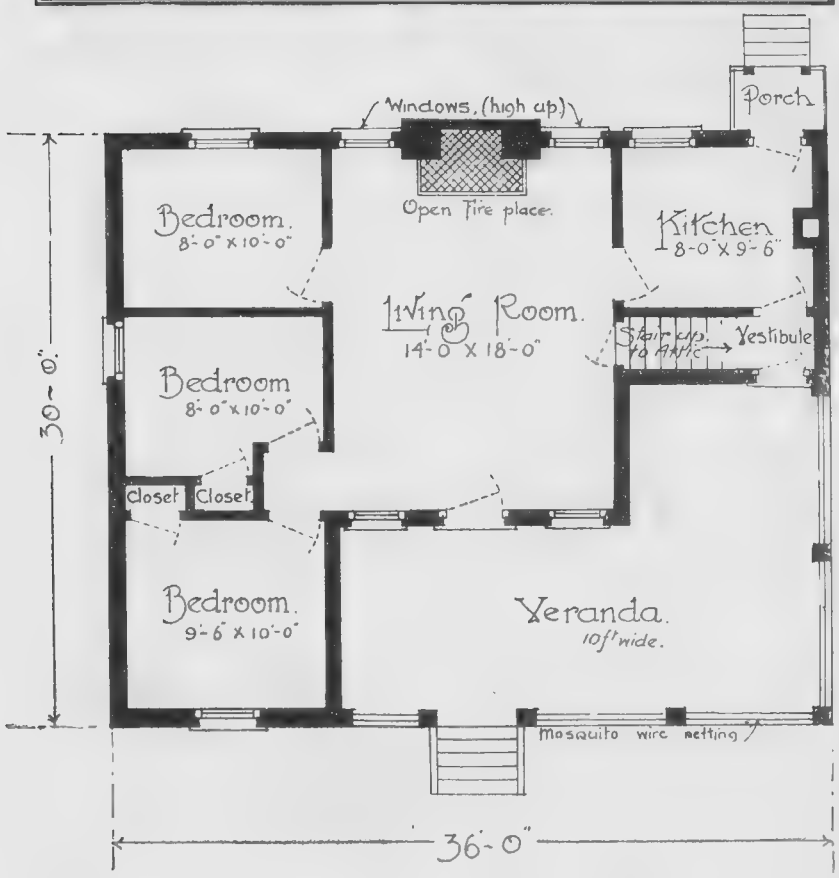
Original Plans.

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood Architect. Winnipeg.

This cottage will make either a summer home or, with modifications, a modest residence. The ground floor is shown with a large living room, this room could be made a very livable, attractive one, very reasonably, and yet very artistically treated, the walls and ceiling sheathed with 1x3 inch fir, and then stained a green up to the plate rail, five feet from the floor; then the ceiling and walls stained a golden tone. The fire place in brick with a simple mantel over it. The veranda is ample, and bed rooms convenient. The upstairs and basement could be laid out to suit any requirements.



Ground Floor Plan

30th Anniversary.

On another page of this issue our many readers will notice the advertisement of the J. A. Banfield House Furnishing Establishment. Many of the old timers of the West remember this business when it was established thirty years ago, and we have no doubt that they will be pleased to note that the progressive strides made by this enterprising concern have been really phenominal. This concern holds an enviable reputation as house furnishers, and is the largest exclusive establishment of its kind in the West. A special feature of the Banfield business is the Mail Order Department, which is steadily growing owing to the trustworthy merchandise handled and their extraordinary low prices. Readers of the Western Home Monthly should avail themselves of some of their special bargains which are offered each month.

A lady living in Iowa has started a new industry—that of hatching eggs to order. She agrees to hatch chickens, furnishing the eggs herself, for $8 per 100, or to hatch them at $5 per 100 when the customer furnishes the eggs.

Egg shells make good feed for chickens. Pulverize them, as there is danger of teaching hens to eat eggs. If the shells are put in the oven until brown they will crush very easily.

at Front of Stove

Where it is Easy to Turn

No reaching across a hot stove and over steaming pots to turn direct-draft damper on Sask-Alta. It is placed right at front of stove (see illustration) where a child can readily operate it.

Sask-Alta Direct Damper insures your arms against scalding by steam, and fingers from being burned. But you cannot get this feature in any other range. It's patented—an exclusive Sask-Alta improvement. 27

McClary's Sask-Alta Steel Range

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Suggest the most Attractive Name for our Safety Razor and Receive this Handsome Auto Free

We want a name for our **New Safety Razor**, a name that is original and distinctive; one that will draw attention to our advertising and help sell our razors.

We intend to introduce this new safety razor to every man in Canada. This would cost us thousands of dollars if we used the ordinary methods of advertising. But we believe it is better to give this high-class prize as an introductory offer. It will cost us less, and the purchaser gets the benefit.

Our Safety Razor consists of handsome SILVER PLATED holder, one stropper and "3" blades. The blades are of the finest German steel, beveled to a keen edge, and can easily be re-sharpened with our handy stropper.

The case is made of highly attractive leather finished stock, with separate compartments for holder, stropper and blades.

Every outfit carries the regular ironclad money back guarantee.

We want the name, you want the razor, and a chance for the Auto.

Send us $2.00 NOT $5.00 and we will mail you the outfit, and our blades if required are **50c a dozen NOT $1.00.** Each outfit will contain one coupon, entitling you to suggest 3 attractive names. Winner's name published.

NAME IT!

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WOMEN'S QUIET HOUR.

A Question of Stoves. August in the country and the hottest August in many years. Many miles of travel and glimpses of farm homes, has brought again forcibly to my mind the manner in which the health and sometimes the lives of women on farms is being sacrificed to kitchen stoves. I can make allowance for new settlers for the pressure on time, strength and slender purses is very great and the man of the house is often doing work sufficient for two or three men. In a number of districts the past seasons have been very disappointing and dollars have been scarce. If no attempt has been made to get the stove out of the family living room by men so situated, it is perhaps not surprising. When all such allowances have been made, however, there still remains the great number of farms that have been established for four and five years, where there has been a goodly measure of success. New binder, new discs, new rakes, wagons plows, etc., are to be seen. On not a few such farms large barns have been erected, money or credit has been found for the purchase of a top buggy, but the housewife still toils in a two or three roomed house, with a great range, which like a vampire is sucking her very life blood. This is no fancy picture, for within the past two weeks I have more than once taken meals in just such houses and nothing has impressed me so much as the patient courtesy of the women who have been willing to provide me with a meal under such circumstances. The small amount charged being, I am sure, no real compensation for the providing of an additional meal. Houses so overheated during the day never cool off at night, so there is no comfort night or day for the woman worker. It puzzles me much that the men, for the sake of their own comfort at night, do not better themselves in this matter and build some kind of lean-to. into which the cook stove may be put during the summer months. One made of sods and poles would be very much better than nothing and would cost nothing but the time.

Then, as I have written more than once before, there are the many improved makes of coal oil stoves, that are cheap to buy and inexpensive to operate, and which, with a little careful planning, can be made to answer for all but the heaviest cooking and washing, and are an unspeakable boon for ironing.

It is not surprising that in such houses as I have described, it is next door to impossible to get any help The demand for help in big farm houses with every comfort and convenience is too insistent for any girl to be willing to brave such discomforts even for increased wages, and for a short time. It may seem inopportune to touch on this matter in the September issue, when every energy is concentrated on getting in the harvest, but the subject is hot within me at the moment and the wives can save it until a leisure, and propitious moment when the good crop is being turned into money and then make claim for her just share of the year's profits, or, at least, sufficient of them for something like healthful conditions under which to do her work.

Nursing. From time to time there are articles in papers and magazines on the difficulty of getting nurses in the country, of the iniquity of the high prices charged by trained nurses, and many other phases of the question. That women die in this great, broad West of ours for lack of proper nursing no one will dare deny. That this is the fault of the nursing profession as a whole I venture to deny. The problem is a knotty one and I am not going to attempt to solve it but merely give an instance of what came under my own observation lately. It was a case of confinement and the nurse looked capable, she had not a certificate but had had two years' training in a good hospital. Now the conditions under which she did her work or rather attempted to do it were these: A house with two rooms downstairs and two up; a huge cooking range in the living room, not three feet from the door of the seven by nine bedroom in which the patient was lying. There was the husband, two hired men and four children to be cooked for on this stove. There was a maid to do the cooking certainly, but there was no convenience to do the cooking or anything else. There was heat and flies, and discomfort on all sides. Were the people very poor? not at all, the man had just invested hundreds of dollars in young horses, which he could not possibly use for three years at least. A tenth of what he had spent on the horses would have bought lumber sufficient to have built a comfortable kitchen, and he could have done a great part of the work himself during the mild days of the previous winter. Moreover, there was a portable granary standing empty and clean, within a hundred yards of the house. With very little effort this could have been converted into airy, comfortable quarters for patient and nurse at no outlay whatever. Yet, I venture to say that, if that woman dies, as there was a painful possibility of her doing, her demise will be laid at the door of the nurse. Is it any wonder that nurses shrink from incurring such a responsibility.

Town vs. City. Yearly, as I travel through the country I am impressed with the advantages of the larger country towns over the city as places of residence. For men whose business does not absolutely require headquarters in Winnipeg, travellers, insurance and loan men, many implement men, railway men, and indeed a score of others, the country town offers great inducements as a place of residence. Already some men have realized this and in Portage la Prairie, Virden, Carberry, Neepawa, Dauphin and Yorkton, you find men, who formerly resided in Winnipeg. In almost every instance they have good homes of their own, with modern or semi-modern improvements, large gardens, often a horse and cow. Very frequently a man has either a quarter or half section of land a few miles out of town, which he will have worked for him on the "half crop" plan.

The advantages of these towns are first, living is much cheaper than in the city. If a house is to be rented it is possible to have both a larger and better house for less money.. The tendency of residence in country towns, however, is to own your own house, and property is cheaper and lots larger than they are in a city; building also is cheaper. If the man of the house is a traveller and away from home all week, it is still possible to have a garden, for there is always a man about who can be hired, at a reasonable rate to do the work. Such a garden can easily be made to provide all the vegetables, even to the potatoes, for a family during the entire year. If a horse is wanted and the man of the house has not time to attend to it, it may be boarded at a local livery barn for a very small cost and be always at the disposal of the wife and children. In the matter of educational advantages, up to the high school at least the schools in the larger country towns are the equals, if not the superiors, of the city schools; church privileges are good, and it is more often possible to form a nice circle of friends in these places than in the city, entertaining is on a less elaborate scale, and, therefore, not so costly.

There are in all these towns, electric lights, telephones and telegraphs. All of them are within a day's ride of the city.

This is not a fancy picture for I know personally of more than one family that has made the change to their infinite profit in mind, body and estate. These people find they can well afford a few days or a week in the city when there is anything specially good on at the theatres and enjoy it all the more because it is a change and not an every week occurence. Children are brought up in a more healthy environment, if the boys have any bent towards the land they are near enough to farms for it to develop. They learn to shoot, and fish, and ride, they spend holidays on farms helping the boy friends with the work. Both mother and father find they count more in the smaller community and it adds to their dignity and self respect. Many a family living in crowded and costly flats might have all the advantages I have mentioned if they would move into any of the larger of the pretty country towns in Manitoba.

Tuberculosis. I am sure the women readers of this column must all be more or less interested in the determined fight that is now being inaugurated against the "Great White Plague". There is hardly a family anywhere that has not suffered in a more or less remote degree from this dread scourge. Doctors now tell us that almost every living person has tuberculosis in some form at some period of their lives and the reason more deaths are not traced to it is the fact that the human frame can, and continually does throw it off, under favorable conditions. This is perhaps the strongest proof that consumption, as it is commonly called, is curable and makes the outlook for the future much more hopeful than it used to be.

The Winnipeg Society for the prevention of this disease has recently issued its first pamphlet and it is so plain and practical that I think a copy of it should be in every household.

It is not that it tells anything that is startlingly new but it puts everything in a plain easy form that can be understood. Here are a few points taken from it that I am sure every housewife will be glad to remember and practice.

Cause of tuberculosis—It is not inherited but it caught by one person from another. It is caused by a very small disease germ, or seed, which is taken into the body with dust-laden air that we breathe, or diseased food that we eat. It is never caused by anything else. It is not caused by cold, though a cold may call attention to it, or may make it worse. Consumption is tuberculosis of the lungs.

How it Spreads—One consumptive may spit out many millions of the germs in one day. When this spit dries, the germs are carried about in the dust and in this way enter the lungs of others. They may be carried on shoes, clothing, handkerchiefs, and trailing skirts by flies, and in many other ways. The germs are killed by sunlight and fresh air if exposed long enough. They live for a long time in dark, damp places. All spit from a consumptive should be destroyed by burning at once.

Milk and Meat.—Tuberculosis is very common among cows. Milk from a diseased cow is highly dangerous, especially to children. All milk purchased in Winnipeg, unless known to be from cows recently and carefully tested with tuberculin, should be heated to 150 degrees for twenty minutes, then cooled quickly, and kept cold and covered until used. All meat should be thoroughly cooked.

A dark house tends to tuberculosis, you cannot have too much sunlight. Dust tends to it, so sweep your floors with a damp broom and dust with a damp cloth, gather up the dust; don't scatter it. Open every window in the house every day and night, winter as well as summer. The only safe-storm sash is one that can be opened every day with ease.

Remember that any condition that runs you down or lowers your vitality tends to consumption. Beware of over fatigue and loss of sleep..

This will be a large enough dose for one month, but I shall bring this matter before my readers from time to time as fresh bulletins are published which may have helpful suggestions in them.

The sanatorium at Ninette, Manitoba, is making splendid progress and there is also a movement on foot to provide a small sanatorium for advanced cases, this latter to be near Winnipeg.

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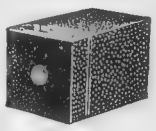

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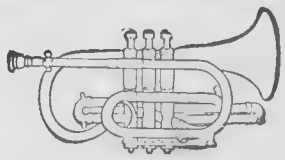

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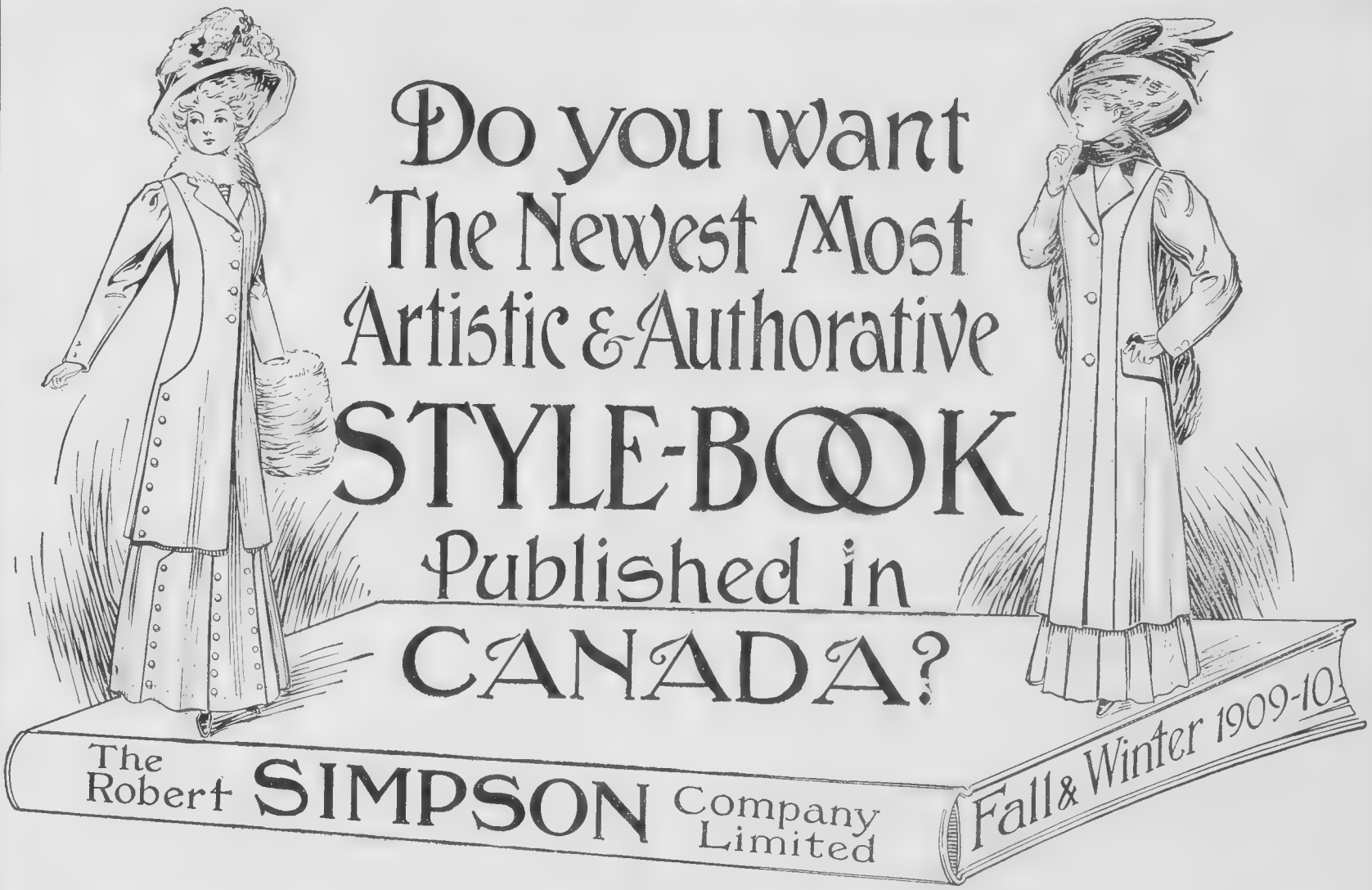

If so, send us a Post Card TO-DAY, with your address on it, and receive our new Fall and Winter Catalogue by return mail.

N.B.—The Winter Suit and Coat shown in the above cut are illustrated in colors on the back cover of this new Catalogue. Send in your post card immediately if you are interested in the two best values of the season.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

How Heat Relieves Pain.

Preliminary observations:

There are three sets of nerves in the body—motor, sensory and sympathetic.

To perceive a sensation we must have: First, a stimulation to a sensory nerve; second, an unimpaired nerve; and third, a nerve centre in the brain. As Kirke puts it, we must have under ordinary circumstances,

(a) A peripheral organ (or nerve endings) for the reception of the impression.

(b) A nerve for conducting the impression; and

(c) A nerve center for feeling or perceiving it.

Sensations are, first, common, and second, special.

Common sensations are fatigue, discomfort, faintness, hunger, thirst, etc. Special sensations are touch, taste, smell, hearing, sight. So much for the mechanism of pain.

The following phenomena are observed when heat is applied to the body; that is, in therapeutic quantities or degrees: Redness of the skin, increase of local blood supply (hyperaemia), swelling, increased activity of the sweat glands, and a feeling of discomfort or comfort according to the local or general conditions of the body.

What is pain? Physiologists take three (3) views:

First, that pain is a special sensation provided with a special conducting apparatus in each part of the body; second, that it is produced by overstimulation of the special nerves concerned with touch or temperature, or special sensation; third, that it is an overstimulation of the nerves of common sensation, which tell us of the conditions of our bodies and organs.

A special apparatus is not necessary for the sensation of pain, since this results from overstimulation of any sensory nerve; nevertheless, nerves may be so acted on that they convey sensation of touch and suppress those of heat, as in syringomyelia. The probability is, therefore, that the sensory nerves contain special fibres for common and special sensation. It is to be noted that our sensations of heat and cold are very fallacious; all that we can tell is that a given object is hotter or colder than the skin, and this latter varies from hour to hour.

Thus far we have established from the known facts of physiology:

First. The Nature of Pain.—Pain is a sensation, common or special, produced by irritation of sensory nerves or other endings in the skin, conveyed to the brain by these nerves, or special fibres of them, and perceived by nerve centres in the brain.

Second. The phenomena of heat applied to the body in therapeutic amounts, viz: Redness of skin, increase of local with a corresponding fall of general blood pressure, or supply, or swelling, increased activity of sweat glands, a general feeling of comfort, or the reverse, according to circumstances.

It now remains to connect these two sets of observations and furnish a reason why one reacts on the other.

But returning to our consideration of the cause of pain, clinical observation establishes the fact that there are two ways by which pain arises in the body (independent of external stimuli). One great cause is undue pressure either on the nerve endings or on its trunk. It is a furnished fact that tumors pressing on nerve trunks cause severe and constant pain; nerve fibres caught in hardening scar tissue give rise to painful sensations.

Another way is by congestion or inflammation, which really amounts to pressure. An inquiry into the nature of congestion would be profittale here, but we will keep to our theme, and simply take it as proven that congestion is a stasis of the blood in a given part of the body, whether it be in the skin, muscles, lungs or other glands of the body.

How does this congestion cause pain? First by direct pressure. The delicate nerve endings are caught and pressed upon by the engorged tissue in which they lie. Second, by poisoning.

A nerve trunk or fibre which has its normal blood supply diminished or cut off, or its oxygen diminished, suffers in the same way that the whole organism does when breathing is suspended. The nerve fibre then becomes poisoned and therefore chemically as well as mechanically irritated.

Reverting to our proposition that irritation of a sensory nerve produces pain, we have now established the connection between pain and congestion.

Now the final step will be to establish a connection between congestion and the phenomena of heat therapeutically applied. We found that heat increased the flow of blood on the one hand, and engendered local depletion (sweating) on the other. That is to say, congestion is relieved by, first, bringing a fresh supply of blood to the part; second, by withdrawing a certain amount of fluid from the affected area; third, by relieving tension on the nerve endings by temporary increased relaxation of the tissue or swelling. So that we have our irritated nerves fed with new, fresh food and relieved from pressure and poisonous absorption with a consequent return to normal and relief of the morbid sensation of pain. And as soon as the parts return to their normal circulation, the temporary swelling goes down.

The deeper seated pains are similar in their origin, but are relieved reflexly or indirectly. A dull pain over the lungs or pleura may be relieved by the application of heat, which acts by withdrawing a certain amount of sluggish blood to the surface, thus relieving the congestion. It also acts by stimulating the nerve supply reflexly, giving tone to the paralyzed arterial wall and squeezing out the excess blood in this way.

The whole subject of reflex pains and their relief might be gone into. But I will not dwell or take up your time with it, as the general mechanism is the same all over. It would involve a study of the sympathetic system of nerves, their control of the arteries and circulation in general and their connection with the motor and sensory sets of nerves, and which is altogether too big a subject for us to handle in a short paper.

This paper refers simply to heat as an agent for the relief of pain. But as you all know, the indications for the use of heat and cold are quite distinct and different. Cold may be used early in an inflammation to relieve pain and prevent exudation. It benumbs or anesthetizes the nerve endings, contracts the blood vessels, and thus prevents many of the phenomena of inflammation. After exudation has occurred, however, heat is better, since as we said before, it depletes the tissue, stimulates the circulation and therefore absorption of inflammatory exudates and hastens resolution.

For example, the treatment of a sprain is immediate rest, elevation of the part and applications of cold in the form of iced cloths or pack; in order to prevent the rush of blood to the part with consequent swelling and pain. Here pain is relieved simply by rest to the torn or stretched tendon. But if early treatment is neglected and swelling and inflammation, etc., have already taken place, heat will hasten resolution and relieve the symptoms.

Show me a misogynist and I'll show you a man with some woman's scornful or tender face pyrographed upon his heart!—William Reedy.

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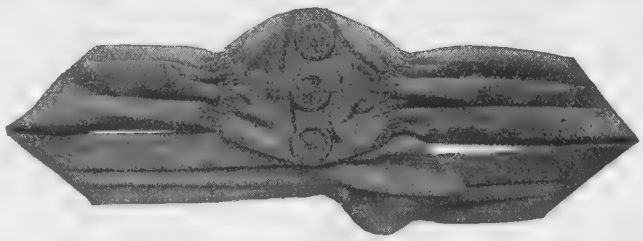

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Old-Timers' Re-union, Fleming, Sask., 1882-1909.

Old Gentlemen's Re-union, Pioneers of 1882 of Fleming District.

NOT to the statesman, soldier or Dreadnought alone belong the credit of the preservation of the Brtish Empire and the extension of its boundaries. The stalwart pioneers whose energy and perseverance brought Western Canada into the family of nations and made it the granary of the Empire can surely be called Empire Builders and Preservers.

The Canadian West a little more than a century ago was roamed by the hunter and trapper—"the great lone land" that appealed to romance and imagination. The history of its transformation, when fully written, will add an interesting chapter to the absorbing story of the colonization and development of the important outlying territories of the British Empire and of the great plains of the American Republic.

Many of the sturdy men and women who laid the foundation of the Western Provinces with their marvellous prosperity are still hale and hearty. The Western Home Monthly has pleasure in reproducing photographs recently taken in Fleming, Sask., on the occasion of the re-union of 1882 pioneers. The gathering was a memorable one not to be forgotten in the town and district of Fleming, for it represented those who made possible the excellent conditions that now exist in this portion of the West. Where in '82 there was nothing but dreary plains with no sign of human industry —there now can be seen many miles of prosperous farms, deep verandahed farm houses surrounded by well kept lawns and big trees, neat fences and gravelled paths. The veteran farmer and legislator, Mr. W. W. McDonald, Ex-M.P., who can be seen in the group with flowing white beard, has kindly sent us the following particuticulars of the town of Fleming and its district. Situated about 210 miles west of Winnipeg on the main line of the C.P.R. it is termed the gateway to the Province of Saskatchewan and was settled in 1881, 1882 by Eastern Canadians. Railway facilities of the period terminated at Brandon, and the long journey from there was made by prairie schooner, drawn by oxen, a means of conveyance not uncommon then. The progress of the settlers has been rapid from the beginning and great strides have been made in all desirable development. The town has a goodly population and all branches of trade are represented, namely, three general stores, one hardware store, tinsmith, butcher and cattle exporter, jeweller, drugstore, a photographic studio, two blacksmith shops, laundry, two wood repair shops, painter, carriage factory, two lumber yards, three implement firms, a baker and confectioner, a large livery and sales stable, etc. The professions are represented by a doctor and veterinary surgeon, while the religious interests of the community are looked after by the Presbyterian, Episcopal and Methodist denominations. A hotel, and a good grade school employing three teachers complete the modern advantages that make Fleming so desirable a locality. Among the pioneers may be mentioned Abram Winters, Abram Markey, John and Thomas Fitzsimmons, C. O. Saxton, Wm. Lamon, Hugh McPhee, Jos. Kirbey, J. T. Day, Wm. Therdsman, Arch. and David McCormick, W. and T. Lipsey, W. W. McDonald, and

Ladies' Re-union, Pioneers of 1882 of Fleming Dist.

Good Work

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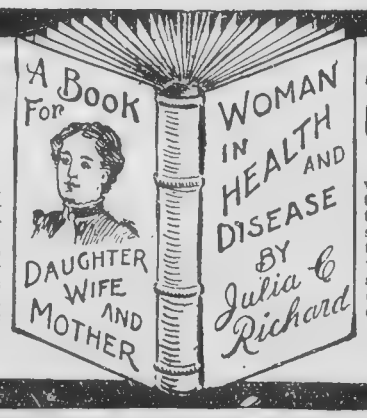
Written by Mrs. Richard at the earnest request of thousands of women. Contains over 100 pages of interesting reading matter; is profusely illustrated and full of valuable advice and recipes. Write now for a copy



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As Mrs. Richard wants every woman to possess a copy of this valuable work, she will send a copy to every woman who will send her name and address and 10c. (silver or stamps), to cover cost of mailing.

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Meals a la carte at all hours.

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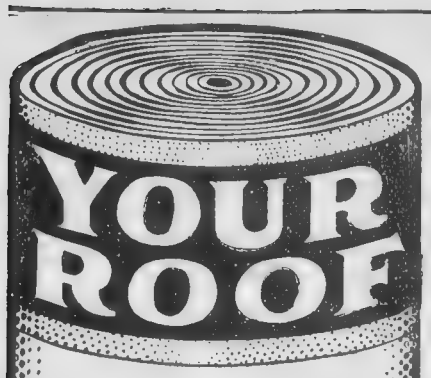

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Read the facts, then decide

Every year, you're learning how to raise a little more corn to the acre—or oats—or hay. At 40, a man farms better than at 20. That's progressive experience.

Now, we've had a long, progressive experience in making roofing—over 25 years—much more experience than any other roofing manufacturer to-day. So we've learned a lot of things others have yet to find out.

PAROID ROOFING

We've learned how to make the **PAROID** felt right, because we make it in our own mills. Other manufacturers buy their felt from first one mill, then another—wherever they can get it cheapest. We have the most up-to-date felt mill in the country, equipped with special felting machinery.

We have designed our own saturating and coating machines—have our own special formula for making our waterproof compound—the result of years of experiment and test. This gives the most pliable, smoothest-surfaced, longest-lasting roofing on the market.

Proslate Roofing

is made to meet the demand for a colored roofing where architectural effect is desired. We use our regular finished **PAROID** as a base and add an extra weatherproof deep red colored coating by a separate process.

The ornamental edge gives the effect of stained shingles or slate.

Especially designed for residences, bungalows, club houses and fine farm buildings.

Neponset Red Rope Roofing

has been the standard low cost roofing for twenty-five years. Costs about the same as tarred felts and other cheap roofings, but lasts three or four times as long. Contains no tar, clean to handle, easy to lay.

OUR GUARANTEE is that we will replace every square foot of roofing that proves to be of defective manufacture. If a stronger guarantee than this could be made we would make it.

We also make the celebrated NEPONSET WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPER and FLORIAN SOUND DEADENING FELT for dwellings.

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To the Man Who is Going to Build.

Tell us the kind of building or repairing you are planning and we will send you the right book with samples of our products and all of our building suggestions free. Be sure to write us—our advice may save you a costly mistake.

Dealers everywhere sell our roofings.

F. W BIRD & SON, Makers,
Established 1817.
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Old Folks of 1882, Re-union at A. McCormick's Home with their descending Families, near Fleming, Sask.

others who can be recognized in the groups reproduced. It is the proud boast of the Fleming folks that no part of the great Northwest presents a more attractive appearance. The town being the Saskatchewan gateway—and one of the first established settlements, the forces and influence that have emanated from it have done much to bring the remainder of the great province under the jurisdiction of the plow. But there is much that has not yet been opened up and the settler's opportunities are good and many.

Anyone who visits Saskatchewan at the close of the crop season will be impressed by the very remarkable fertility of the soil. Evidence of its ability to produce a high average yield of wheat, oats, barley and potatoes for many years in succession without the application of any fertilizers or even by growing leguminous crops is found in the experience of a great many of the early settlers who have been for years producing these crops from the same land without any apparent diminution of the yield. The soil is generally clay covered with twelve to eighteen inches of rich loam, which after a second plowing makes a fine seed bed, easy to work and productive of the flinty No. 1 hard wheat which has made Western Canada famous in the wheat markets of the world. No small share of the credit that belongs to the building up of the town and district of Fleming belongs to the women of the community who shared the somewhat rugged life of the early days, and who, by their energy and devotion, helped to make farms prosperous and homes beautiful. Any impression that life on a Saskatchewan prairie farm means constant drudgery is incorrect; and a visit to various farm homes will reveal the existence of a wonderful spirit of buoyancy, almost incredible returns in cash reward for pioneer labor, and men and women who have long passed life's meridian still actively en-

Church Going in the Early Days.

Pioneer Store, Post Office and C. P. R. Land Office just built at Manson, Man.

Troubled for Years With CONSTIPATION.

Constipation or costiveness clogs the bowels, chokes up the natural outlet of impure matter, and retains in the system the poisonous effete waste products of nature, thereby causing Biliousness, Headache, Piles, etc. Avoid this serious trouble by the use of

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

They act on the bowels and promote their free and regular action, thus curing constipation and all the diseases which arise from it.

Mr. Henry Pearce, 49 Standish Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies, which did me no good, whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they are, indeed, a splendid pill, and I can heartily recommend them to all those who suffer from constipation."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. per vial, or 5 for $1.00, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by the manufacturers, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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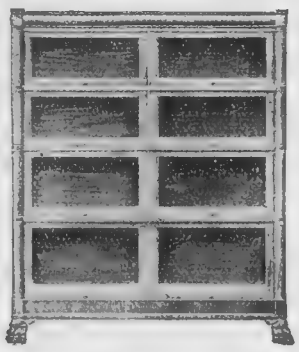

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UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

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are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are in a word, reliable and healthful; $1.00 per box. mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

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SEND $1 receive 4 wool remnants suitable for boys knee pants up to 11 years, give age and we will cut; add 20c. for postage. **Southcott Suit Co., 10, Coote Block, London, Ont.**

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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B. Collingwood, Ont.

SEND 50c. AND RECEIVE FIVE PAIR OF HOSE FEET POST PAID

The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. **N. SOUTHCOTT & CO.,** London, Ont

WEAR IT FREE FOR TEN DAYS

If it does not do you more genuine good than anything you ever used, the trial will not **cost you a penny.** Same Electric Belts sold by doctors at $30 to $60 each. Direct from factory, $2 and up. Why pay more? Cures over 50 diseases. Write
Leoty Elect. Co., Dayton, O.

Tobacco Habit.

Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.

Liquor Habit.

Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the Liquor Habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business and a cure guaranteed.

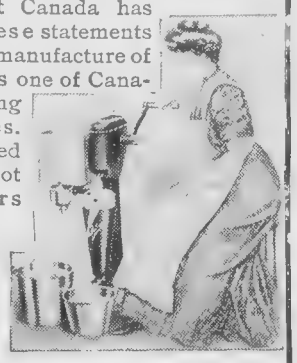
Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street. Toronto, Canada.

Users Tell

Go right out into Eastern Canada and you'll find farmers actually using more Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separators than the three next best combined. Go right out into Western Canada and you'll find four times as many Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separators in actual use as the next best machine.

That proves Tubulars are best

An actual canvass of separator users throughout Canada has proved these statements true. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. Sales exceed most, if not all, others combined.



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TRENCH'S REMEDIES LTD., DUBLIN.

gaged in service—but it is a service of love and home building.

The British Islands lie in the same latitude as the Province of Saskatchewan. Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, the greater part of Germany, and about half of Russia are north of Regina. Edinburgh, Scotland, is further north than any of the settled parts of Saskatchewan. Christiana, the capital of Norway, and St. Petersburg, Russia, are in the 60th parallel of north latitude,—the northern boundary of Saskatchewan.

The climate of Great Britain and of some other countries in Europe is, of course, influenced by the Gulf Stream, and it is recognized that the influence of the ocean in regulating climatic conditions and in preventing extremes is important. There are, however, a number of features pertaining to the climate of Saskatchewan that combine to make it a very pleasing one. The elevation above the sea, which is from 1,500 to 3,000 feet, insuring clear and dry atmosphere; the comparatively light precipitation, adequate, however, for all practical purposes; the equable temperature during the winter months, and the light snowfall; very large proportion of bright sunshine; the summer breeze and the clear pure air, and the absence of destructive storms; these are features of the climate of Saskatchewan that may be emphasised.

Pioneer re-unions such as that celebrated at Fleming, are to be highly commended, for they tend to create a pride in Canadian citizenship and confidence in the possibilities of the future. We are indebted to Mr. F. W. Chandler for the above illustrations.

Barn Raising on the Farm of W. W. McDonald, ex Member of Parliament, an 1881 Pioneer, near Fleming, Sask.

SOME SHORT STORIES.

Connie Mack, manager of the Athletics of Philadelphia, was talking about the disastrous games with the New York Giants.

Suddenly the look of pain faded from his face, and a gentle smile appeared.

"One funny thing, though," he said, "I did see on that unluckly day."

"As the crowd was pushing and struggling to get out at the game's end a boy bored his way to the fence and began to climb over it.

"A policeman hastened toward him.

"'Hi, there, kid.' he yelled; 'none 'o that. Go out the way you came in.'

"By this time the boy had reached the top. He said, as he vanished on the other side:

"'This is the way I came in.'"

P. F. Rothermel, counsel for the Lake Superior corporation, as the reorganized Consolidated Lake Superior is called, was complimented the other day on the excellent year the concern has had.

Mr. Rothermel smiled and answered:

"Yes, the company has gotten quickly on its feet. It has recovered quickly. It was not badly hurt, after all. And thus it resembles a widow of whom I heard recently.

"This lady's husband died, and, a day or two after the funeral, a neighbor called to extend her condolences.

"She expected to find the widow frantic with grief. She found her at the piano, singing a gay song. And, astonished at so quick a recovery, the visitor said:

"'Well, well, I expected to see you in the deepest distress.'

"'Ah,' said the widow pathetically, 'you should have seen me yesterday.'"

Dr. B. A. Booth declares that Pittsburg, the city he lives in, is a deplorable example of race suicide.

"On that count," he said recently, "I accuse my own town, to be sure; but on all other counts I praise her. Pittsburg is a beautiful, a rich, a desirable city.

"I particularly like here our politeness. I visited another city not long since, and the impoliteness which I found there seemed strange. Such a spirit seldom lifts it ugly head in Pittsburg.

"And one piece of nastiness I saw on my visit almost made me a convert to race suicide.

"It was a lovely autumn day, and I was making a river excursion on a steamboat.

"The decks were rather crowded. We cut our way smoothly through the clear, deep water. On either side rose mountains aflame with the red and gold of the autumn foliage.

"And it was all nice, but suddenly a child, seated on its mother's lap, began to cry.

"Frowns were at once directed toward this child. They had no effect, though. The bawling became louder. It annoyed you, like a toothache.

"And the passengers all showed their annoyance. Certain audible growls began to reach the mother.

"'Don't see what the people want to bring kids for.'

"'It needs a spanking. That is what it wants."

"'Confound the little brat.'

"The mother sat with a stony face, gazing straight ahead, and jumping the child up and down nervously on her knee.

"All eyes, all thoughts, were now turned to her and to her howling youngster. The scenery was forgotten. Suggestions floated in the air for her to catch.

"'Maybe it's sick.'

"'She ought to take it below.'

"'It must have the colic to shriek like that.'

"As these suggestions became louder and bolder the woman became angrier.

"And all of a sudden she seized the child and shook it violently.

"'Cry as loud as you like, Millie,' she exclaimed. 'I've paid your fare.'"

"All right; you win dis time. Best two out o' t'ree."

"Best two out o' t'ree. You didn't say nuffin' 'bout dat at fust!"

"What yer kickin' about? You've got jist as good a chanst as me!"

50 CENTS PER BOX DOANS KIDNEY PILLS

BE SURE AND SEE THE TRADE MARK:

. . "The . . Maple Leaf"

WEAK BACK FOR YEARS.

Mrs. A. Schnare Black Point, N.B. writes: "For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have laid in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail and tried liniments and plasters, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for $1.25. At all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price, by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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54 King Street
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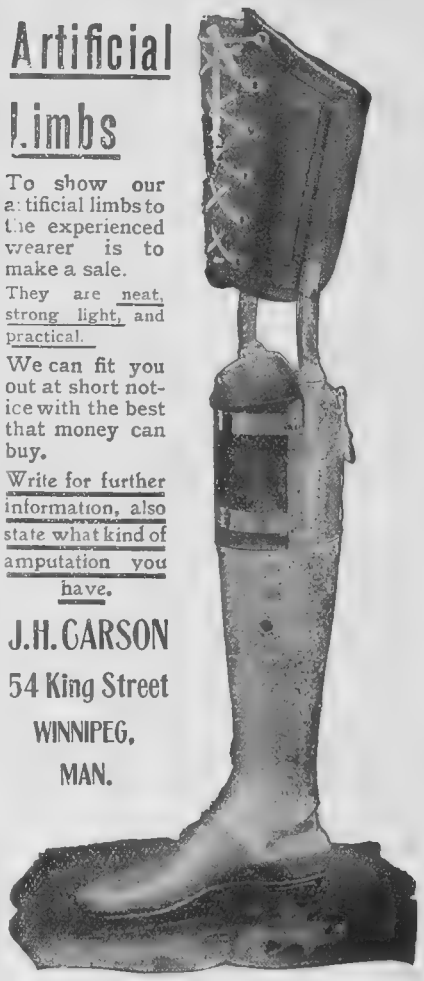

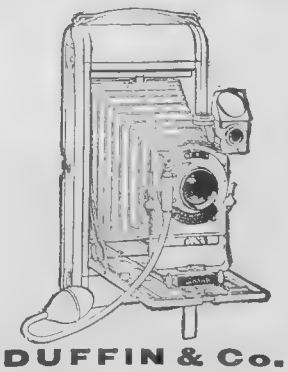

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Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.
Mention Western Home Monthly.

LADIES—Send 7 yards Cloth; we will make you a FALL COAT and SKIRT SUIT for $6.00. Send for particulars.
Dept. 2, SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ont.

Thresher's Supplies

TANK PUMP $6.50

This Tank Pump has a 5 inch cylinder, fitted for 2 inch suction hose. We furnish 2 inch strainer and clamps with each pump.

2 inch Wire Suction Hose, 20 feet length.....$6.00
2 inch Wire Suction Hose, 25 feet length.....$7.50

Endless Rubber Belting:

7 inch 4 ply 100 feet.....$37.60
7 inch 4 ply 150 feet.....$55.45
8 inch 4 ply 150 feet.....$63 80

We carry a full line of Threshers' Supplies.

McTaggart-Wright Co. Ltd.
263 Portage Avenue
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ANCHYLOS

THE MODERN TREATMENT FOR
BONE SPAVIN AND RINGBONE.

1. It will not injure or eat into the parts or destroy the hair.
2. Your horse may work after the third day.
3. **Guaranteed to cure,** has never failed.

To introduce my remedy, I will mail it to any address for **one dollar,** believing the best way to reach the people is to demonstrate in every locality **what the remedy will do for you.**

Order now, don't experiment, I have done all that, and can **cure your horse.** Address:

J. A. McLarty, Thessalon, Ont.
Manufacturing Chemist.
Mention this paper in replying.

DRESSY, SERVICEABLE
MADE TO MEASURE **SUITS** *FOR SPRING*

English-made by expert tailors from superior quality cloth, **$6.13** to **$13,** or smart suit lengths, latest designs, which your tailor will make up, **$2.55** to **$7.20.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Patterns and full particulars from

GROVES & LINDLEY,
49 Cloth Hall St., Huddersfield, Eng.

Marriage, Annulment, Domicile Divorce, 8th. Edition, gives law and time governing these subjects in all of the States and Terriories of the United States. Postpaid, One Dollar. Jos. Mitchell Donovan, Attorney, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, U.S.A.

About the Farm.

When Mary Came.

'Twas in the golden summer-time,
When fields in green were clad,
When countless birds sang merrily,
And all the world was glad.
The lilies nodded in the breeze,
The roses breathed a charm,—
Oh all the flowers bloomed out, when John
Brought Mary to the farm!

The farmhouse doors stand open wide,
Through the long, happy hours;
And all the cool, old-fashioned rooms,
Were sweet with fragrant flowers.
The long, wide table, too, was spread,
With dainty, homelike charm,—
Oh the old house looked gay ,when John
Brought Mary to the farm!

The mother, with her silver hair,
The father, bent and gray,
The brothers, tall, the sisters fair,
Came with glad hearts that day;
And little ones whose faces beamed
With childhood's rosy charm,
Oh all the dear ones came, when John
Brought Mary to the farm!

Their voices echoed through the halls,
And up and down the stair,
And many dainty gifts they brought,
Fashioned with loving care.
And thrift and plenty all around
Gave to the home a charm,—
Oh John's heart sang for joy, when he
Brought Mary to the farm!

His face was true, his heart was gold,
His hands were strong and brave,
The earnest effort of his life
To toil a blessing gave.
And peace and love and hope and joy
With sweet, peculiar charm,
All smiled on John the day when he
Brought Mary to the farm.

—C.V.K.

Short Facts For Farmers.

The clean hog needs a clean master.

Low trees are less liable to sun scald.

A change of food makes fat, healthy pigs.

Keep hogs away from the watering tanks.

Make your farm productive and it will pay.

A daily inspection of stock often saves loss.

Neglect is sometimes as serious as a crime.

The soil in the garden can hardly be too rich.

In otherwise waste places let sunflowers grow.

A common mistake is the setting out too thick.

A crop of kindness is a good thing to cultivate.

Boil your drinking water and kill the microbes.

Arrange so you can frequently change pastures.

Mutton hams can be smoked the same as pork.

Never hoe while the soil is wet enough to crust.

An occasional bran mash is good for all animals.

In dry weather keep the surface of the soil loose.

A good pedigree is a good thing in a good animal.

Do not abandon land but turn a few sheep upon it.

There is nothing better than sound wheat for hens.

The more pigs a sow has the more feed she needs.

Never make sudden changes of feed with the stock.

Prepare some kind of shade for stock in the pasture.

Avoid any food, however cheap, if musty or spoiling.

Waste of trifles eats like interest money in hard times.

There is no objection to shrubbery along the roadside.

Run your rain water pipe to the bottom of your cistern.

Sheep kept on wooden floors will have ill-shaped hoofs.

Begin to feed grain as soon as the pastures begin to fail.

Do not plow the ground too deep near the growing trees.

Mature sires and dams are best and safest to breed from.

The best food makes the best stock and the best manure.

A farm without a tool house is like pants without pockets.

Clean earth is a good absorbant; foul earth breeds disease.

All things considered, wire fence is cheaper than stone wall.

Unless land is low and wet, set strawberries on level ground.

When his stock is not improving the farmer is falling behind.

Skimmed milk and flaxseed gruel mixed make good calf feed.

Make the farm a home—the pleasantest place in all the world.

Best breeds do not insure most profits without proper treatment.

It does not pay to feed $100 worth of corn to $50 worth of hogs.

Give to working stock frequent but moderate draughts of water.

House slops make a valuable fertilizer for the garden or orchard.

Horses.

Some well-bred horses have so much nerve and grit that they will never show weariness in harness, even if much over-worked.

Such horses often have nervous colic, and much care should be exercised in feeding and handling until they are hardened and understood.

Horses of this type are the most valuable when seasoned and intelligently handled.

Lack of exercise, or overwork and aching muscles, will cause a horse to paw in the stable.

It a horse is not used regularly, turn him loose in the paddock for a part of each day.

Give the tired and hard-working horse a roomy box stall and a good deep bed of dry straw to rest in.

During the hot months a small lot near the stables with a good, smooth, firm sod where the work horse can be turned loose for the night, after the evening meal and grooming, is ideal, and will prolong their usefulness.

For horses that are confined to the stable on dry feed, a hot bran mash once or twice each week is most beneficial.

Work, rest and food, enough of each, and pure air for twenty-four hours in each day, are the laws of perfect horse management.

The hay ration should not be increased with increased labor, only the grain.

Look at the feet of your horse now and then when out on the road. Sometimes they will pick up a stone between the sides of the shoes and may become lame before you know it.

At this time of year horses suffer a great deal from hard, dry hoof. A good soaking does them good. Just to drive through a bit of water once in a while is better than nothing.

Do not drop the saddle on your horse s back,—let it down easy.

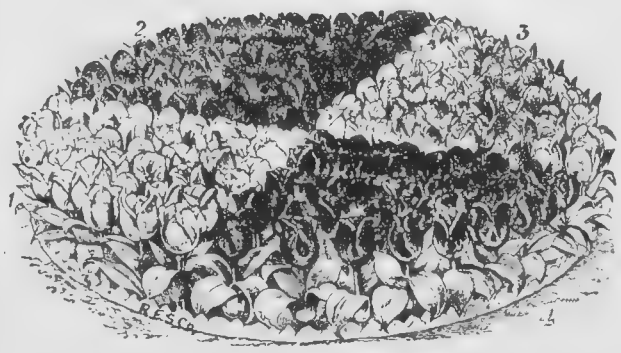
TO GET REALLY GRAND RESULTS IN

Winter Flowers for House Culture

AND THE LOVELIEST OF

EARLY SPRING GARDENS

IT IS NEEDFUL TO ORDER NOW YOUR CHOICE OF BULBS AND PLANTS



Do so by getting at once (free by post) the NEW AUTUMN (1909) CATALOGUE of

CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE ∴ ∴ ∴

It contains many striking varieties of TULIPS, HYACINTHS, LILLIES, NARCISSUS, ANEMONES, CROCUS, SNOWDROPS, FREESIAS, etc. These GARDEN BULBS must be secured THIS AUTUMN—they CANNOT be obtained in the Spring.

STEELE BRIGGS SEED CO., LTD.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Hogs.

There is danger in overfeeding small pigs.

Never leave any feed in the troughs. Feed little and often and regularly.

Whole oats should be fed on a raised platform, accessible only to the little pigs.

Sweep the rejected oat hulls from the platform before scattering the oats on it.

Don't neglect the hog pastures. Keep them in order, for a good pasture and a little slop or skim-milk will make pork faster and cheaper than corn.

It is a fact that a pig gains more weight from a given amount of food than any other animal.

With its large capacity for digestion, its wants should be intelligently supplied, as it turns food into cash most economically.

Select young sow pigs for breeders before they are two months old.

Young clover and grass with skim-milk is always proper food for pigs selected for breeders.

Lice will worry off flesh about as fast as you can put it on your hogs. Kerosene emulsion is good for a wash. But clean the pen out from one end to the other. If you don't back the lice will come worse than ever.

It is natural for hogs to root. They find things in the ground that their systems need. Hogs do better when permitted to live naturally.

Ruptured pigs ought to be disposed of while they are still young. They may safely be brought up to roasters, but it is not sure that they would ever reach much larger growth.

Liquid Manure.

Liquid manure, like nitrate of soda, is a quick stimulant. I. M. Angell, New York State, contributes the following experience: "A satisfactory plan for supplying the manure water was to set a large, perforated tin pail into a rack that was fastened across the top of an ordinary wash-tub. A spigot was fitted into the wash-tub near the bottom. Whenever liquid manure was required, a quantity of manure from the stable was placed in the tin pail and enough water poured through it to fill the wash-tub into which it drained. By turning a spigot we drew off into a pail whatever we wished to carry to the plants. This "filter" has been in use several seasons and is entirely satisfactory. The manure is rich enough to supply a number of tubfuls of the mixture before it is necessary to replace it. To apply the liquid manure we turned up a furrow with the hand plow, close to the row, poured in the water, and turned back the soil with the same tool. This method puts the liquid where it will do the most good, and the loose earth that is returned to its place makes the best sort of mulch; and by the same operation the ground receives cultivation. Nitrate of soda may be used in the same way on such a garden.

The Farmer's Profits.

The following is from an article in the Outlook by J. P. Roberts, probably the leading authority on agriculture in America. He was for thirty years Dean of the College of Agriculture in Cornell University.

Those old-time farmers have put up a most heroic fight. They went on these farms with little or no capital; unaided many of them paid the purchase price of the land and put valuable improvements upon it before its productive power had diminished. This they did without having received a single word of instruction in the schools concerning the principles of agriculture. Do we treat the sons of doctors of medicine and of veterinary science who are to follow their fathers' calling as we treat the sons of the farmers? We call the untrained doctor a quack and the untrained doctor of veterinary science a cow doctor. Is it any wonder that the untrained farmer is called a hayseed?

The conservation of national resources is now much discussed, but scarcely a word is said directly about conserving the natural resources of the arable soil, that is, the plant food, or the power of the land to produce abundantly. We cannot go on indefinitely depleting the soil of its humus, its nitrogen, potash, phosphoric acid, and friability, without paying the penalty which follows mining-farming. While we arrest the waste of the forests and reclothe the bare hill and mountain sides with trees, let us not forget that the arable land is suffering far greater depletion than the woodlands. The problem of forest and stream can and will be solved; Government control and liberal appropriations will in time bring about the desired results. But meanwhile almost nothing is being done to arrest the depreciation of the plowable fields. Until this time, when the land began to lose its power to produce paying crops, the farmer had only to pull up, pack his little belongings in a "prairie schooner" and trek westward, where virgin soil still awaited the agricultural miner. But now the pre-emption shanty looks out on the Pacific, and there is virtually no more virgin soil where the uninstructed farmer can ravish Mother Earth. The average yield per acre has only with difficulty been maintained by abandoning—for purposes of wheat culture—millions of depleted acres and substituting for them virgin acres, until we are at last approaching the end. Still we go on raising wheat at a loss and selling the cream of our farms by the ship-load without profit or adequate reward.

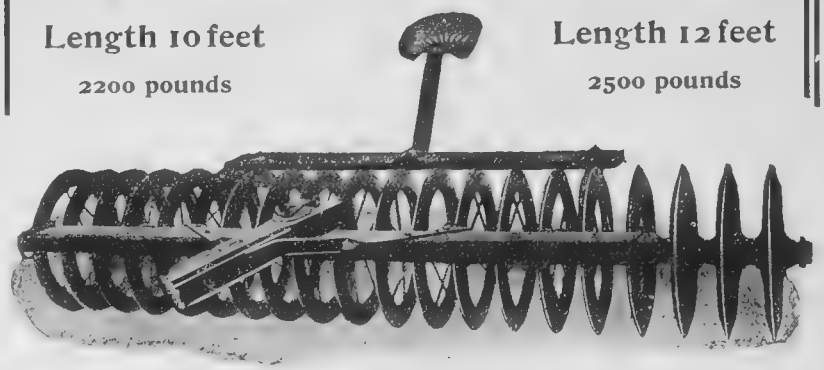
The baker has just arrived, and I am wondering how much of my five-cent loaf of bread, which weighs twelve ounces, the farmer gets. When it comes back from the laboratory where it has been sent to determine its moisture content, I will know. However, I can readily see that he gets less than one cent of my five, and how the other four cents are distributed no one but a mathematician could hope to discover. The forests and streams from this time on will be intelligently conserved. The problem of how to conserve the productive power of the fields is far more difficult, for the Government cannot purchase all the farms which are being mismanaged and which are producing crops at a loss. Without question, the first step in its solution is to realize that, were it not for certain specialized crops, such as fruits and vegetables, which require skill in their production and which usually give fair rewards, and had it not been for that vast expanse of virgin soil which until now awaited the migrant cultivator, the American farmer would long since have fallen to the condition of a peasant.

Know Your Cows.

A great essential in the success of dairy farming is to have a thorough acquaintance with the cows of the dairy, whether the herd be large or small. It is well to know every cow of the herd, her peculiarities and habits and her likes and dislikes. In her performance lies the profits. If the owner or tender of the herd knows these things and takes advantage of the knowledge, success and profit are easily possible. It is a good plan to treat the cow just as though she were holding a job and hiring out by the month. If she doesn't earn her wages, she ought to be dismissed, and either sent to the butcher or to some other herd where they want to learn all about her peculiarities. And it is really a comparatively easy thing to learn all about a cow. Mere observation will tell you her habits and the Babcock test and the scales will tell you exactly her performance. It is interesting work and pays well for the trouble. Many a large and profitable dairy herd has started from a nucleus of a few cows, a scales and a testing machine.

The FULTON
Improved Sub-surface Packer

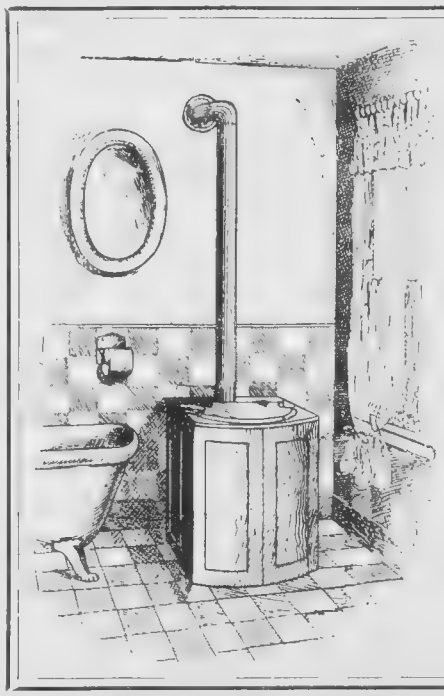
Length 10 feet — 2200 pounds
Length 12 feet — 2500 pounds



Patented June 29th, 1909 Manufactured in Winnipeg

Several hundreds of Western Canada's most progressive farmers have purchased and are using this implement, and the result from fitting the soil with it has proved to them, beyond a question of doubt, that a strata of well packed soil several inches thick will produce a better crop than soil that is not packed at all, or only slightly packed on the surface. Every acre of soil should be packed with a sub-surface packer on the same day the plowing is done. This is especially true of Summer and Fall plowing. Catalog and testimonials furnished. Get our prices before purchasing a packer of any make. We can save you money.

The Sub-surface Packer Co.
LIMITED WINNIPEG



The "ONLY" Sanitary Cabinet CLOSET.

This Closet overcomes each and every objection of the so called Sanitary Closets now on the market. Can be placed in any part of the house, school, hotel, etc. No excavating, no water, no plumbing. Cost of installation, $0.50 to $1.00. Cost of maintenance, $1 50 to $2.00 a year. Absolutely ODORLESS and SANITARY at all times. No burning, no useless appliances to get out of order. Thirty days trial: Easy terms of payment. Solid oak, and birch with mahogany finish, $25.00 and $30.00 each.

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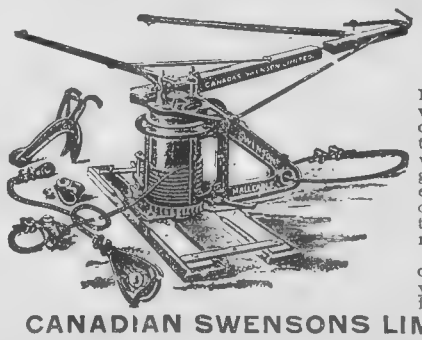


STUMP AND TREE PULLERS

If you have land to clear, no matter where it is, with stumps, standing trees or small bush alders or willows, we have the machine and apparatus for doing the work, and we sell our machine on a guarantee that it will work faster, be easier and more convenient than any other machine on the market. It is also the only Malleable Iron Stump Machine made.

Do not fool away time and money with old dilapidated cast-iron machines. If you write for **Catalogue H,** you will get full particulars. Address.

CANADIAN SWENSONS LIMITED, Lindsay, Canada.

HOLD YOUR WHEAT

Until you decide to ship to a responsible grain firm who will get you the highest poss'ble price and make prompt and proper returns. No one can give you better satisfaction than

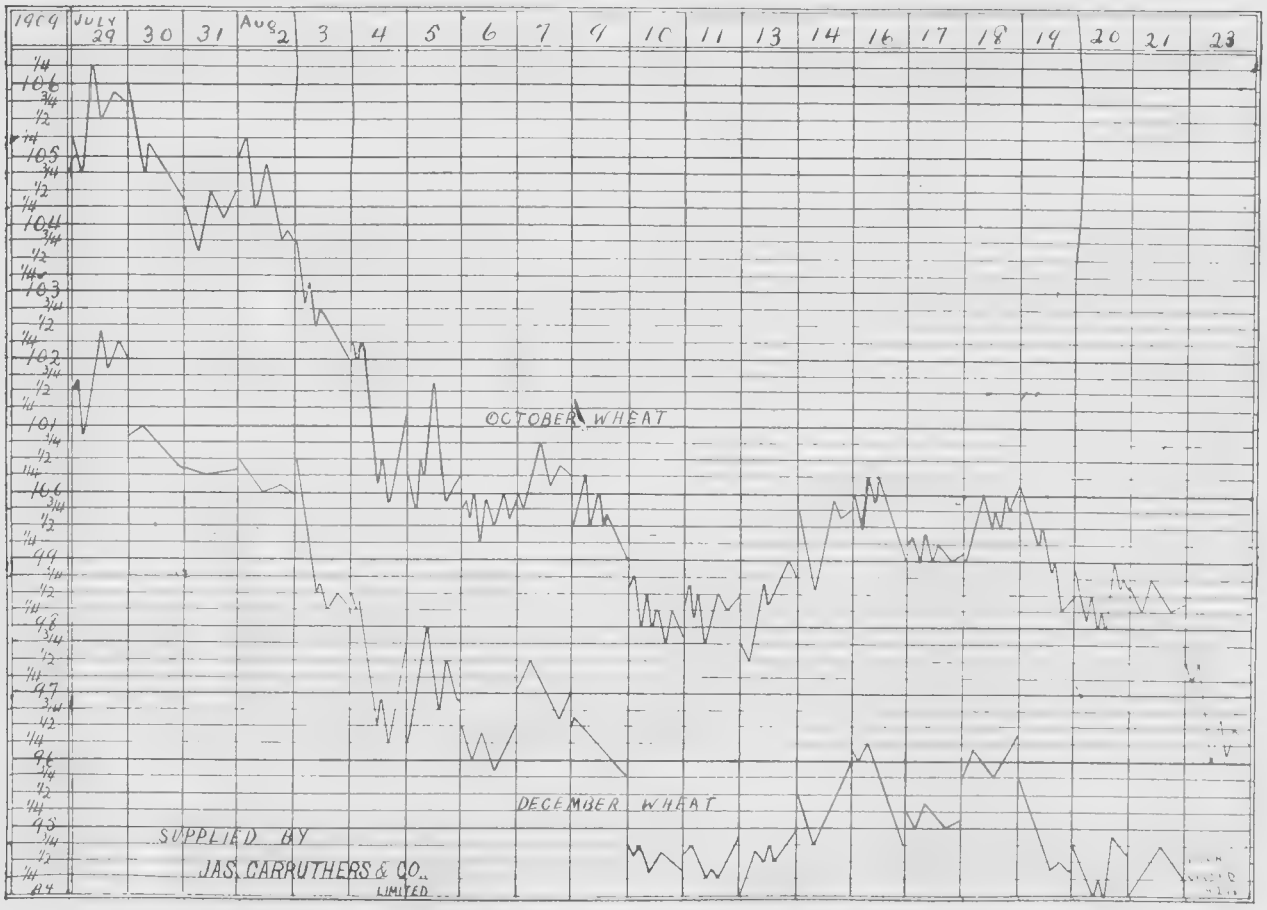
JAS. CARRUTHERS & CO., LTD.

EXPORTERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Licensed and Bonded **WINNIPEG** References—Any Bank or Agency

Comparative Chart of Winnipeg Wheat Prices

Supplied by Jas. Carruthers & Co., Ltd., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.



FARMERS OF WESTERN CANADA

The new season's crop is on the eve of moving to market.

You want to get all you can realize out of your grain, but the only way to do so is by shipping it in carloads to Fort William or Port Arthur and having it looked after and sold for your account by a first class grain commission house, acting as your agent.

We are an old-established, independent and reliable commission firm, well-known over all Canada, and we possess unsurpassed facilities for so handling Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax for farmers who rise to the ambition of shipping their own grain, and we are prepared to handle to the best advantage for our customers all grain entrusted to us. We make liberal advances against railroad car shipping bills immediately we receive the same, and make prompt returns after sales are made. We are not track buyers, and do not buy your grain on our own account, and we always furnish our customers with the name and address of the buyer we sell to.

Owing to the influence of the elevator interests in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the commission rates for handling grain have recently been suspended, but an independent commission firm, which does not buy grain at a handsome margin of profit, must make some definite charge for the services it renders. We, therefore, propose to charge 1c. per bush. on Wheat and Flax, ¾c. per bush. on Barley and ½c. per bush. on Oats.

We solicit a continuance and increase in the patronage we have for many years received, and we invite you to write us for market prospects, shipping instructions, and our "Way of doing business," and you will be sure to gain advantage and satisfaction thereby.

700-703D GRAIN EXCHANGE **Thompson, Sons & Co.,** WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Kingston Toronto Fort William Winnipeg Calgary

JAS. RICHARDSON & SONS

— GRAIN EXPORTERS

You will get the highest values on your Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax, etc., when you get quotations from us. Wire us for prices when you have your cars loaded. For further information and shipping instructions write

JAS. RICHARDSON & SONS

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Consign Your Grain to

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Advise:—

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The Best Service Obtainable and Always the Highest Price

is what you get if you ship to us.

Every car-load receives our personal attention, and the grading is watched by a man of fifteen year's experience in handling sample grain.

A car shipped to us now will convince you that we give results every time.

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References—Union Bank of Canada, Royal Bank of Canada.

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GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG.

We solicit your Grain Shipments. Over 25 years experience in this line. Prompt reliable work. Write us for Information.

References—Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank, and Commercial Agencies

MATHESON-LINDSAY GRAIN CO.

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We solicit your shipments. Will buy or handle on consignment, advancing cash on Shipping Bills. Brandon office managed by Mr. John McQueen, in John E. Smith Block). Phone 527 (night phone 676).

Reference: The Merchant's Bank of Canada.

DON'T SACRIFICE YOUR GRAIN

GET ALL THERE IS IN IT

We will sell your grain on the up-turns in the market, on the good days, when the price is high, and through our extensive Eastern and European connections we are always able to get the world's highest price.

GET ALL YOUR GRAIN IS REALLY WORTH

An advance of 90% of its value sent by registered mail, on receipt of shipping, or on presentation of draft.

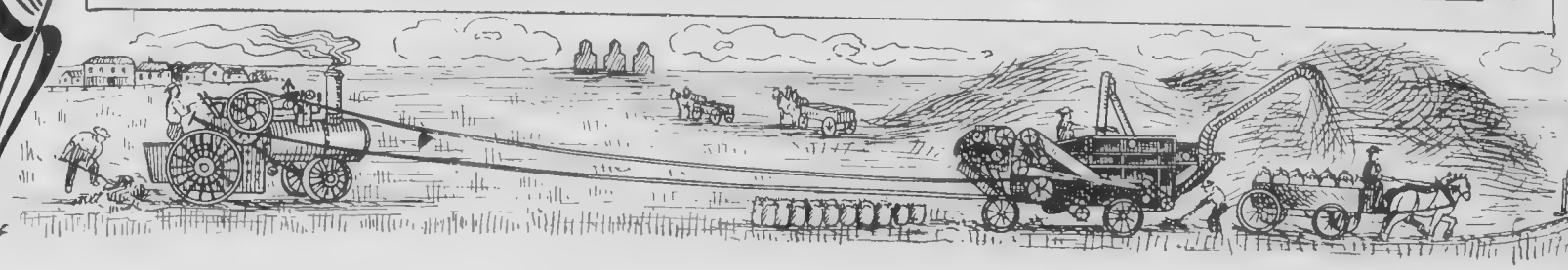
WE GIVE VERY CAREFUL PERSONAL ATTENTION TO THE GRADING

and take sample of all cars in addition to the sample taken by the grain inspector.

YOU WILL LIKE OUR WAY OF DOING BUSINESS

W. S. McLAUGHLIN & COMPANY

REFERENCES—ANY BANK OR COMMERCIAL AGENCY WINNIPEG



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McKendry's "The Home of the Hat Beautiful"

Write to-day as the demand for our "Style Book" is very great.

McKendry's Limited
226 - 228 Yonge Street
Toronto, Ont.

HOW TO BE STRONG

Men must be strong to-day or give way to those who are. There is no compromise. It's either strength and success, or weakness and failure. Which will you be?

What is strength, vim and energy? What is the force before which obstacles melt and competition fades away? What is the power in man which makes even the lion quail? What is health and vigor? In fact, what is life itself but ELECTRICITY? Do not all authorities tell us that they are so closely allied that none can say where one leaves off and the other begins? Who can dispute that they are the same? The strong and healthy man is always full of electricity, and the weak always lacks it. What is more natural, then, than that electricity should cure where new strength and life are needed, as in Rheumatism, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver and Stomach troubles, or Lost vitality, Debility, Varicocele, Exhaustion, etc., caused by overwork, drains, excesses, etc.? There is no question about it. It is a fact that I have demonstrated by curing more than 100,000 such sufferers in my 40 years of ceaseless labor in this field. The whole secret is simply to give the treatment right, and my success and experience insure that.

My invention, the Dr. Sanden Herculex Electric Belt is a complete battery, made in form of a belt, weighing only a few ounces, and worn during sleep. It, in a gentle, soothing manner, fills your body full of the life-giving current, and the first night's use is a revelation to the wearer. In two months it will cure the worst cases. It has been world-standard for forty years, and I know so well what it will do for those ailing as above that to the sceptical who do not care to buy at a liberal discount for cash I will give it on absolute

FREE TRIAL UNTIL CURED

Not one penny to be paid in advance or on deposit. Only when cured do you pay me the regular price of the appliance. That is the faith I have in my remedy, and those who have not given electricity a fair trial are throwing health and happiness away if they neglect this opportunity of a trial.

But be sure you get the best appliance and advice. As the originator and founder of the electric body-battery system of treatment, my success is the envy of many and my Herculex is, of course, imitated (what good thing is not?). But my great knowledge gained from forty years' experience is mine alone and cannot be imitated. I give advice free to my patients till the cure is complete. My Herculex is guaranteed to give a strong electric current that will last for years.

Call or send for my Herculex to-day, or if you want to look into the matter further, I have two of the best little books ever written on electricity and its medical uses which I'd like to send you. Sent free, sealed upon request.

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DINEEN BUILDING—ENTRANCE NO. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET.

Office Hours: 9 to 6; Saturday, until 9 p.m.

The Wheat Market.

By Jas. Carruthers & Co., Limited.

The action of the market during the past month is the best criterion of actual conditions, values showing a decline of 8 to 12 cents per bushel. Last reports from our Liverpool agents credit this decline to a duel between Russia and the Danube and the United States, both being anxious to sell their new crop. While markets were at their former high level these countries were very firm, but as we drew near the time when the new crop would be offered, there was a general inclination to work off large quantities at high prices, with the result that values in the United Kingdom declined steadily and American wheats have now reached a comparatively reasonable level. Some business has been worked around the present level but naturally as long as America press their grain on the market the United Kingdom millers will be in no hurry to take grain off their hands. There will undoubtedly be very large orders received from the United Kingdom for our new wheat, but the millers will not load up with grain at present prices, when there is a prospect of filling their requirements at prices that are now prevailing for future months. Reports from the United Kingdom state that the crops are a little backward but a fair average is expected; France and Germany's prospects are rather poor, and the official report shows the condition to be somewhat below last year. Austro-Hungary's official reports indicate a crop of about 25 million bushels less than last year. Russia has been sending in very favorable reports, and this country will probably have its usual amount to export. Argentine reports in general are favorable, but, of course, it is too far ahead to size up the situation there. As long as America and Russia try to take advantage of present prices markets are not likely to show much stability, but the fact that millers have not very large supplies on hand would indicate that the supply during the coming months will be very little in excess of the demand, and prices should hold somewhere around the present level of October wheat. Reviewing American conditions, the Department of Agriculture in the United States estimates that the crop conditions on August 1st were slightly higher than the same time last year. In addition to this, the acreage of cultivated crops is about 15 per cent. greater than last year. Late reports from the central states, however, claim that the recent hot weather has had a bad effect on the wheat, and will no doubt reduce the quality to some extent. Western Canada has enjoyed rather favorable conditions and the prospects are even brighter than last year, and except for severe damage by hail practically no other loss is reported. A few rust scares were started but as far as we can learn there has been very little damage from this source. All things considered, we do not think the farmer who holds his wheat will be any further ahead than those who sell early in the season.—Winnipeg, August 23.

Our Lives.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad or sweet or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad;
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

—Matthew Arnold.

BOVRIL

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK

Most summer drinks have no nourishment

BOVRIL in any form is nourishment

BOVRIL with Mineral Water makes a refreshing and invigorating drink—Just try it

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR

High Grade

Guaranteed Chemically Pure

SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS

Same Price as the poor Adulterated Kinds

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

"Favorite" Churn

Is the favorite. There are more "Favorite" churns sold in Canada than all other makes combined. Patent foot and lever drive. Made in 8 sizes to churn from ½ to 30 gallons of cream.

If your dealer does not handle these household favorites, write us.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS
St. Mary's, Ont.

OPEN DOOR TO PROSPERITY

640 ACRES

improved. 1 mile to Girvin, 6 miles to Davidson, Sask. 275 acres plowed, balance prairie, good soil, surface generally level, comfortable buildings. Will sell this farm with stock and implements at low price on terms of $2500 cash, balance ½ crop payments. For map and details write

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Mount Birds

We teach you by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of **Birds, Animals, Game Heads.** Also to **tan skins and make rugs.** Decorate your home with your beautiful trophies, or command big income selling specimens and mounting for others. Easily, quickly learned in spare time by men and women. Success guaranteed. Write today for our free book **"How to Mount Birds and Animals"**—absolutely free. **N.W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, Box 103K, Omaha, Neb.**

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Prof. J. W. Robertson: Digging is the earliest form of exercise known to man, and it is still the best form.

Rudyard Kipling: Lead a mule and it follows; pull it and it refuses to move. Men are very much like this.

William J. Bryan: The American invasion, instead of Americanizing Canada, is Canadianizing the American settlers in the Prairie Provinces.

Mark Twain: For a man to have kept out of the hands of the police all his life does not argue that he is virtuous.

Agnes C. Laut: With the present madness for speed and its attendant recklessness our streets demand constant alertness.

Margaret Scott: A nation honors itself by the way it honors its children, and by the way it deals with them is its civilization measured.

Principal McIntyre: Often the dullest boys turn out the brightest men; and some youths who are successful at the start are never heard of in after life.

George Bernard Shaw: Just as the dyer's hands are subdued to the material they work in, so do our very souls take a color from our various callings.

R. L. Borden, M. P.: The all-important problem of the conservation of the natural resources of this continent in timber, water and soil, are pressing themselves more and more upon public attention.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: One of our first concerns as a people in possession of a country still new is to preserve the forests, to spread tree-growth over the plains, and to protect the streams.

Agnes Deans Cameron: Woman's sphere is the home. True. So man's sphere is the home. All the useful occupations, all the higher interests of men, centre in the home. Nations and great empires exist for the purpose of maintaining homes. The trouble is that we have been taking too narrow views of what that word "home" implies.

Judge Lindsay, of Denver: I have been in the juvenile court nearly ten years, and in that time I have had to deal with thousands and thousands of boys who have disgraced themselves and their parents, and who have brought sorrow and misery into their lives, and I do not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the troubles of these boys than the vile cigarette habit.

William Whyte: Not so long ago the people of Manitoba were told they could grow no trees except the Manitoba maple, the poplar and the birch. Look at our elms today. Broadway in Winnipeg is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, and the elms made it so. The foliage has become so thick that the trees themselves will have to be thinned out. Of all the elms planted in Winnipeg, the records do not show that one per cent. has died.

Rev. Dr. Aked: As for you, young man, I advise you to enter more strongly yet into politics. I advise every young man to do so. Always inform yourself; always do the best you can; always vote. Disengage yourself from parties. They have been useful and to some extent remain so, but the floating, uncommitted electors, farmers, clerks, mechanics, the masters of parties—watching aloof, inclining victory this side or that side—such are the ones most needed, present and future.

Mr. William Whyte: Every new furrow in the West is an addition to the prosperity of all Canada.

Lord Charles Beresford: Argument is the least profitable of all ways of time squandering.

Rev. R. J. Campbell: The only people hopelessly ignorant are the self-satisfied.

Mr. Wilbur Wright: The parrot is the only bird that talks—and he is not a good flyer.

Andrew Carnegie: The possibilities of the development of the resources of Western Canada are only beginning to be realized.

Lord Rosebery: If the nations of Canada, South Africa, Australia and Britain were cemented together for defence, they could laugh at the rest of the world.

Austen Chamberlain: It is rather difficult to tell the truth about anything nowadays without being told that one is either an extremist or an alarmist.

The Earl of Crewe: The problem of immigration is one of considerable difficulty in the Empire, the people whom the Dominion wants most of all are those whom the Mother Country least wishes to lose.

Sir William Van Horne: Within twenty or thirty years the world must depend wholly upon Canada for its paper supply unless some substitute for wood-pulp is found, which is quite unlikely.

Goldwin Smith: The one great lesson that every Canadian citizen must learn, if this country is to make a steady and safe progress toward the larger life that lies ahead, is that difference should not and need not mean division.

D. D. Mann: During the first three months of 1908 the building permits issued in the city of Winnipeg amounted to $141,000. During the same three months of 1909 the building permits issued in Winnipeg amounted to $1,059,900. The difference tells a tale.

J. J. Kelso: A child brought up in ignorance—its faults uncorrected and its better promptings unencouraged—is sure to be a source of future trouble, and the punishment is visited on its unfortunate head instead of on those who neglected their duty and ignored their responsibility.

President Taft: We have been going ahead so rapidly in our country that our heads have been somewhat swelled with the idea that we are carrying on our shoulders all the progress that there was in the world. We have not been so fully conscious as we ought to be, that there is on our north, with a border line between it and us of some three thousand miles, a young country and a young nation that is looking forward, as well it may, to a great national future. They have nine millions of people, but the country is still hardly scratched. . . . I am glad to feel, from a national standpoint, that these celebrations, these memorials, are a permanent step forward in bringing about that union of feeling and sentiment and neighborliness that ought to be encouraged between those two great powers on the North American Continent.

A fox more or less means little to anyone except the man who is losing the hens. The best exterminator is a gun loaded with *Dominion Ammunition.* The new *Dominion System* of testing proves every cartridge and shot shell perfect. A new box free for every misfire of present product. Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Dominion Dominion Ammunition

A CHOICE SECTION

A copy of Government Inspector's Report on Section 22-33-18W-3M.

"In the course of my examination of districts for settlement purposes, I had an opportunity of specially examining and spending some time upon the whole of section 22-33-18W-3M, and found the same to be an excellent section of gently undulating prairie, sloping gently to the south. The N.E. quarter has about ten acres cut off by the hill, and about 25 acres of gravelly subsoil—the balance of the section is all heavy, rich clay loam. I attach special value in connection with this section to a large spring of excellent water located a hundred yards or so north of this section, and which makes its way through a small ravine about one chain across, touching every quarter of this section. I consider this a very desirable piece of farming land for operation purposes. One of the original locations of the G. T. Pacific Railway lies within half a mile south of this section, and the character of the country is such as to make it reasonably certain that this fertile valley will be used by some railway at an early date."

This excellent section is now open for purchase on very reasonable terms. For further particulars address:

Mr. M, care
Western Home Monthly Office, Winnipeg.

K·D·C CURES INDIGESTION.

EARN THIS AIR RIFLE

For hunting or target practice. This king air rifle is sure death to small game. We will give this gun to any boy who will sell thirty jewelry novelties for us. Send for the jewelry to-day. We trust you. When you sell the 30 pieces at 10c. each, return our $3.00 and we will immediately send you the rifle. The W. Stephens Co., Drawer 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

YOU CAN STOP DRINKING

Your Husband Son or Friend from

Write me, and I will tell you the only proven method that will actually stop a man from drinking; either with or without his consent, and without danger to him, or loss of his time. It will **cost you nothing** to try. I have given my advice to hundreds upon hundreds, and never heard of a case where it failed. Address **E. Fortin, R. 135, Chicago, Ill., 40 Dearborn Street.** Absolute secrecy promised.

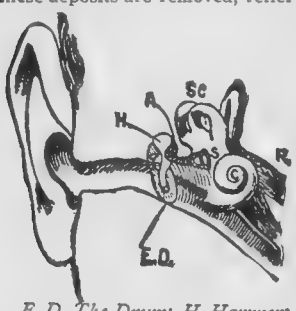
STEM WIND **Gold Watch AND RING GIVEN FOR SELLING POST CARDS**

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Solid Gold Laid case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a $50 diamond, for selling 20 packages of beautiful high grade Art Post Cards at 10c per package. Order 20 packages and when sold send us $2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring & chain. ALTON WATCH CO. Dept 806, CHICAGO

DEAFNESS

Successfully Treated by the Simplest Method yet Discovered

Ninety-five per cent. of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratary bones. Until these deposits are removed, relief is impossible The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always effect a cure. Neither caneardrums cure deafness But there is a scientific treatment for deafness and catarrhwhich is demonstrated every day by the use of Actina. The vapor generated in the Actina passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibration of sound. Actina is also very successful in relieving ringing noises in the head. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be entirely relieved by a few weeks' use. Actina has also been very successful in the treatment of hay fever, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds, headache and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease. Address, Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 D., 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.



E. D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S. C. Semicircular Canals; C. Cochlea.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men--Free

Send Name and Address To-day—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge.

A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Wanted To Buy

RAW FURS

Highest Cash Prices Paid

We want especially Lynx, Fox, Musk Rats and Mink.

WRITE for PRICES

We want to purchase also live Sand Hill Cranes, White Cranes and live fur bearing animals. Write us for prices when you have the goods on hand.

Phone 7454.

Indian Curio Co.
549 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Sunday Reading.

Something Great.

The trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight of the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The King looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said, "He is mete for some high emprise."
To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate;
I will surely die, or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in town that day:
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild—
"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some meaner succour will do, maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in this world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met:
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight; "I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armour bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"Oh weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed.
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died — and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done;
He missed the blessings he might have won.
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least,
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women relent their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

—Florence Tylee in N.Y. Tribune.

Sowing and Reaping.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not.
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread?
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

Faithful and True.

I shall not pass this way again,
But far beyond earth's where and when
May I look back along a road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.

I shall not pass this way again,
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And love be mine so that I may
Plant roses all along the way.

I shall not pass this way again,
May I be courteous to men,
Faithful to friends, true to my God,
A fragrance on the path I trod.

—Clarence Urmy

Treasure in Heaven.

A rich lady dreamed that she went to heaven, and there saw a mansion built. "Who is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth, with barely room enough for his family. He might live better if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks."

Further on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And who is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning: "The Master Builder is doing His best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke, resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.

What are we sending up? What kind of material are we building into our everyday life? Is it being sent up?

Away With Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

Can Do Her Own Work Now.

Doctor Said She Had Heart Trouble.

Weighed 125 Pounds. Now Weighs 185.

Mrs. M. McGann, Debec Junction, N.B., writes:—"I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

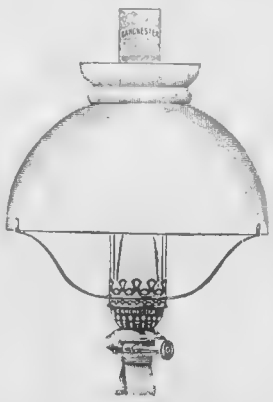
DO NOT THINK

that because you live away out in the country, you must perforce neglect your hair. We can attend to your wants by mail just as easily as if you lived next door to us, and the greatest proof of our success is the large number of grateful letters we receive daily from delighted customers.

We carry a complete line of Wigs, Toupees, Pompadours, Transformations and Switches.

We have just issued a very useful little book entitled "The Care of the Hair." This is brimful of interesting information and should be in every western home. We will gladly mail a copy to any address free of charge.

SEAMAN & PETERSEN
THE NEW YORK HAIR STORE
Y.M.C.A. Block, Winnipeg
Also at Cedar Rapids, Iowa



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Burns 95% Air and 5% Coal Oil. Pays for itself in three months, and thereafter saves you money all the time. Perfectly safe; will fit any ordinary lamp, and give ten times more light.

For special terms and territory apply to the

INCANDESCENT KEROSENE LIGHT CO.
50 Princess Street Winnipeg

NEAR TO NATURES HEART FOR 25c

Send 25c for 10 beautiful post cards no two alike. These are the finest production of cards ever made known as Celluloid Glaze Finish. They can be wiped off with a damp cloth and retail at 50c for 10. This offer is made to introduce them into every home in Canada. You will not be disappointed when you see them. Send to-day. Address THE W. STEVENS CO., Box 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

I Will Write Your Fortune, with Pen Picture and letter introducing the right one, all for 25c, Prof. Fabroni, Toledo, Ohio.

ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR MAKES GOOD BREAD

FRIGHTFUL STOMACH TROUBLE

For Four Long Years He Suffered—Then "Fruit-a-tives" Brought Relief.

Stratford Centre, Wolfe Co., Que.
May 11th, 1908.

I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my stomach through this wonderful medicine, "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered fo. four long years with this trouble. My head ached incessantly. I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pains from indigesti I used every known remedy and was treated by physicians, but the dyspepsia and headaches persisted in spite of the treatment.

I was told to try "Fruit-a-tives," and I sent for six boxes, and this was the only medicine that did me any good. I am now entirely well, I can eat ordinary food and I never have a headache, and for this relief I thank this wonderful remedy "Fruit-a-tives." My case is well known in this vicinity and you may publish this statement.

ALCIDE HEBERT.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial size 25c. If, for any reason, your dealer does not handle "Fruit-a-tives," they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

150 Favorite Old-Time Songs,

With Words and Music Complete.

This is a splendid collection of favorite old-time songs and ballads—songs that touch the heart and recall the tenderest memories, many of them having been popular favorites for forty or fifty years and just as dearly loved to-day as when they were written. Each song is published in this book *with both words and music* complete and we question if there has ever been issued a book containing so large a collection of sterling favorites at so low a price. We will send this book postpaid to any address on receipt of **15 cents.**

REMARKABLE OFFER—We issue a special line of popular-priced novels by such famous authors as Conan Doyle, Mrs. Southworth, "The Duchess," Alexander Dumas, etc., etc., Send us forty cents for a trial order of a dozen books and we will include the Song Book free of charge. This offer is for a limited time only. Address all orders—

THE WHOLESALE BOOK CO.,
DEPT. B. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

GIRLS FREE.

This handsome jointed doll, dressed in satin, lovely curly hair, pearly teeth, and large sleeping eyes, given absolutely Free for a few hours of your time. Send your name and address to-day for 30 novelties to sell at 10c. each. When sold return our $3.00 and we will immediately send you the doll. We trust you. Send name and address to-day. Address the W. Stephens Co., Drawer 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

SEND 25c. Receive post paid 25 different colored velvet and silk pieces for fancy work. **Southcott Suit Co., 10, Coote Block, London, Ont.**

Woman and the Home.

Give Gentle Answers Back.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pain and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

What To Be.

Be cheerful, optimistic,
Be willing to forbear
With every kind of trouble
And never to despair.

Be free from all suspicion,
Seek no motive for the act,
Accept all things with kindness,
Judiciousness and tact.
Be kind to every mortal,
But yet select a few
To bear the name of friendship
And tread the road with you.

And you will find that living
Is not a dreary bore,
And life has many blessings
You did not know before.

Henry Bartlett Morrill.

Two Roads.

Between the cradle and the tomb,
Two roadways lead along,
Oft side by side they seem to glide—
The right road, and the wrong.

Each by path winding in and out,
However wide it strays,
Leads forth or back from one main track
There are but those two ways,

No guide post points the way to go,
But deep within each soul
A knowledge dwells—a sense that tells
The right road to the goal.

It may seem desolate at first
But when the day slants west,
The Road of Right floods full of light,
The highway of the blest.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Helps For House Cleaning.

For cleaning oil paintings, this is recommended. Take the picture out of the frame and rub the surface well with the cut side of a raw potato; when clean, wipe with a sponge and clean water, drying carefully with a soft clean cloth. This is claimed to be satisfactory.

In laying heavy, inlaid linoleum, do not use ordinary carpet tacks; let lie on the floor for a while— a few weeks will not hurt, until the linoleum is stretched, then use shoemaker's "sprigs" which are headless; they do no injury to the linoleum, hold it firmly, are invisible, and the linoleum can be taken up without damage.

Even polished mahogany, or veneered pieces, will get dull-looking simply because the wood is dirty, and the best way to clean it is to wash it with good soap and water; but it cannot be treated as the wood work of the room. The finer wood of the furniture should be washed with a little suds, then the suds should be all rinsed off of it with a damp, clean cloth, the wood then thoroughly dried with a soft, white piece of old cheesecloth. Coal oil is not an ideal cleaner for soft wood surfaces, or for furniture, as, unless every particle of the oil is rubbed in, or cleaned off, every mark is discernible, and it gets fuzzy with dust. It is better to buy a reliable furniture polish of a responsible dealer and use exactly as directed. The article treated should be rubbed perfectly dry of the polish. It is very easy for an inexperienced women on ruin furniture with the varnish brush, or poor polish. Try your hand on the cheap, common pieces, and let the cabinet maker look after the best. Many of the advertised varnishes are a regular despair to women, and it is better to let them alone. An experienced person either scrubs the furniture, or scrapes to the wood, sand-papers two or three times, varnishes, and sand-papers to smooth the surface after the initial coat of varnish dries, before putting on the finishing coat. Renovating furniture means just real hard work.

For cleaning the stove-pipe slip a strong paper bag such as corn meal or graham flour comes in, over the end of the pipe, and tie it close around the pipe;then beat the pipe to dislodge the soot, and after all the soot is down in the bag, take the pipe out and burn the bag with its sooty contents without dirtying up the house.—Mrs. M., Minn.

Use Butter.

In cooking macaroni, rice or milk for a custard, rub the pan with a little butter and it will not stick.

How to Iron.

To iron the placket in a wash skirt, neatly fold a cloth four times to make a pad under the hooks; this does not flatten the hooks and makes a smooth opening.

Lemonade.

Lemonade is an excellent liver medicine; a glass of strong lemonade without any sugar, taken every morning before breakfast, is a good thing.

For Sick Room.

When a patient is too ill for the room to be thoroughly swept take a Turkish towel, wring it out of strong salt and water and wipe the carpet all over with it.

Wash The Clothes Line.

A good way to wash a clothes line is to wind it on a long board and scrub it with a scrubbing brush.

Leather Polish.

Turpentine and beeswax melted to the consistency of cream makes a good polish for leather upholstered furniture.

Keep The Fruit Cake.

Fruit cake may be kept indefinitely if it is put away in a covered tin, wrapped in brandied cloths.

Sticky Rasins.

If the knife and fingers are slightly buttered when seeding raisins the work will be robbed of its stickiness and discomfort.

Dates in Rice.

Use dates instead of raisins when next making rice pudding, whether baked or boiled. The change will be found quite satisfactory.

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is cheaper than a doctor. So, keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.

Had Stomach Cramps

Would Roll on the Floor in Agony.

Mr. Wm. Kranth, contractor and builder, Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"Having read some of the testimonials of cures effected by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I thought it advisable to say a word of praise for its merits.

Some years ago I was much troubled with stomach trouble and cramps. I used to roll on the floor in agony, and on one occasion I went into a faint after suffering intensely for four hours. A short time after this, in driving to town, I was attacked again and had to lie down in my rig, seeking relief.

"When I reached the drug store I asked the druggist for a quick remedy and laid behind the counter until relief came. The remedy I received from the druggist was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Whenever, after that time, I felt cramps coming on, I found speedy relief in the above mentioned remedy, and I am now cured of this dreadful malady. The bottle is small, but its contents effect a marvelous cure. I can recommend it highly for the cure of cramps."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for 64 years. It is not a new and untried remedy. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. Refuse substitutes. They're dangerous.

Price 35 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

KELOWNA FRUIT LANDS

Ready to Plant 10 & 20 acre lots

Within Four Miles of the City of Kelowna (Population 1,200) in the Famous Okanagan Valley.

Our Fruit Lands are free from timber, rock and scrub—already plowed. No mountain side, but in the centre of a beautiful valley—and a prosperous settlement. Main roads run around the property.

The Land will easily pay for itself the first year. Some results this year:

½ acre Strawberries.....$ 626.00
1 acre Tomatoes.....1000.00
4 acres Onions, 75 tons....2550.00
½ acre Crab Apples yielded..10 tons

Prices—$150 to $200 per acre—Terms, ¼ Cash.

Balance in three annual payments If interested, write for illustrated booklet.

CENTRAL OKANAGAN LAND AND ORCHARD CO., LTD.
KELOWNA B.C.

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

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Three Different Crimps in One Board means the Minimum of Wear and Tear on Clothes.

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Boys and Girls.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want ask for it.)

Give Us Men.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoil of office does not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while they rabble with their thumb-worn creeds
Their large professions and their little deeds—
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

A Run For Life.

I had not met my old friend, Casper Bush, for more than two years, and when, one night, he unexpectedly called upon me at my house, I was unfeignedly pleased to see him. I knew he had been away on a botanical expedition into Central America, and was prepared for a face as brown as a berry. But instead, his skin was white and drawn, and I noticed that he walked with a silght limp.

"You look," said I after our greetings were over, "as if you had come from a hospital rather than the open out-of-doors."

"I have," he said. "Thank you, I will sit down. I ran into an adventure down there that's left me pretty weak."

He sat down and held out his hands to the warmth of the fire.

"I suppose you'd like to hear about it," he said, with a whimsical smile. "You always were a great fellow for yarns.

"Well, to skip a lot of unnecessary details, I was out on foot one day, searching the high table-lands for a certain orchid, when I came to a large, treeless savanna of probably three hundred acres or more in extent, and about a mile across. The surface of this cleared and gently rolling plain was covered with long grass, across which I resolved to make a short cut to the forest on the further side.

"I was quietly wading through the rank growth and had reached the middle of the savanna when I came upon a shallow slough containing very little water, but a great deal of deep black mud. This slough was nearly circular in form, and in diameter perhaps more than one hundred yards.

"As far as I could see along its margin there was a hard, well-defined path, apparently made by wild animals in coming to drink. Exactly in its centre a small pond of water still remained, and on this was floating a solitary wild duck, its head turned inquisitively toward me.

"I had a repeating rifle on my arm, and without reflecting that I could not retrieve the bird, even if I should hit it, I fired. The duck immediately sprang up and flew off unhurt, but a shrill squeal showed me that my bullet had found an unexpected mark in the tall grass on the opposite side of the slough. The next moment a large herd of collared peccaries rushed out of the sedge, and catching sight of me, came for me at once.

"You may think there was no reason why a hundred or so of little, wild, pig-like creatures, none of which would weigh more than sixty pounds, shoull alarm an armed man.

"But I knew enough about these savage little brutes to be well aware that if they overtook me before I could reach a tree, I should be torn to shreds in a moment.

"It was to be a simple, straightaway race for life, and I stood not on the order of my going, but went at once. The nearest timber was distant nearly half a mile, and for this I struck out at top speed.

"There was one thing in my favor. The slough being about one hundred yards in diameter, one-half of its circumference was, of course, about one hundred and fifty yards; and as the peccaries had to come by way of this half- circle to get on my track, I should have so much start of them.

"I believe you saw me run once down in old Virginia, with a dozen of the boys in gray after me. Well, the gait I made was nothing compared with the gait at which I now raced for the woods. My present pursuers were far more to be dreaded than a whole army of soldierly foes.

"I had covererd perhaps about one-half of the distance, when I heard a sound as of heavy rain beating upon the forest leaves, and glancing back, saw the broad grass going down in a broad swath as if before a score of scythes . The whole drove was within sixty yards of me.

"I experienced, then, only with greater keenness, the feelings of some poor hunted fox who realizes that he cannot escape from the pack behind him. I knew I could not reach the forest. My legs moved automatically, with no diminution of speed; but my mind, which before had been firmly fixed, like my gaze, on the line of trees ahead, ran hither and thither in confusion.

"At one moment I was tempted to stand at bay, while some strength and wind remained in me, and sell my life as dearly as possible. The next moment I searched the savanna wildly with my eyes for some place of refuge.

"Suddenly I caught sight of a dead tree just topping the tall grass to the left. It was such a small tree, and so neutral in coloring and broken down, that it was not strange I had not remarked it before. But the moment I saw it I changed my course and ran toward it.

"With the sight of it I gained new hope, and I flew through the grass as if it had been gossamer. I did not know whether the little tree was too small and too rotten to sustain my weight or not. There was no time to think about that. I had but one idea, and that was to reach it.

"In the burst of speed I actually outstripped the herd of little black fiends pursuing me. Then an unforeseen accident happened. The tree stood in a little bare soft spot, two or three feet in diameter. Running against the pressure of the grass as I had been, when I burst out of it into the clear space, I lunged forward as if someone had pushed me violently from behind. My foot slipped in the slimy ooze, my rifle flew from my hands, and I fell forward on my face.

"I was up again in an instant, but only to be bowled over by a savage blow on the leg from a peccary that had outrun his mates. His sharp tusk caught me just above the left ankle, and cut through my trousers and the calf of my leg as a knife cuts butter.

"It was fortunate that I found myself then at the base of the tree, otherwise I should not be here to tell this story. My excitement was so great that I felt no pain at all. I

grasped the small trunk and pulled myself up to the rotten stub of a branch just as the squealing herd surrounded me.

"Probably no wild animal can equal in obstinate malevolence the South American peccary when once thoroughly aroused. The angry little brutes, their stiff hair bristling along their narrow spines, surrounded the tree in a dense mass, gritting their teeth at me until flecks of foam spotted their muzzles.

"The push of their determined little bodies as they leaped up against the trunk was enough in itself to render my position in the tree was extremely insecure. But when several of them began to attack the wood with their keen tusks, I felt that I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

"The tree was dead and punky, and riddled with the holes of a large boring worm common in that vicinity. Doubtless the peccaries would not have kept up their attacks upon it if this had not been so; but as the decayed wood fell away in broad splinters they were encouraged to renewed activity.

"I felt that the feeble little tree, already strained by my weight, might fall at any moment, and drop me like a ripe fruit into the midst of my besiegers.

"In my desperation I searched my pockets frantically for some weapon of defence. I had not even a penknife about me. A paper of pins, some bits of string, a handkerchief and a metal box of matches were all that rewarded my efforts.

"As I fingered this last article an inspiration came to me. I opened the box and drew out one of the matches. They were thick wax sticks, especially fitted for an expedition into the wilds, since they were almost proof against dampness, and would stay lighted in a fairly strong wind.

"I scratched the blue head of it against the box, and nursed the flame until the wax began to run. Then I tossed it as skillfully as I could into the long, dry grass just outside of the little denuded area.

"I waited a few seconds, but the match had evidently gone out. I tried another with the same result. Then I lighted four or five at once and when they had got well going, threw them into the grass.

"You can't imagine with what hopes I waited the results. When I saw a thin little spiral of smoke curl up I watched it with my heart in my mouth. It grew among the stems blacker and larger. The grass crackled, and a tongue of flame gleamed red.

"The moment the fire had got a foothold it was astonishing with what lust it seized upon the dry, thick growth. From that tiny flame it expanded into a broad wave that shot up with a hissing roar.

"The consternation and surprise of the peccaries was great. For a moment they seemed reluctant to leave me, but at the next, the wild creatures' instinctive fear of fire seized them, and with one accord they turned and ran swiftly for the forest.

"I lost no time myself in following their example,but it was hard work for me in my crippled and exhausted state to reach camp. My leg was stiff and swollen, and altogether I was in very bad shape. I got there, however, at last, only to be taken down two days after with a spell of fever induced probably by the injuries I had received.

Johnnie: "Pa, won't you please to buy me a microbe to help me with my arithmetic,"

Papa: "What good will a microbe do you?"

Johnnie: "I just read in this paper that they multiply rapidly."—Judge

---

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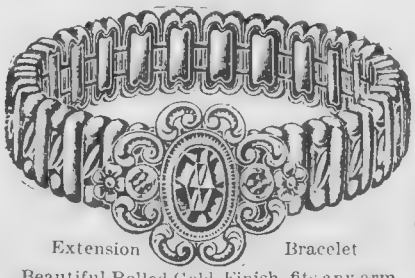

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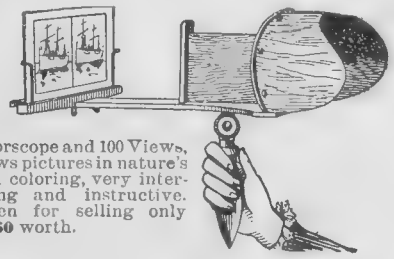

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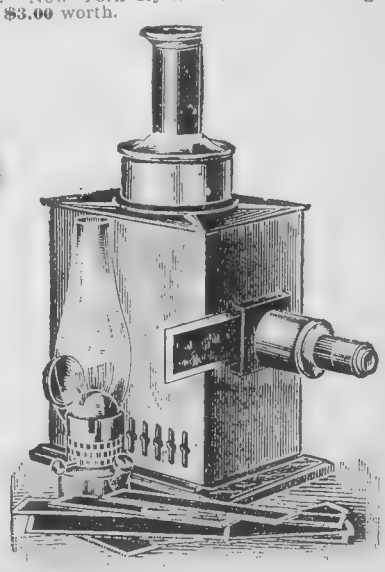

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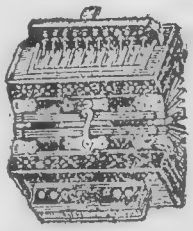

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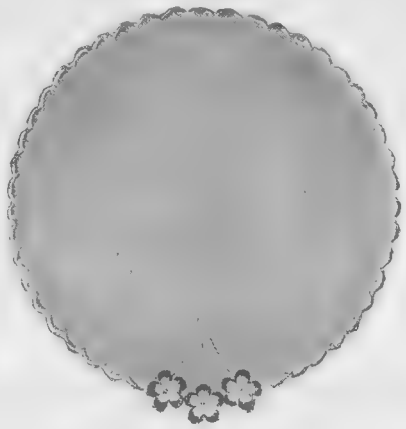
Marjorie's Dining Room Embroideries.

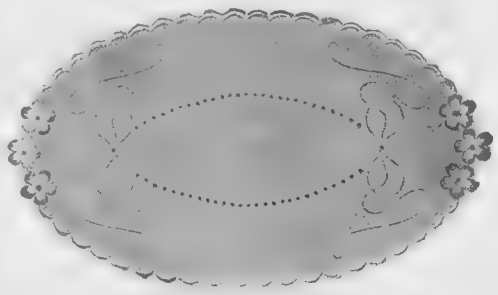
When we began to work upon the dining room linens, there was such a variety from which to choose that it was simply bewildering. There were, first of all, the damask tablecloths to be hemmed and marked, some of them two and some three yards in length, the



A HANDSOME 12-in. PLATE DOILY.
Stamped on white linen. No. 864.

latter to be used for large dinner parties. These were simply hemmed on the ends and the napkins to correspond were finished in the same manner, and marked so that when folded square the initial would be midway between the corners. The hems were done in French fashion; that is, folded in the regular way, then back on the material and worked over and over. This makes an almost perpendicular stitch which sinks into the weave of the material and shows very little, and then it works very rapidly.

The initials on the table linen, as on the bed linen and towels, were done in Old English style, which is so simple and satisfying. On the napkins they were one and a half inches in height, and on the tablecloths three inches, heavily padded and worked in Satin stitch. Marjorie bought the patterns and stamped them herself after the



OVAL PLATTER DOILY.
Stamped on white linen, No. 863.

pieces were hemmed. The napkins were in two sizes, for breakfast and dinner use.

There were two very handsome luncheon sets, one of heavy linen and the other plain satin damask. The linen set was finished with hemstitched edges, and the damask with plain, deep hems with mitred corners, and both were marked with the Old English initials. The cloths were made from two yards of 72-inch material, and the napkins from 18-inch squares. This allowed of the napkins being folded, first square, then in triangular shape, the initial being placed so as to come in the centre when folded and facing the corner. Marjorie also had a very beautiful lunch cloth of Mexican drawn work, and another of the Teneriffe drawn work, which makes such stunning covers, but, of course, we had nothing to do with making these.

There are so very many uses for the smaller embroideries in the dining room, that we found ourselves with plenty to do. Lace doilies were planned for use in the cabinet with the cut glass and china. Cluny is by far the handsomest lace for this purpose, and one can get beautiful pieces. One of Marjorie's aunts gave her the most beautiful luncheon set of Cluny, consisting of a large centerpiece, and twelve plate and tumbler doilies. All had linen centres and lace edge, so that if necessary protection mats could be put beneath the doilies when hot plates were used.

Being such an enthusiastic needleworker, Marjorie very naturally had a great many beautiful embroidered centerpieces already made, white for use on the tablecloths, and colored ones for the bare table between meals, but she did plan two very effective sets of dining room embroideries, which were quickly done. One was a chafing dish set with a rabbit design done in two shades of Copenhagen blue. The rabbits were outlined with the darkest blue, and then the background darned with a lighter shade. Linen huckaback was used, and the effect was very handsome. There was a 22-inch centerpiece

PLATE DOILY TO MATCH.
Stamped on linen huck, 12-in, No. 8650.

and six plate doilies, all finished on the edge with heavy white lace. They were so very successful that Marjorie says she intends to make table runners of the same design, using 18-inch huck,

FRUIT CENTREPIECE EMBROIDERY IN PURPLE, GREEN, AND BROWN.
Stamped on linen huck, 22-in., No. 8659.

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2 White Damask Table Cloths, 2½ yds. by 2 yds, rich pattern hemmed.
2 White Damask Table Cloths, 60 ins. long, 54 ins. wide, special make, in cotton, having the effect of Linen Damask, hemmed.
2 Half Bleached Table Cloths, hard wearing.
2 Irish Cambric Tea Cloths.
2 Handsome Tray Covers, all Irish hand-embroidered and drawn thread.

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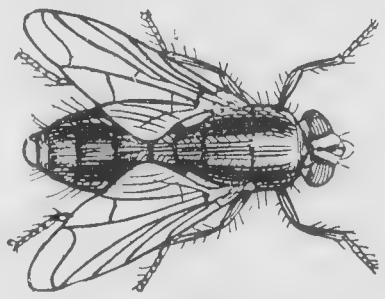

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ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR MAKES GOOD BREAD

and running the embroidery across the ends just above a 2-inch hem.

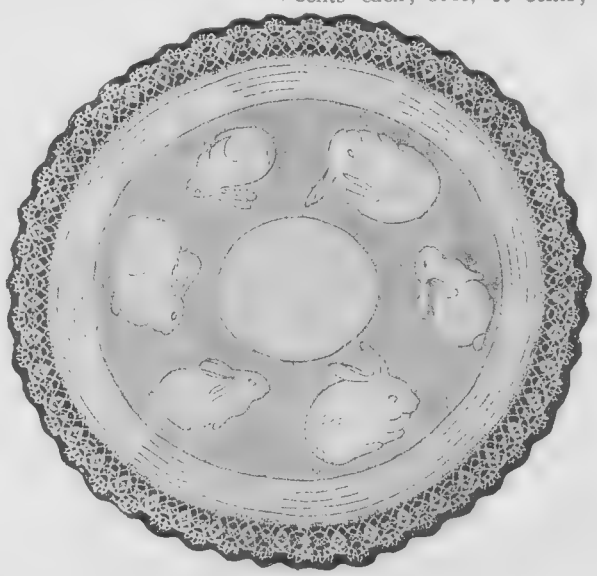
The rabbit centerpiece required only 6 skeins Roman Floss, dark Blue 2596, and 8 skeins of 2594 for darning. The edges of the border were finished with a row of Outline stitch in dark blue, and the short, irregular lines outside the border were also outlined with dark blue. The edge was finished with a tiny hem outlined with the same shade. The small plate doilies required only 3 skeins of dark blue, and 4 of the lighter shade, and the table runners 4 skeins of dark and 8 of light.

Another set, also of linen huckaback

SIDEBOARD SCARF OR TABLE RUNNER.
Stamped on linen huck, 18 x 72, No. 8651.

and done in Darning stitch, has a grape design, the fruit outlined with purple, the leaves and stems with green, and the background darned with a rich shade of brown. This design was carried out on centerpiece and doilies, table runners and buffet scarf, and a more beautiful set of dining room embroideries would be hard to find. The centerpiece required 4 skeins each Roman Floss, Purple 2795, Green 2054, and 8 skeins Brown 2114; and doily, 1 skein each purple and green, and 3 of brown, and the table runners and buffet scarf the same quantity as the centerpiece. As the embroidery was so simple it took only a little while to finish the set.

Another pretty set, consisting of plate and an oval platter doily, was done all in white on white linen ,in a combination of solid and eyelet embroideries.



CHAFFING DISH CENTREPIECE IN SHADES OF BLUE.
Stamped on linen huck 22-in., No. 8646.

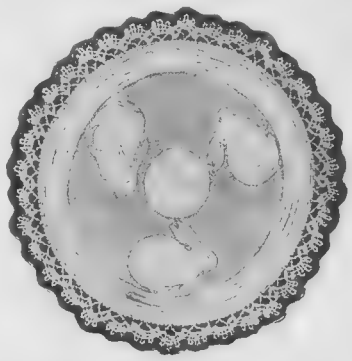
The edges were done in Buttonhole stitch, the flowers in Long and Short Buttonhole, bowknots in Satin stitch, and the flower centres and ring of dots around the centre in eyelet embroidery. All the solid work was heavily padded, and the flowers, done in Long and Short Buttonhole stitch, were padded on the edges. The eyelets were made with the Haynes gauge stiletto, which kept them exactly uniform in size, a very necessary feature of such a design as this. It was our first experience with the gauge stiletto, and we were more than pleased with the results, for the eyelets were beautifully even. Three skeins of cotton, size F, were allowed for working each doiley.

As can be imagined, Marjorie's sup-

AN EFFECTIVE TABLE RUNNER.
Stamped on linen huck, 18 x 72, No. 8648.

ply of table linen was very much admired. The more conventional linens, damask covers, and the like had been made in the most approved style. There was nothing unusual about them, but the embroidered sets were unique and so simple that to see was to admire and go and do likewise.

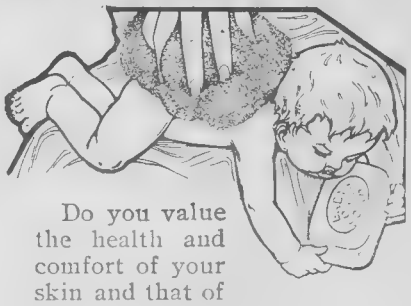
We do not, ourselves, supply stamped materials, silks or cottons for working any of the needlework designs shown in Western Home Monthly but any orders entrusted to us will be promptly



CHAFING DISH PLATE DOILY.
Stamped on linen huck, 12-in., No. 8647.

forwarded to the contributors of the various articles. Number 863, 864, 25 cents each; 8646, 60 cents; 8647, 35c.; 8648, $1.30; 8649, 50c.; 8650, 25c.; 8651, $1.25.

It was in a Pullman sleeper, and just across from the bachelor's berth was a handsome little woman and her three-year old boy. Early in the morning the two were laughing and playing together, and the good-natured bachelor smiled to himself as he arose to dress. Suddenly a little foot peeped out from the curtains of the opposite berth, and, with a twinkle in his eye, the bachelor caught the little toes and began: "This little pig went to market." "Leave my foot alone," said the voice of an Edmonton lady. And he fainted.



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A useful article will be given free for sending names and addresses of 5 of your lady friends interested in embroidery work—Address:

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Receive by mail, post paid, this beautiful Princess dress. The material is fine French lustre. The shades are black, cream, light and dark brown; dark green, grey and navy. The style is the latest. The yoke is lace trimmed and silk buttons adorn the front.

It is a strikingly handsome and stylish suit, finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give bust and waist size and length of skirt in front. We guarantee the suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Send $4.75 to-day. We return your money if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase Same dress in pretty figured lawn $4.50, add 30c. for postage. — Southcott Suit Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

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1001 curious (mostly untold) facts of human nature—*how life is perpetuated, health saved, how to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion, how to mate, be happy in marriage and have prize babies*, READ DR. FOOTE'S "WONDER" BOOKS on Health, Disease, Freaks, Love, Marriage and Parentage IN THREE BOOKLETS RED, WHITE and BLUE 240 pages and 40 illustrations, only 10 CENTS. *Contain more vital facts than your doctor would give you for ten dollars.* By mail post paid on receipt of price. Z. HILL BOOK CO., 129, E. 28th ST., NEW YORK CITY

THE EASY WAY TO GET FAT

A Safe, Simple, Method Which Puts Flesh on Thin Folks, Makes Skinny Men and Scrawny Women Plump and Attractive.

50c PACKAGE FREE TO PROVE IT

Thin Folks Get the Cold Shoulder, Socially and in a Business Way

Modern scientific skill has at last been successful in devising a simple home treatment which works wonders in making undeveloped men and bony women gain flesh rapidly, even if they have been thin and scrawny for years.

This seems too good to be true, you say? Well, the test is Free and surely the test will tell. You see it is this way with thin folks. Most thin persons eat enough, many eat too much, but the trouble is that they do not assimilate their food properly.

Assimilation is the process which turns food into flesh. Let any scrawny woman gain this power to properly assimilate her food and she would quickly develop a figure which will be the admiration of passersby. On the other hand, let any fat, jolly, happy-go-lucky man lose this power of assimilation, and his flesh will quickly leave him.

This marvelous new discovery, Sargol, seems to have the power of causing all kinds of thin folks to assimilate their food properly, then of course, nature takes care of the rest and they fat up to proper weight quickly. No severe diet stunts, no dosing. When Sargol once gets the body machinery working properly, the rest is easy. Take Sargol and you may, like many others, gain five or six pounds a week steadily.

It is truly remarkable the way that Sargol gets busy putting on good, solid flesh almost from the first dose. Take the case of Harry Rumford, of East One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, New York, for instance. His report shows a gain of four pounds in less than 10 days. Or the case of Mrs. Gray of Camden, Me., who went from 132 pounds to 142 pounds in less than two weeks, or Mr. J. F. Shields of Pittsburg, who gained five pounds in the first week and fifteen pounds by the time he had taken one treatment.

A man from Portland, Me., in sending for a second package of Sargol, happily christened this marvelous new discovery "THE THIN MAN'S FRIEND." A mighty good name, for we all know that thin, scrawny folks need friends more than fat happy-go-lucky people do.

Thin folks are pushed to one side in this day and age. It is the well developed ones that make the money and have the fun. Dress will not hide the skin and bones.

Arrangements have been effected whereby thin folks can make a private test of Sargol free of charge. Send your name and address to Sargol Co. 5 J Herald Building, Binghampton, N. Y. Pin this coupon to your letter and enclose ten cents to help pay distribution expenses and they will send you a full size 50 cent package in plain wrapper at once. Do it now and get your weight up where it should be before Easter.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 5 J, Herald Building, Binghampton, N. Y.

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There is no line of work to-day that pays the princely salaries as does that of Railroading. Mechanics and tradesmen, office and store clerks, street-railway men, etc., spend years in learning and training, only to find that they have entered overcrowded trades and lines, and are therefore compelled to accept small wages. Not so with Railroading.

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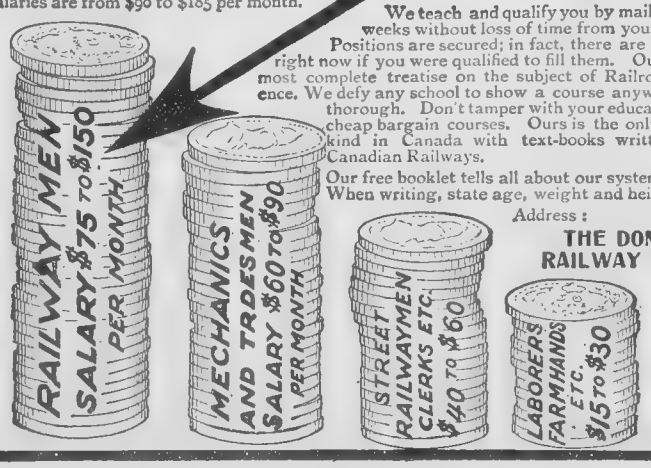
We teach and qualify you by mail in from 8 to 14 weeks without loss of time from your present work. Positions are secured; in fact, there are many openings right now if you were qualified to fill them. Our Course is the most complete treatise on the subject of Railroading in existence. We defy any school to show a course anywhere nearly as thorough. Don't tamper with your education by buying cheap bargain courses. Ours is the only School of its kind in Canada with text-books written for use on Canadian Railways.

Our free booklet tells all about our system of teaching. When writing, state age, weight and height.



Address:
THE DOMINION RAILWAY SCHOOL,
Dept. E
Winnipeg, Canada.

The Young People.

Which Are You.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the sinner and the saint, for 'tis well understood,
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and the proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I wean,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Guessing Contest.

The hostess said she had a guest bearing a familiar name, whom she would like to introduce, although she felt sure she was known to every one in one or more of the forms that she was accustomed to assume. Programmes were passed bearing these sentences.

1. Cate never tells the exact truth—Prevaricate.
2. Cate is frail and gentle—Delicate.
3. Cate kindly points the way—Indicate.
4. Cate has a twin—Duplicate.
5. Cate seizes the property of others—Confiscate.
6. Cate leads a country life—Rusticate.
7. Cate brings others into trouble—Implicate.
8. Cate adds to the difficulty of a case—Complicate.
9. Cate takes leave—Vacate.
10. Cate makes things run smoothly—Lubricate.
11. Cate on occasion denies church privilege—Excommunicate.
12. Cate settles on a particular spot—Locate.
13. Cate is an eloquent pleader—Advocate.
14. Cate imparts much information—Communicate.
15. Cate offers a perplexing problem—Intricate.
16. Cate develops mental and physical powers—Educate.
17. Cate has an influence for evil—Intoxicate.
18. Cate believes in home life—Domesticate.
19. Cate will die if deprived of air—Suffocate.

What I Live For.

By Mrs. Linnæus Banks.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, martrys, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thus righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

An Age Combat.

Write the following questions on cards. The answers all end in age. It is a suitable game for a birthday party or any other affair where something is needed to fill in part of the time.

1. What age will people reach if they live long enough? Dotage.
2. What age do people look forward to? Marriage.
3. A necessary attribute for a soldier? Courage.
4. What age is required at sea? Tonnage.
5. What age are we forbidden to worship? Image.
6. What age is neither more nor less? Average.
7. What age do people get stuck on? Mucilage.
8. What is the age of profanity? Damage.
9. At what age will vessels ride safely? Anchorage.
10. What age is necessary for a clergyman? Parsonage.
11. What is the age of communication? Postage.
12. What is the age most important for travellers? Mileage.
13. What is the most popular age for charity? Coinage.
14. What age is shared by a doctor and a chief? Pillage.
15. What age do we all wish for? Homage.
16. What age is the age of slavery? Bondage.
17. What age is served for breakfast? Sausage.
18. What is the most indigestible age? Cabbage.
19. What age belongs to the travellers? Luggage.
20. What age signifies the farmer? Tillage.
21. What age is an indication of wealth? Acreage.
22. What age is unfrayed and smooth? Selvage.
23. What age do milliners delight in? Plumage.

Household Suggestions.

Cooking Potatoes.

Most girls, we believe, who have never seen to the boiling of potatoes imagine it to be one of the easiest things in the world. But this is a great mistake. There are several methods of dealing with potatoes, each one of which requires care and attention. They may be boiled, with or without their skins, baked or roasted in the oven, cut up in thick slices and baked in a pie dish in the oven, or cut in thin slices and fried in boiling fat.

Most households have been more or less "treated" to potatoes served up in a very unsatisfactory condition indeed. In the first place, when boiled, sufficient water to barely cover them should be used, and they should all be cut the same size. It stands to reason that a larger potato will require longer time in which to become soft than a smaller one, though, judging from personal experience, this consideration is one as often neglected as not. Then, too, much water is fatal against that dry, flaky appearance so much to be desired in boiled potatoes. After boiling ten minutes, gently for old, fast for new, it is a good plan to throw away most of the water, not all, allowing another ten minutes on gentle heat with the lid on, then steam with lid off for five minutes. It is not safe to boil or roast potatoes in their skins for some little while before the appearance of the new season's crop, an hour or more, according to size, being required for roasting in a moderately hot oven. The skin should be soft, and the potato itself also when the latter plan is adopted, large-sized ones being preferable. Nicely roasted potatoes, cut in two, allowed to steam, with a lump of butter, make a delicious and economical supper.

Baked potatoes are also delicious. They should first be peeled. By the way, one of the most valued culinary possessions of the writer is a tin potato scraper, with a small grater at one end of it. It cost 5c. but is invaluable in another sense, though it requires some little practice to ensure easy and speedy manipulation. It is, in addition, far more sparing of the potato than the ordinary knife. But to return to our peeled potatoes, which must not be too small.

Allow the fat in your meat tin, of which there should be a generous supply, to become hot, put the potatoes around the meat (an hour is the time necessary for cooking them), and baste along with the latter. Heat the vegetable dish and serve as hot as possible.

Another plan is to cut potatoes in thickish slices, place them in a buttered pie-dish, and cover with milk (skim will serve the purpose), then bake in a moderately hot oven for an hour or till crisp outside and soft inside. Chipped potatoes are very tasty. They should be cut in thin slices, put in boiling fat (dripping or lard), or any pieces of fat meat or bacon help to make up the necessary amount), and fried, first on one side, then on the other, till ready. Serve as hot as possible on a dish previously heated. The French folk are adepts at this method of treating potatoes, as the writer has recently proved.

Cauliflower.

Cook a cauliflower until very tender in boiling water to which has been added a teaspoonful of salt. Arrange in a deep vegetable dish and pour over it a sauce made by creaming half a cupful of butter, then adding half a cupful of boiling water and a cupful of grated cheese; stir over boiling water until the cheese is melted, remove from the fire and stir in quickly the yolks of two eggs, beaten with a saltspoonful of salt. Season highly with cayenne pepper and serve very hot.

Creamed Celery in Tomato Cups.

Cut out circular pieces from the stem end of several large tomatoes, and remove part of the pulp. Fill the tomatoes with stewed celery to which has been added a cup of cream and a tablespoonful of melted butter and season to taste. Cover the openings with browned breadcrumbs and bake in a slow oven for half an hour. Serve on rounds of hot buttered toast.

Pork and Beans.

When preparing New England pork and beans, thoroughly pick, wash and soak over night one quart of beans. In the morning pour off the water, place the beans in a kettle and cover them with hot water. Boil until the skins readily fall off, then place them in a large earthen bean-pot. Scrape and thoroughly clean three-quarters of a pound of fat salt pork, slash the rind in strips and place with the beans, allowing them to cover it level with the rind. Add one tablespoonful of molasses and a pinch of mustard. Fill the pot with boiling water, place it in a moderately hot oven at about half-past eight in the morning, and allow it to remain there all day. As often as the water evaporates renew it until toward the close of the day, when the rind of the pork may be allowed to become brown and crisp. Serve either hot or cold.

Mildew.

A weak solution of oxalic acid will remove mildew from white linen or cotton; it may be necessary to apply it more than once. After the stain is removed rinse the garment in clear warm water.

Sponge Cake.

The ingredients for sponge gingerbread are as follows: One cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of taking soda; add sufficient flour to make a rather stiff batter. Bake in a shallow cake-tin in a moderate oven.

Cracker Pudding.

Mix ten ounces of finely pounded crackers with a wine-glassful of wine, a little salt, half a nutmeg, three or four tablespoonfuls of sugar and two of melted butter. Beat six eggs to a froth, mix them with a quart of milk and turn them on to the rest of the ingredients. Let the pudding remain until the crackers begin to soften, then bake it.

Orange Marmalade.

Remove the seeds from—but do not peel—twelve large or fifteen small oranges and six lemons. Cut both into thin slices. Pour three quarts of cold water over them and let stand for forty-eight hours. Put into a preserving kettle and cook slowly until tender. Add six pounds of sugar; if desired very sweet, add more, and cook until the consistency of ordinary marmalade.

Green Apple Chutney.

Pare and core six pounds of greening apples; boil in one quart of vinegar; set off until cool. Boil two pounds of moist brown sugar in one pint of vinegar; add two pounds of Sultana raisins, washed, picked and dried, and four ounces of salt. Mix well together with more vinegar if too thick. Keep on the back of the stove one day, slowly simmering, stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon. Bottle on the next day.

Green Gooseberry Chutney.

This relish has not yet become common in America, though it is found on all well-supplied English tables. Four pounds green gooseberries (not too ripe), ½ ounce cayenne pepper, 2 ounces garlic, 2 ounces dried ginger, 3 pounds loaf sugar, 2 ounces mustard seed, 2 scant quarts best vinegar. Put the berries, when picked over, into a preserving kettle with one quart of vinegar and sugar and let simmer for an hour; pound the seeds, garlic, etc., and add, stirring with wooden spoon; when well mixed add more vinegar until the mass is of proper consistency for chutney. Cool and bottle.

Rice Balls.

Sweeten plain boiled rice to taste and add while hot the beaten yolk of an egg and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Form into little balls and press into the centre of each a tablespoonful of preserved strawberries, peaches or other fruit (having drained off the syrup carefully), egg and breadcrumb and fry in hot butter. Roll in powdered sugar and serve hot with lemon sauce. A candied cherry, a raisin and one or two chopped almonds or walnut meats may be used for filling to give variety.

The average cook ruins rice in the cooking, and the result is a pasty, distasteful mass. Properly cooked, each kernel is separate, white and tender, and the dish is extremely palatable served either with meats or as a sweet. It should be cooked in plenty of slightly salted water, which should be boiling rapidly when the rice is added to it, and should be kept so until it is done. It should not be stirred, but when done drained quickly in a colander and rinsed with cold water.

This plain boiled rice makes a delicious foundation for innumerable made-dishes and is frequently preferred to breadcrumbs as a stuffing for turkeys and chickens. In many northern homes where this cereal is used only as a dessert it would doubtless prove a delightful novelty if tried as a part of each course in the dinners served day after day.

Rice may be added to many soups with advantage, served as an entree in various forms, used as a vegetable with meats, or may form one of the ingredients in making a delicious salad. The ways in which it may be combined for dessert dishes are too well known to require enumerating.

Time tries all things, and as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough by relieving the irritation, and restore the affected organs to healthy conditions. Use will show its value. Try it and be convinced of its efficacy.

Hon. A. C. Rutherford Premier of Alberta

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DIRECT-FROM-THE-FACTORY FANCY BISCUITS IN FOLEY'S MOISTURE-PROOF CARTONS

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You will find them fresher, tastier, in all ways better than any other fancy biscuits.

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have a delicious true fruit flavor for the simple reason that only the finest and freshest fruits and grunulated sugar, are used in making them.

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The wholesaler sells to the retail dealer .....Profit No. 2.
The retail dealer sells to the people.....Profit No. 3.

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Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

The Favorite Messaline.

Messaline is being extensively used for the dressy gowns of the summer and this one is graceful and attractive, yet simple. It includes the new skirt that gives the panel effect combined with an exceptionally pretty blouse. In this case the two are joined to make a semi-princesse gown but they can be finished separately if preferred. The blouse is tucked becomingly and the skirt with its fitted portions means grace as well as comfort. For immediate wear messaline, foulard, pongee and the like are favorite materials but for the incoming season the model will be available for cashmere and all materials of a similar sort, while again the skirt can be made from heavier material and the blouse from lighter.

TWO PATTERNS.
Blouse 6375 (Sizes 32 to 42)
Skirt 6362 (Sizes 22 to 30)

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse, 4½ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8 yards 24, 5½ yards 32 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 15 yards of banding for trimming the entire gown.

The blouse pattern 6375 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6362 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Pretty Summer Frocks.

The late summer will see a great many attractive frocks but none that are prettier than the two illustrated. The sailor, or middy, model worn by the older girl is one of the most fashionable that the season has brought forth. It is smart and practical and youthful, and it can be utilized for a great many different materials. White serge with trimming of blue makes the dress illustrated, but linen, poplin and all materials of the sort are quite as appropriate. The blouse can be worn loose or tucked into a belt, as liked. The shield is separate and can be worn or omitted as occasion requires and the skirt can be either plaited or gathered.

For the twelve-year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 5 yards 32 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of banding. The pattern 6374 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

The little child's frock is made in the favorite bishop style with the yoke that can be cut as illustrated or high and finished with the standing collar, and with either short or long sleeves. White lawn with embroidery worked onto the material of the yoke makes this dress, but the same model can be utilized for the more sturdy chambrays and ginghams, for the Dresden dimity that is such a favorite and, indeed, for all childish materials.

For the four-year size will be required 3¼ yards of material 24, 2 yards 32 or 44 inches wide. The pattern 6367 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

A Fashionable Foulard.

Foulards are being made in very simple style this season and this one is useful and practical at the same time that it is smart. The slightly high waisted skirt does away with the necessity for a belt. The blouse is closed at the front and can be worn either with or without a chemisette, also it allows a choice of three-quarter or long sleeves. In this case the Dutch collar is of embroidered muslin, but one of the ready made ones of lace would be handsome, or collar and cuffs could be embroidered by hand if preferred. For immediate wear nothing better than the foulard could be suggested but the same model can be counted upon as correct for the coming season when it will be appropriate for cashmere and similar light weight wools.

For the medium size will be required,

Pattern 6374 (Sizes 8 to 14 years) Pattern 6367 (Sizes 2 to 6 years)

for the blouse 4 yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7⅛ yards 24, 6¼ yards 32 or 44 for walking length, 7¾ yards 24, 6⅞ yards 32 or 44 for round length when material has figure or nap; 5½ yards 44 for round, 5 yards for walking length when material has neither figure

TWO PATTERNS.
Blouse 6369 (Sizes 34 to 42)
Skirt 6290 (Sizes 22 to 32)

nor nap; width of skirt at lower edge, 4½ yards.

The blouse pattern 6369 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6290 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

A Smart Linen Frock.

Combinations of plain with striped material are exceedingly smart just now and here is a little dress which is

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
5705 Girl's Blouse Costume with Bloomers.
No. 5705. (Sizes 6 to 12 years).

chic in the extreme yet perfectly simple and childish. The blouse is loose and comfortable, the skirt is plaited and allows free movement and there are bloomers worn beneath which dispenses with the necessity for petticoats. The skirt is attached to an under waist and consequently there is no danger of parting at the waist line. Altogether the frock is about as satisfactory as any one that could be devised. The combination illustrated is new and smart but the dress is just as well adapted to one material throughout and to every seasonable material, and in whatever way it is treated its chic and attractive lines remain.

For the ten-year size will be required, for the blouse 2⅞ yards of material 24, 2⅛ yards 32 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt with bloomers 4⅝ yards 24, 3⅞ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide; or, if one material is used throughout, the entire dress will require 6⅝ yards 27, 5½ yards 32 or 4 yards 44 inches wide. A May Manton pattern, No. 5705, sizes 6 to 12 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

A Dainty Muslin Frock.

Embroidered muslin is always dainty and this frock is exceptionally attractive because of the prettily trimmed panel at the front. It gives long and unbroken lines, it suggests the princesse idea and the strips of lace mean an effect of elaboration while involv-

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6393 Girl's Semi-Princesse Dress.
(Sizes 8 to 14 years)

ing very little labor. The square batch neck and the short sleeves are pretty and attractive for midsummer wear, too, and the dress is altogether a charming one. It could be made from slightly thicker material, however, if something more practical were wanted and trimmed after a less elaborate fashion; in fact, the skirt could be left quite plain and the panel finished with only a few rows of banding, and there can be a yoke added, making the dress high, while the sleeves can be cut to the wrists. Treated in this way and made from gingham with trimming of embroidery the dress would become adapted to morning wear, while as illustrated it is suited to afternoon occasions. Also, early as it is, it may be well to hint that the model will make a most satisfactory one for the opening school days made from any simple, girlish material. Blouse and skirt are joined at the sides and the back and the panel is seamed to them. The closing is made invisibly at the back.

For the twelve-year size will be required 7 yards of material 24, 5 yards 32 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 18 yards of insertion and 2¼ yards of edging. A May Manton pattern, No. 6393, sizes 8 to 14 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

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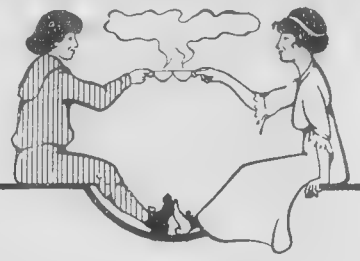

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The Home Doctor.

HEALTH NOTES.

Neuralgia.

A few drops of ether or chloroform in the palm of the hand placed firmly against the temple or forehead until it burns will give great relief to neuralgic pain or a nervous headache.

Pin Pricks.

Puncture wounds caused by a pin or black lead pencil should be sucked to extract any poisonous matter and then bathed with a strong solution of boric acid.

Hiccough.

In the beginning of an attack of hiccough, take a full deep breath and hold it for a minute or two and it will control the nervous spasm. A firm pressure around the diaphragm, which is the muscle specially involved in hiccough, will also check it.

Feverish Baby.

When baby's head is hot and feverish, when teething, and the little thing is tossing about in a restless manner, bathe his head in cool water, dip a piece of muslin in cold water and lay it across his forehead with a dry cloth over it; change this as it gets warm, and baby will soon be soothed and quieted.

Clammy Feet.

Persons with poor circulation, whose hands and feet are clammy, and who digest their food slowly, should avoid bathing in the early morning. Reaction will be better if the bath is taken just before bed time. Everyone else would have better health for taking a quick cold sponge bath before dressing in the morning.

Face Blemishes.

Rich food with quantities of grease and sweets is the cause of many facial blemishes requiring a tedious process of diet and hygiene to remove. Added to a careful diet of simple and easily digested food, the drinking of an abundance of pure cold water every day, between meals, stimulates the secretions and clears the system.

Sleepless Children.

It is unnatural for a child to be sleepless at night. It is generally due either to improper food or to an excitable nervous condition. The simplest, most easily digested food should be given a child at supper, and one who is nervous should never be excited by noisy romps or bear and ghost stories at bedtime.

A Dry Skin.

If the skin of lips and fingers crack in warm weather it is due to lack of moisture and poor nutrition. Use carbolized cosmoline or vaseline on the cracks frequently through the day until they heal. Rub the finger tips with olive oil at night, until the skin becomes soft and pliable. Wear gloves if necessary. Drink plenty of water—either hot or cold, and then, some more.

Oily Skin.

An oily skin means that the little glands of the skin are sluggish and are secreting more than they can work off. The best way to remedy this is to massage the muscles of the face with the tips of the fingers gently, but persistently every day. Wash the face in hot water with a mild soap and then rinse in cold water, which should be dashed on to serve as a stimulant to the skin. This is a more rational treatment than to soak up the oily substance with powder.

Improving the Figure.

A short waisted, stocky figure can be made more slender and supple by exercising daily. There are various sets of exercises practiced in gymnasiums and athletic schools which are very beneficial. Some of them are easily practiced at home without dumbells.

The waist may be lengthened by standing erect with feet together; bend the body from the hips, keeping the knees stiff, until the tips of the fingers touch the floor, then slowly rising to an erect position. This exercise should be taken 20 times every morning. The hips may be reduced by standing erect with hands on hips and knees stiff, and swinging each leg from the hip backward and forward for 20 times, twice daily.

These exercises are better than wearing shape-making corsets, which tend to make the body lose its ease of motion.

A Remedy for Rheumatism.

The following recipe has been found effective in cases of rheumatism: One new egg well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, an ounce of spirits of turpentine, half an ounce of camphor. These ingredients must first be beaten together thoroughly, then put in a bottle and shaken for ten minutes, after which it should be corked tightly to keep out the air. In half an hour it is ready for use. It should be applied three or four times a day, and for rheumatism in the head it should be rubbed on the back of the neck and behind the ears. It will keep for an indefinite time, and, in fact, is rather improved by age.

Sallow Complexion.

A sallow complexion generally means that the digestive system is out of order. The cause must be removed before the skin can be made clear and bright. Overeating, a sedentary life breathing impure air, loss of sleep, nervous strain and violent emotions are sure to show an effect on the skin, sooner or later.

To sit or to stand erect does not mean that one shall lose all the natural curves of the body; but it gives the muscles full play, and allows free circulation around the joints. Not only does it add to the grace and beauty of the figure, but it tends to overcome the appearance of any deformity. It prevents the cramping of the lungs and stomach, and improves circulation, which results in better digestion, stronger lungs and a general well being that comes from a healthy body.

Care of the Eyes.

Don't sleep with eyes facing the light. A test by closing the eyes when facing the light quickly shows that the strain is only lessened, not removed, and the interposition of an adequate shade is as grateful to the shut eyes as when they are open. It is sometimes necessary in a small room to have the bed face the window; but even then, by means of shades rolling from the bottom instead of from the top, the window may be covered to the few inches left free for the passage of air. Sore or inflamed eyes are relieved by bathing in tepid or warm water in which a little salt has been dissolved. An individual towel should be used in all such cases—never one which is used in common by members of the family.

Retarding Old Age.

It was stated in a former article that the essential underlying fact in the physical changes peculiar to old age is the encroachment of one set of cells—the common elements—upon the territory belonging to another set—the noble elements.

This encroachment weakens all the functions, reduces the power of assimilation, stiffens the arteries so that the blood charged with supplies for broken-down parts finds less ready access to the organs and tissues, and lowers vital resistance. The fibrous structures having, in their overgrown state, no power function to perform, degenerate and give way to deposits of earthy matter, and so man tends to return to the dust from which he was formed. How, then, to prevent this fibrous outgrowth, or rather retard it, is the problem of the physician.

The great physical difference between the living machine and one made of inert matter is that the living machine wears out with non-use while the other wears out with use. Friction eats away the bearings of the steel structure, and finally the worn-out parts must be replaced by others. Use wears away the cells of the animal machine, it is true, but repair from within keeps pace with wear, and in early life outstrips it, so that the body grows and increases in strength. When two cells are used up in the functions of the machine three are called into activity to replace them.

If, then, we would keep the "noble" elements of the body in condition to perform their duty well and to resist the encroachments of the "common" elements, we must exercise them. This does not mean that the man of fifty must keep up the athletic pursuits he followed at twenty, or that the man of seventy must toil with his brain as he did at forty. The inevitable has begun; the muscles and the brain are less sturdy than they were, and can do less; but they still can do much, and must not be allowed to degenerate by non-use.

The man who retires from business at the beginning of old age and suddenly exchanges an active life for one of sloth commits a fatal blunder. If he lays down the burden of business he must take up some other less exacting occupation to keep from rusting.

Exercise, mental occupation, fresh air, moderate eating and avoidance of excesses of all kinds, either of activity or of idleness—these are the brakes on the wheel of time which prevent a precipitate rush into old age.

The Little Ones.

Staying up Late.

(By Alden Arthur Knipe, in 'St Nicholas.')

One evening when my bedtime came
I didn't want to go,
So mother said I might stay up
For just this once, you know.

And so I stayed and stayed and stayed,
Through all the night I think,
And never went to bed at all,
Nor slept a little wink.

But when at last the sun arose,
A shining warm and red,
I found I had my nighty on,
And was sitting up in bed.

How Buster Lost His Head

Dominick, the black hen, and her family of half grown chickens, were in the back yard.

'Let's go over in the oat field., she said. 'They are drawing of the oats, and there will be fine scratching there.'

'The idea of scratching for a living!' said Buster, the pert young rooster of the family. 'I know a trick worth two of that.'

' I know what you mean,' said little Whitey, 'and I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself! You sneak into the shed and steal everything you can find.'

'That's what I do,' said Buster boldly 'and I get a good living that way. That's why I'm the biggest of the family. Stealing is lots easier than scratching,'

'I saw Molly whack you with a broom yesterday when she drove you out,' put in Speckle.

'What of it? She didn't hurt any more than a fly. I was in there again as soon as her back was turned. Come in with me Brownie, and we'll have a feast out of that cat's dish and the swill pail!'

'No, Brownie, don't go with your naughty brother. Come on to the oat field.' And Dominick led the way, all but Busteer following. He sneaked into the shed again, and ate all he could hold.

'Mr Clay,' said the nurse, coming out on the porch, 'the doctor says Henry may have chicken broth—young chicken.'

'Oh, father!' cried Molly, 'do kill Buster, he is such a thief! I drive him out from the shed forty times a day.'

'The very one that's fit to kill then,' said her father, going to the shed, where he met Buster coming out; and the first thing that smart chicken knew, he didn't know anything!

'Tip-top chicken broth!' said Henry, smacking his lips that night. I'm glad Buster's dead.'

'So am I,' cried Molly.

'Remember, children,' said Dominick to the rest of her brood, 'it is safer to scratch for a living than to steal.'

The Disapointed Vines.

(Mrs. M. B. Randolph, in the M. C. Advocate.)

On a cold morning in spring two young tendrils of a woodbine hung shivering in the rain. A rough wind had almost stripped them of their delicate clothing, and they looked almost disconsolate and forlorn,

After a while one of them gave the other a light tap, and began to whisper on this wise.

'Summer after summer our ancestors have beautified this old ramshackle house. But for them it long ago would have been a scar upon the landscape. As it is, it has become a really picturesque object. It seems as if the owner might have built at least a shed to protect them, the same as he did for those sticks of wood yonder, which are of no use but to burn. We are too independent, however, to bear such neglect. Let us seek our own shelter. You make for the attic and I will take to the cellar. There we shall escape these distracting winds and rains and the prostrating heat of later suns.'

This they did. One climbed day by day till it reached the eaves, and entering a wide crevice. began trailing on the garret floor. The other crept along the ground until, having found a convenient hole in the foundation, it crawled in and descended to the cellar's mouldy bottom.

Weeks passed. Both grew pale and sickly, yet after the instinct of their kind, each tried to drape the unsightly objects around them with a wan beauty. In vain. Their strength was not equal to even this poor effort, and they grew into long straggling leafless stretches of stem.

At last October came around with his paint-pot. Sometimes they could hear the shouts of children over the rich tints of the vines outside. Sometimes the low voices of artists who loved to linger about the spot would reach them, and they began to feel that, after all, they might better have faced the elements than miss the transformation their kindred were undergoing.

Moved at last by a desperate desire for light and air and autumn beauty, each made a feeble turn, on reaching again toward the eaves and one toward the crumbling wall.

In time they reached the outer world, and, with united voices begged October to give them a touch of red and gold.

'My children,' said he, 'you know not what you ask. My pot is seething with the flames of the frost. At one stroke of my brush your weakened forms would fall withered to the ground. The coloring you covet comes only through the touch of fire. This you cannot bear. The loveliness about you is born of pain. I cannot explain the mystery, but the splendor developed depends on a certain vitality within. You are too near dead for this glory. By too tenderly shielding your lives and refusing to face the winds and storms you have forfeited the strength which alone could have fitted you for the beauty you desire. Were you to live again I woud say, strive not to miss but to meet the trials of your lot. In this way life would be conserved and autumn glory its reward.'

Tiny Farmers.

Ants are wonderfully wise little creatures and are well worth watching.

They follow many trades, one of which is farming,

The farmer ants live in warm climates. In our country they may be found in Texas, Florida and several other Southern states,

They do not live in small hills, but in one which is often as large as a large room, and which is sometimes high and sometimes flat.

Around is a circle of ground in which no weeds or grass, except the special grain which the ants wish to raise is allowed to grow. This grain is called ant-rice. It is a kind of grass with a large seed, and when it is ripe the tiny brown farmers pick up the seeds as they fall and carry them into their storerooms. Then they cut down old stems and take them away, leaving the place clean for the next crop.

Their next duty is to husk the seeds they have gathered. The bad ones are thrown away and the good ones are carefully watched.

They are often cut to prevent sprouting, and after a rain they are always carried out to be dried in the sun.

The seeds, of course are for winter food. There is an ant native to Florida which rolls into little balls the dust or pollen of pine cones and stores them away for food.

Another uses pine needles. They cut in pieces the tiny pine trees as soon as they peep above the ground and carry home the bits of pine laid

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across their backs after the fashion of a man bearing a gun. In their heads are little grooves in which the bit of pine rests easily. They make an odd procession .Some ants it is said, plant sunflower, but this is not known, though it is not unbelievable. They certainly eat them, for they have been seen to climb to a sunflower and pull out the seed. Their tongues are like files and they rasp the seed or grain and lick up the oil.—'Eagle.'

How Robbie Held The Horse.

There was once a little boy named Robert who loved to go driving behind his father's horse, Kate. One day his mother called him.

"Robbie," she said, "wouldn't you like to go driving with auntie and me?" He said he would, and so Kate was hitched into the buggy and Robert climbed in between his mother and his auntie and off they drove. Kate was feeling fine that morning and pranced along fast, when all of a sudden his mother said:, "There, now, we must be sure and stop at the dressmaker's this morning, to try on my new jacket. I came near forgetting all about it." So they stopped at a little white house, and mamma said: Hold the horse, Robbie, and we'll be out soon."

So Robert held the horse, and held the horse, and held the horse, and his mother and auntie did not come out of the house. After he got very tired sitting and standing he saw a boy going by on foot with a fishpole.

"Wrere going?" called Robert.

"Down to Whipple's brook fishing," said the boy; "don't you wish you were going?" And the boy went on whistling, and left Rob sitting in the buggy. By and by Rob heard some boys coming. They were running and laughing.

"Where going?" he called.

"The circus came to town this morning," shouted one of them, "and they're taking the elephants and camels out of the cars down ter the fair grounds, and we're going down to see'em. Don't you wish you was going?" And so Robert waited and waited and waited, and after a while his mother and auntie came out of the dressmaker's.

"Oh, mamma, the elephants and camels are down ter the fair grounds and all the boys have gone, and I want to go, too," said Robert.

"We'll drive around that way," said mamma. So off they went, and Kate pranced along fast, and Robert was so glad to get started that he didn't know what to do. Then suddenly his auntie said: We must stop just a minute at the postoffice; I'm expecting that braid that the dressmaker's been waiting for so long." So they stoped at the postoffice, and mamma stayed in the carriage and helped Robert hold the horse. And they waited and waited and waited, but auntie did not come out of the postoffice.

"I don't see what keeps her so long," said mamma. "It's too bad to keep us waiting like this,"

"The circus'll be all unloaded, and I shan't see any of the animals come out." said Robbie, almost crying. Mamma got out to see what had become of auntie, but the postmistress had to see mamma a minute about some very important work at the church, so auntie helped Rob hold the horse, and then they waited, and waited and waited for mamma. At l she came, and off they started again.

"Only one more stop, Robbie," said mamma cheerfully; "we promised old Mrs Brown we'd look in on her to-day;she's very feeble, and it won't do to put her off." So they had hardly got going before they stopped in front of a brown house with a pump in the yard, and mamma and auntie got out.

Rob was dreadfuly disappointed. "I guess they think I'm nothing but a hitching post," he sighed, with the tears coming into his eyes in spite of himself. He waited and waited and waited. Then they came to the door and stood there talking, but after a while they turned back and went into the house again. Then all of a sudden Rob heard the sound of a band playing away down the road toward the fair ground. Then the band came nearer, and the elephants, and the camels, and the animal cages and all the boys running along beside them. Kate gave a start and wheeled around so quick that Bob didn't have time to steer her at all and started toward home on the run.

"Whoa! Whoa!" he shouted. The men and boys shouted "Whoa!" But Kate ran all the faster.

"She's a good, safe, reliable horse," thought Rob, for I've heard papa say so, and I'm not going to be afraid. I've always wanted to drive fast." He pulled as hard as he could at the reins, and the carriage bumped up and down, and Kate leaped into the air and came down again; but Rob tugged at the reins and steered her around the corner above the postoffice, with men shouting and waving their arms, and then he steered her around by the cemetery up the steep hill, and she turned through the gate without hitting the posts and dashed into the barn without hitting the sides of the door because he steered her so well.

"That was a fine ride!" thought Rob, as he climbed out of the buggy; but I did want to wait long enough to see the elephants and the camels."

Papa came running up terribly frightened.

"I held the horse, didn't I?" asked Robert.

"You held her well," said papa, "and you shall go to the circus this afternoon."

A Voice That Was.

"That's the most pathetic thing I ever read," said Frances Cowan, laying down her book and lifting her eyes, full of tears, to her father. "It's about a man who wrote a wonderful book, and lost his power to write any more. Oh, he could write, but not in the same way. The divine fire had gone out, and he got so that he couldn't enjoy anything—not a beautiful sunset, even, because of a yearning sadness that he wasn't able to make it his own, as he had done in the past, to give it to others in his own words, on his own pages. It drove him to melancholy. I don't know when I've cried over a book, but this has just made my heart ache."

"Yet you laughed last night because Aunt Millie's voice cracked when you asked her to show you how that little song went."

"But, papa, that's so different! A cracked voice is funny."

"Frances, at your age your Aunt Mildred was a beauty—popular, admired, sought after. She had a voice —I've never heard one like it. Its sweetness thrilled your heart, and singing was the joy of her life. Then ill-health came — a throat trouble — years of invalidism. She lost the power to sing. You never hear her speak of it, but I know, child, that she never listens to a beautiful voice nor reads the music of an exquisite song without that same yearning sadness your writer felt when he looked on the sunset and knew that he had lost his divine gift.

"She never murmurs; she lives here in my home; to my children she is a delicate, elderly aunt—beloved, to be sure, but one who spends herself freely for their comfort and happiness, day after day, as a matter of course.

"Frances, you needn't go to that book for a heartache. Your Aunt Mildred can remember how people used to hold their breath and listen in ecstacy when she sang, and now her younger brother's children ask her to help them recall a forgotten air, and when she hums it for them her voice cracks—and they laugh."

"O father, father!" said Frances, softly. "They never will again. I didn't dream it was like that."

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In Lighter Vein.

(Each month we give a prize of a book for the best original joke or story. Who will be the prize-winners next month?)

The prize this month goes to Lea Rishard, Sion, Alberta for the following.

A Good Anwser.

A little Canadian girl asked a little German girl what size shoes she wore—whether they were ones or twos. She pointed to her feet and said, "I wear one on this foot and one on this foot."

A Genius.

A prize was offered for the largest egg at the Pilot Mound fair. A young boy was anxious to secure it. So he got a good sized goose egg and suspended it in front of the hen's nest with this label on it, "Keep your eye on this and do your best!" He won the prize.

Figure it out.

"I notice she bowed to you. Is she an old acquaintance?"

"Y-yes; we're slightly acquainted. In fact, she's a sort of distant relation. She was the first wife of my second wife's first husband."

Preface or Appendix.

A prominent insurance man in San Francisco tells the following:

A man went to sleep in the midst of a curtain lecture. When he woke up in the morning the words were flying as fast as when he went to sleep. "Say," he interrupted the harangue to inquire, "are you talking yet or again?"

Why They Laughed.

"Mary," said a lady to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours, and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night I was kept awake by the uproarious laughter of one of your friends."

"Yes, mum, I know," was the reply; "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make a cake one day!"

A Way Out.

Of Sawbath-breaking north of the Tweed there is the story of the Scot and his wheelbarrow, which has been fathered upon Sir Archibald Geikie. Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his garden when his wife came to the door.

"Mon," she said, "ye're making much clatter. What wull the neebours say?"

"Dom the neebours," said the busy one. "I maun get ma' barra mendit."

"Oh, but, Donal', it's vera wrang to work on Sawbath," expostulated the good wife; "ye ought to use screws."

Singular and Plural

It is 2 o'clock in the morning and a temperance town at that.

A belated individual approaches the faithful officer, who is trudging his beat, and asks confidentially: "Could you tell me where I can get a drink at this time of night?"

"No, sir!" says the officer rebukingly.

The belated individual goes on his way, but at the next corner he has a new idea, so he returns to the faithful officer and inquires confidentially:

"Could you tell me where we could get a drink at this time of night?"

Not Exempt.

To President Hadley, of Yale, is accredited the following:

An evangelist at a church in a Western town was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that in the language of the Scriptures, "there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"At this point an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Sir, I have no teeth."

"Madam," returned the evangelist, severely, "teeth will be provided."

Epigrams.

"If one were great in everything he would be too great to be of any use—either to himself or to the world."

"Many who think they are going to land in Heaven all right will find considerable trouble at the custom-house."

"Any one nowadays who lets the grass grow under his feet, is gradually going to grass."

"A cat in a trap would be one of the finest exhibitions of Zoology that a mouse ever saw."

"Be as little of a bully in your own home as you are in the street."

Impossible.

In a certain town are two brothers who are engaged in the retail coal business. A noted evangelist visited the town, and the elder brother was converted. For weeks after his conversion he endeavored to persuade his brother to join the church. One day he said to him: "Why can't you too join the church, Richard?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church, replied Richard, "but if I join, who's going to weigh the coal?"

Needed Help.

A ten-year old street urchin, a product of the tenement, was recently accused of stealing jam from a woman living in an adjoining house. When brought to the children's court the child confessed, broke down and wept. The judge looked at him pityingly.

"My boy," he said kindly, "how many times have you done that?"

"Onct," was the reply.

"Will you promise not to steal any more jam?"

"Yep," he muttered between his sobs. "if she'll keep her pantry door locked all the time."

Champion Cricket.

It was at the conclusion of the first evening's practice, and a number of young cricketers were talking in the pavillion about record performances. After a few wonderful events had been related, one of their number, noted both as a bad bowler and batter, began—"Well, chaps, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but I once scored a hundred runs and followed it up by taking nine wickets, and I should no doubt have taken the other but—"

"But what?" queried his listeners as the speaker hesitated.

"But my father knocked at my bedroom door and I woke up!"

Then he dodged out of the pavillion to escape a shower of bats and stumps.

A Boy who wouldn't be discouraged.

A small boy was hoeing corn in a sterile field by the roadside, up near Bethel, Ind., when a passer-by stopped and said:

"Pears to me your corn is rather small."

"Certainly," said the boy. "It's dwarf corn."

"But it looks yaller."

"Certainly We planted the yaller kind."

"But it looks as if you wouldn't get more than half a crop.

"Of course not," said the boy. "We planted her on shares."

He Was the Limit.

The dear girls were comparing notes on subjects of more or less importance.

"Your beau seems rather bashful," said Stella.

"Bashful!" echoed Mabel. "Why, bashful is no name for it."

"Why don't you encourage him?" queried her friend.

"I have tried," answered Mabel, "but the attempt was a failure. Only last night I sat all alone on the sofa, and he perched up in a chair as far away as he could get.

"I asked him if he didn't think it strange that the length of a man's arm was the same as the distance around a woman's waist, and what do you think he did?"

"Just what any sensible man would have done—tried it, I suppose."

"Not any, thank you. He asked if I could find a piece of string, so we could measure and see if it was a fact. Isn't he the limit?"

Life's Ups and Downs.

He was a porter in a linendraper's, and had put in five years without a rise of wages.

So he went to the manager and said:

"Sir, meat has gone up."

"Yes."

"Rent has gone up."

"Yes."

"Clothing has gone up."

"Yes."

"Everything has gone up."

"Yes."

"Well, sir—well—"

"No need to go further, James. Pack up your things. You have also gone up. We shall get a new man tomorrow."

The porter pondered. Then:

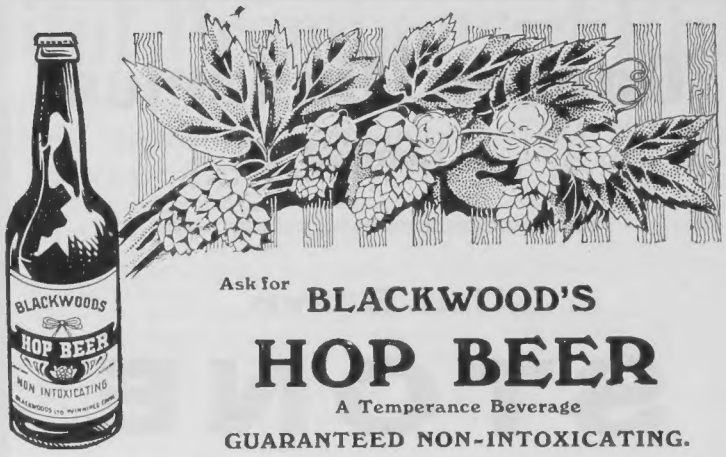
"Sir," he said, "I think I was mistaken."

"Yes."

"Everything has gone down."

"Then you may go down and help finish packing those boxes."

And James went down.



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One to the Porter.

He was merely a porter in the goods department. Whilst struggling to put a sack of wheat on his barrow, a clerk young enough to have been his son stood looking on. Seeing the clerk lolling against the door, the man said, "Will you please steady my truck until I get this on?"

"I should say not!" contemptuously responded that gentleman. "I am paid for what I know, not for what I do."

Dropping the sack, the porter calmly surveyed him from his daintily-polished toe to his nicely-polished hair, and then said, quietly, "Then I'll bet you get a mighty small salary, mister."

A Clever Youngster.

Bobby's mother had taken him to church, to hear the evening sermon, and they occupied seats in the gallery, where there was more room than on the main floor. Bobby tried not to allow his attention to wander from the preacher, but it did. He seemed to be particularly interested in a family who sat in front of him, and when the sermon was about half over he whispered to his mother:

"Mamma, I never saw these people before but I know their name."

"Hush, dear.

"But I do," persisted Bobby. "Their name's Hill."

"Every time the preacher says his text, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' those two big girls look at each other and smile."

Subsequent inquiry proved that Bobby was right in his guess.

A Barrack-Room Story.

Some time ago a certain regiment had an officer with a craze for gymnastics, who taught his brother subalterns to walk round the billiard table on their hands. One evening while thus engaged the door opened, and the colonel, a martinet, appeared. Gazing attentively at the inverted company for a few seconds, he shook his head gravely, and, to the surprise of all present, departed without uttering a word. On the following morning the gymnastic officer approached the colonel, expecting a verbal castigation.

"With regard to last night—" he began.

"Hush, my dear fellow!" the colonel interrupted. "I would not let anybody know for the world! The fact is, I was dining out with an old brother officer, and, 'pon my word, I had no idea the wine could have such an effect upon me, but when I glanced in to see how things were going on it seemed to me that I saw you all upside down!"

Tricks of the Trade.

His name was Augustus Athrobald Robinson, but in the business house where he had lately secured a position as office-boy everybody called him Jim, on the ground that his name was too long for business purposes.

He was very keen on retaining his position, so when a caller came in one day and made a violent complaint about a letter that had not been posted to him, Jim listened in terror.

"Where's that boy?" cried his employer, in a fury. "Here, you imp, take your hat and coat and get out! I'm ashamed of you! Go to the cashier and get your salary, and don't let me see you here again, you wretched little bungler."

Jim, terrified, and almost crying, left the office and hurried away.

The next morning his employer called at his home and the youth came to the door.

"You young donkey," exclaimed the visitor, do you suppose I really sacked you yesterday? Of course not! Come on back to the office; and every time a caller makes a complaint and I sack you, go round the corner till the customer's gone and then come back."

And that's how Jim started in business, grew up to be the manager of the concern, and now has an office-boy of his own whom he sacks regularly with every complaint that is made.

Missionary Work.

"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter," faltered the young man.

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the fond parent. "Well, I have been rather expecting this, and, to be thoroughly orthodox, I shall put a few questions to you. "Do you drink?"

"No, sir. I abhor liquor."

"You do, eh? Smoke?"

"I never use tobacco in any form."

"Well, I didn't suppose you ate it. Do you frequent the race course?"

"I never saw a race horse in my life, sir."

"Um-m-m. Play cards for money?"

"Emphatically no, sir."

"Well, young man, I must say you are heavily handicapped. My daughter is a thorough society girl, and I can't for the life of me see what she is going to do with you. However, it's her funeral, and if she wants to undertake the job, why, heaven bless you both!"

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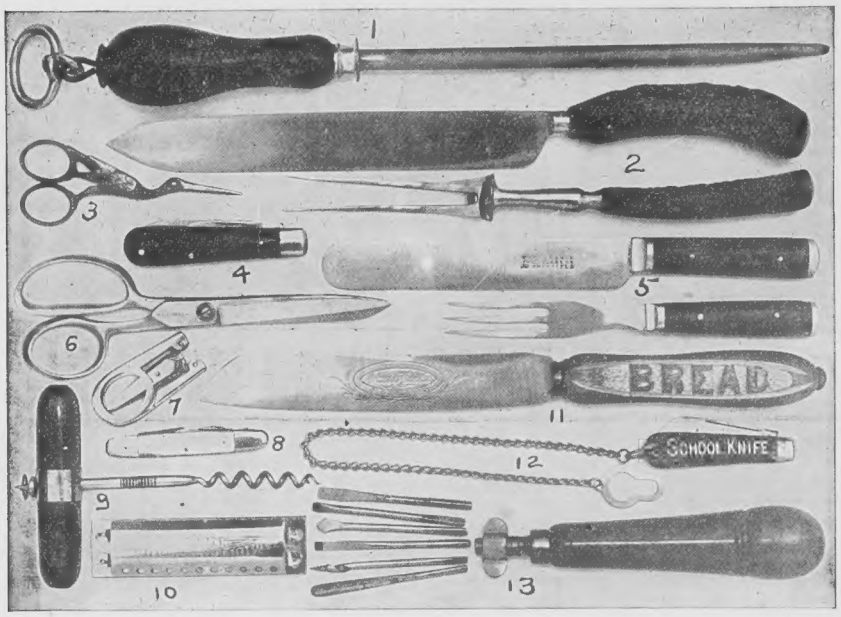

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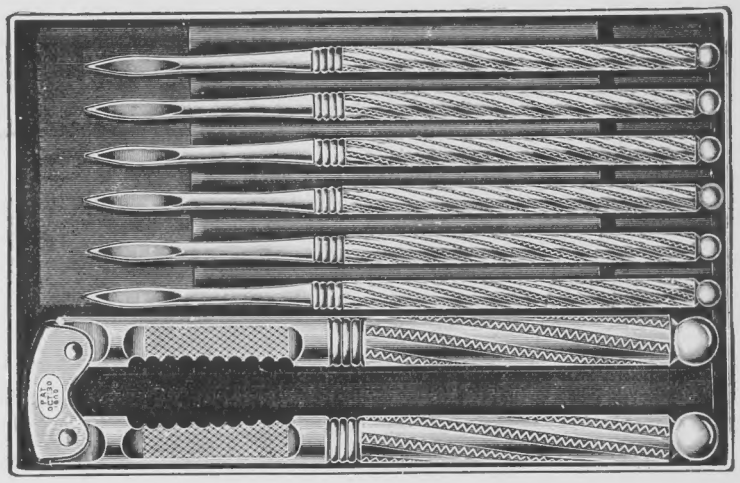

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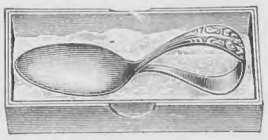
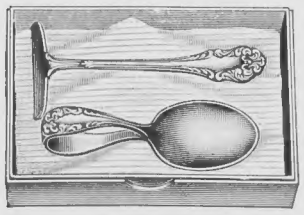
Premiums for the Baby

Child's Cup, No. 3 Satin engraved. Gold lined Heavily plated, a high grade article. Free for 125 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 35 cents.

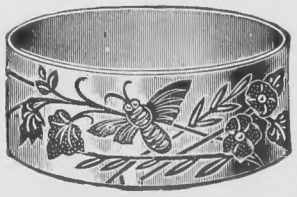
Baby Spoon, No. 619 (Avalon pattern). High grade quality. Heavily plated. Guaranteed to last for years. Mailed free for 150 wrappers, or 50 cents and 25 wrappers.





Baby Spoon and Food Pusher, No. 620 (Avalon pattern). Heavily silver plated. High grade quality, and guaranteed to last for years. Mailed free for 250 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 85 cents.

Napkin Ring, No. 140 Fancy chased. Mailed free for 25 wrappers.



Child's Cup, No. 111 Satin engraved. Gold lined. Mailed free for 75 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 20 cents.

Beautiful Gold Shell Rings.

Ring No. 506 Ladies' or Misses' Ring. Sizes 1 to 6. Choice of Emerald, Ruby or Turquoise. Free for 50 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 10 cents.

Ring No. 507 Plain Oval Wedding Ring. Hand burnished. Free for 100 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 25 cents.

Ring No. 508 Two oval stones and small Brilliants. Free for 125 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 35c.

Ring No. 509 Plain Oval Wedding Ring. Hand burnished. Free for 125 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 35 cents.

Ring No. 510 Ladies' or Misses' Ring. Emerald, Ruby or Brilliant. Free for 50 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 10 cents,

Ring No. 511 Real Solid Gold Shell Ring. Tiffany mounting, containing large Brilliant. Free for 150 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 50 cts

Ring No. 512 Solid Gold Shell Princess Ring. 5 Brilliants. Free for 125 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 35 cts.

Ring No. 513 Ladies' or Misses' 2 Stone Ring, two Oval Jewels. Free for 100 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 25 cents.

Ring No. 514 Three Oval Jewels. Free for 75 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 15 cents.

Ring No. 515 Hand chased, highly finished. Free for 125 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 35 cts.

Ring No. 516 Hand burnished. Choice of stones. Free for 100 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 25 cents

Ring No. 517 Real Solid Gold Shell Signet Ring, with plain space for monogram, free for 75 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 15 cents.

THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LTD.,

Premium Department, Desk No. 1 WINNIPEG, MAN.

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